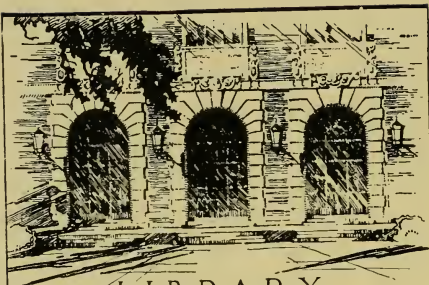




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OR,
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OR,

THE OLD ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

“ For what thou hast not, still thou striv’st to get; and what thou
hast forget’st.”—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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1842.

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THE

OLD ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

History of the escape continued—Night—Solitude—Reflection—Regret—Repentance—Death of the good roadster—The Miller—The Country Inn—Widow Hart, a story—Passage to Dunkirk—The Priest and the Domine—A storm off Mersey Island—The Smuggler's Wedding, &c.

STUNNED, and utterly bewildered as were my faculties by the dreadful event which had just taken place, I rode on mechanically. Without any definite purpose, impelled rather by instinct than calculation, I quitted the highway, and keeping the river in view, pursued a circuitous route towards Dover. The beast which carried me, was a strong roadster. He accomplished more than fifty miles

before he gave symptoms of flagging, though in the course of that distance I had stopped only once to bait him : aversion to encounter in my present excited state of mind the observation of strangers, having induced me to defer entering any dwelling as long as possible. At length the excessive fatigue I felt compelled me to think of obtaining shelter, and at nightfall I found myself leading my horse, which was by that time thoroughly jaded, and had fallen lame, across a heath of some extent, in search of an inn to which I had been directed by a countryman. The river that had hitherto been my guide was now lost to me in darkness ; but from the freshness of the breeze which seemed to blow from its waters, I judged that I was very near it. Across the common there was not even a bridle-road. The well-worn path I followed led apparently in the direction of a large, solitary, distant light, betokening, as I hoped, the inn I was in quest of. This path, which for half a mile had run along a smooth level, now wound amidst rocky, furze-covered hillocks, where, in the gloom, my horse and I stumbled every moment. The shades of night gathered rapidly. Before I had traversed more than half the heath it became too dark to discern any track, and the beacon light looked still far off.

I continued to grope onwards until my attention was arrested by an object which I stopped to examine. A little way from me, extended a space too dark in appearance, too equal in surface for vegetation, which I supposed must be a large pool. Intending to go round it, I retraced a few steps, but stopped again, so confused by the darkness as to feel uncertain in what direction to proceed. Suddenly the bridle rein I held was violently jerked. Imagining my horse attempted to break loose, I retained it forcibly with both hands. In another instant I was dragged forward, and fell from the brink of a gravel pit, near which I had been unconsciously standing, several feet below. The rattling of loosened sand and stones, with the sound of a heavy body precipitated a great depth beneath me, accompanied the shock. On recovering from it, I found that I owed the preservation of my life to my fall having been intercepted by one of the shelving sides of the quarry on which I now rested. Any movement I knew would be hazardous, but I thought that if I could maintain my present posture until the morning, I might then, upon the arrival of the workmen, obtain assistance, that is, if the quarry were not exhausted. However, I was suffering so severely

from a contusion I had received in falling, I was so overpowered by fatigue and calamity, that it seemed to me impossible that I could endure such a combination of mental and bodily anguish.

That long night was one of busy thought. My heart and brain were alike teeming. When I considered my situation, I could scarcely reconcile to myself my own identity, or believe the reality of the change a few circles of hours had effected. But one fatal night had elapsed, since my head pillowed on down, in the most luxurious chamber of a mansion not unworthy the name of palace. Now, like some vagrant, when his fortunes are at the worst, I shared with bats and reptiles the open air and the ground. Only the same period had passed since my slightest wish would have been promptly realized, by sedulous friends or attentive domestics. Now, a miserable fugitive, I endured unsolaced, untended in the dreariest of solitudes, an extremity of bodily suffering, which was indeed an overflowing drop in my chalice of woe. Yet, what were privations, what was bodily suffering, compared with the maddening horror that took possession of my mind when I thought of my frantic act, of its dreadful penalty, and of the imminent danger in which I stood !

“Can it be?” I exclaimed, “does the probability of a shameful death impend? Is my best hope to become an exiled wretch? Am I—am I a murderer?” Shuddering convulsively, I hid my face in my hands; but the word seemed to be written in fiery characters before my eyes, to sear my brain. The image of the gibbet, as I crouched there in darkness and loneliness, rose with a palpable semblance before me, and the sighing wind seemed to bring the sound of clanging chains. Again and again I started, with cold dews on my brow, nerves tremulous as the aspen, throbbing pulses and impeded breath—fancying that I caught the sound of persons in pursuit upon the heath, that I heard furtive footsteps near me, that I saw glaring eyes, or felt a sudden grasp.

“Alas!” I inwardly exclaimed in a wild paroxysm, “was I nobly born—tenderly nurtured only for this? Why might I not have perished in infancy, in youth—perished in peace? Or if destined to a violent end, could land or sea afford me no other grave than a felon’s? It is not at the prospect of death I murmur; unaccompanied by ignominy, by the dreadful indignities of trial and execution, I could meet it—I had been prepared for it.” Conscience echoed my words. *Was*

I prepared for death? How solemn a question ! For the innocent, for the good to die, is but to slumber in peace, to wake again in bliss. But for the impure, the erring, the guilty, for one like myself, to die is to be summoned to judgment. A deep awe stole over me, stilling even the tumult of agonized feelings which the enumeration of my woes had aroused. The truths of Omnipotence and Eternity became magnified in my eyes. I contemplated them earnestly. Hitherto I had professed, I now felt that I believed. Sincere were the tears of contrition, that during those midnight hours of silent and solitary heart-communion mingled with my fervent prayers for pardon. Now, my regrets at having forfeited the many rich gifts wherewith fortune had blessed my life, became nothing in comparison with that of having abused them. On reviewing my career, I was struck with astonishment at the perversity of nature, which could have extracted from so much good, so much of evil. I was touched with penitence. I bewailed no longer my sorrows, but my unworthiness. This prostration of pride made an era in the history of my mind. The adamant of the worldling's heart was penetrated ; the idol of self so long enshrined there overthrown. Dawn

found me still meditating, but ere the skies resumed their azure hue, or the thyme-perfumed air warmed with sunshine, the bitterness, the terrors of my despair had passed away.

I was endeavouring, with some difficulty, to ascend from the quarry, when the sweet voices and laughter of a party of children rung upon my ear, and soon I perceived them on the heath, filling their little baskets and aprons with wild flowers. The one who approached nearest to me was a sturdy flaxen-haired boy, who had made prize of a bird's nest. I shouted to him: scared by my sudden appearance from the pit, he ran away as fast as a wild colt. The rest followed him, but presently turned to reconnoitre. I beckoned; again alarmed, they set off at a speed which I could not hope to overtake; so seating myself upon a stone, I made up my mind to await the coming of the next passenger. Nearly a very tedious hour elapsed, and during it I was repeatedly tantalized by the sight of persons coming and going at a distance on the heath, not one of whom approached within hail. At length, as I was straining my eyes in another direction, the sound of a horse walking fast rejoiced my ears. Looking round I saw a stout, ruddy faced miller,

mounted on a fat, gray pony, with a sack of flour before him. As he came up, the man fixed a surprised and inquiring gaze upon me. I stopped him, to ask him how far off was the nearest inn. He told me the nearest was more than half a mile distant. Having expressed my fear that I should not be able to reach it, I related to him the accident that had befallen me the night before, and the consequent loss of my horse. Throwing me his pony's reins he dismounted, and went down into the quarry, but was unable to get sufficiently near the poor animal to decide if life were extinct or not. He promised however to send some men from the farm whither he was going, to extricate the creature, or put an end to his sufferings. The Miller also very kindly offered to conduct me to the inn, proposing that I should ride his pony. With great thankfulness I mounted, not even giving a thought or smile to the strange vicissitudes, which made me esteem myself fortunate in being seated behind a sack of flour on my way to a public house! As I rode, the miller plodded by my side; our dialogue being furnished by the merits and paces of the pony, which had attained the advanced age of thirty-four years; with some account of the principal incidents in the lives of

his dam and sire, the past and present state of the weather, the price of grain, and the prospects of the nation.

In due time we reached the roadside inn, a long thatched, gabled building, composed of timbers and cross beams painted black and white, having a large, comfortable looking bay-windowed bar-parlour, professionally distinguished by its crimson blinds and chequers, several pretty open lattices, curtained with chintz, a white porch shaded by lilacs, which revealed in pleasing vista a glimpse of the neat sanded kitchen, and the tempting shades of garden and arbour behind.

From one of the branches of a group of elms in front of the house, depended a large sign; near it some cattle were watering at a trough, and as they lazily dipped into it, or lashed away the flies or munched their sweet-smelling hay, it was impossible not to observe that the animals enjoyed the coolness and refreshment as fully as their masters, the carters, who were smoking and drinking at an oaken table within a few paces. Altogether there was a cleanliness and homely comfort in the aspect of the inn, which would rarely fail to arrest the steps of the pleasure-seeking pedestrian, or to

cheer the spirits of the scorched and foot-sore wayfarer.

In a little slip of garden at the side of the house, enclosed by a yew hedge, we saw a buxom looking woman amid the hollyhocks, busying herself with some bee-hives. She wore a widow's dress, but her hair was so nicely powdered and rolled under her round cap, her stays were so tightly laced over her full petticoat, her jet shoe buckles were so smart, her shoes so bright, that it was clearly her intention the Marlbro's Head should not long want a second landlord. At sight of the miller she started and coloured, as if he had been the very man of her thoughts; curtseyed, smiled, nodded; bustled into the house and out again at the front door in little more than a moment; though not without having improved her costume by the addition of a very white lawn apron. The miller, who smiled upon Mistress Hart almost as sweetly as Mistress Hart smiled upon him, informed her of what I had told him; commended the hostess to me and recommended me to the hostess; called for a glass of ale, which the fair widow herself poured for him with a well practised hand, and having drained the sparkling

beverage, eulogized it with a smack. He then nodded, smiled, cast one tender look of farewell, arranged the sack, mounted, struck the pony with his heel, and trotting off, was soon lost to the widow's admiring gaze.

Finding that the inn afforded no sitting room which I might appropriate, I requested, on the plea of fatigue, to be shown to a bed-chamber, and congratulated myself on obtaining a very cleanly little apartment. To satisfy the hunger which had now produced exhaustion was my first object. Fortunately the widow possessed a well-filled tea chest, though it appeared not to be in every day requisition; she speedily fried for me half a pullet, and served it so neatly that it must have tempted me at any time. I ate ravenously, and concluded my repast with a draught of pure, bright ale, equally renovating and delicious.

Having refreshed myself by ablutions, I yielded to my want of rest, and glancing with satisfaction at the snow white though coarse sheets of the humble bed, I lay down, and fanned by the sweet country air breathing from the rose-wreathed casement, soon sunk into a profound slumber, which lasted for a number of hours. I awoke greatly restored; but the enjoyment I experienced in

the relief of my temporary necessities could not long banish the oppressing remembrance of more momentous evils. Every hour that retarded my flight, I knew and felt most acutely, must diminish my chance of escape. That Bosworth's relatives would consider it their duty to make every effort for my apprehension, I could not doubt, and it was highly probably that officers of justice were already in search of me.

By the accident through which my horse had perished in the quarry, I had lost time which was of the utmost value ; yet I could not consider this occurrence as wholly unfortunate, since it might occasion an interruption in the means of tracing me. On the other hand, I could now only reach the coast by posting ; this would much increase the risk of my being apprehended ; besides, my frame was so shattered, that I scarcely believed myself capable of supporting the fatigue of a long and rapid journey ; nor did I think that even the contents of the well-filled purse I had so strangely become possessed of, would be sufficient to meet the expense contingent upon obtaining great speed. Had it been possible for me to remain anywhere in England safely, until I recovered the effects of my accident, I could not have found a more se-

questered hiding place, than the inn which now sheltered me ; but I feared that placards descriptive of my person, and offering a reward for my capture, would be distributed, or that information contained in the papers might lead to my apprehension.

I now began to wonder if the news of the catastrophe, which I was aware the rank of the parties would render a general topic, had transpired throughout the country, and dreaded lest the miller, in his visit to the market-town, should mention the incident of the morning, whereby suspicion might be roused and a clue given. As these degrading reflections presented themselves, I bowed my head and hid my face in my hands, overwhelmed with the most poignant sense of my own humiliation. But again harassed almost to distraction by the same recurring fears, I rose from the bed and hastily dressed myself, with the intention of instantly starting from the inn. Alas ! my aching limbs and weakened frame refused me the power ; helpless and hopeless I sunk into a chair. “ It is in vain for me to attempt escape,” I exclaimed. “ Let them come, I must resign myself to the fate I have deserved.”

The window near which I sat, opened upon the

little garden well stocked with flowers for the use of the bees, now busily swarming among them. To my tortured mind, the sweet monotony of their hum, the gaily tinted flower-beds, the very sunshine of that warm and quiet spot, were painfully unpleasing. Still less could I endure the sound of a human voice, or the glance of a human eye: I could bear nothing that occasioned any distraction of my thoughts, though those thoughts were miserable.

Convinced that I must lay aside the idea of prosecuting my journey at present, I made up my mind to evade observation by remaining as much as possible in my chamber. The curiosity of my hostess I had perceived was already excited on my account. Her first glance had been prolonged into scrutiny, and the discrepancy of the soiled horseman's cloak with the fashionable elegance of the rest of my attire, had not escaped her notice.

Though very unwilling to encounter her keen eyes again, I found that I must apply to her for paper and pens. Slight as appeared the probability of my reaching France, there were several arrangements which it was highly advisable to make in the hope of doing so: for this purpose it was necessary to confide in some friend, and St. Leger

occurred to me as the best person to whom I could write.

The smiling hostess answered the handbell with which my room was provided, hoped my honour felt better, but waited not for a reply before she expressed her alarm at the illness indicated by my looks, proposed and even begged earnestly that I would allow her to send the ostler for a doctor, who lived, she said, hard by, at the village three miles off. Having declined this offer, a negative I was compelled to enforce with positiveness, she reluctantly ceased her entreaties, and brought me with many apologies the best writing materials she had. After arranging them and placing a chair for me, she lingered a moment, turned to go, then stopped again, and curtseying with downcast eyes, in a hesitating and deferential manner, hoped my honour would do her the pleasure to take a dish of tea in her parlour that afternoon, if my honour felt well enough—no one would be there but herself, she could promise my honour. It was but a step across from the bedroom stairs to the parlour. She was very, very sorry her house had such poor accommodation, but if there was any thing in her power, she should feel obliged by my naming it.

Such civility it was difficult to repel. I replied,

that if she had no company I would take tea below. Looking pleased, she thanked me and withdrew. Having finished my letters, one of which was addressed to St. Leger, another to my solicitor, and a third to an old and confidential servant, the house steward of Mount Manor, I went down stairs at four o'clock, and observed at a glance that great pains had been taken in the arrangement of every thing to the best advantage. A large folding screen was disposed before a glass door, in a manner to exclude all view of the bar, its crimson curtains, and labelled spirit bottles. The window was shaded by a smartly fringed blind of netted cotton; a china bowl filled with rose leaves on a walnut bureau, and two large jars upon the mantelpiece holding large freshly-gathered posies, agreeably scented the room. A very white cloth covered the tea-table, where ruby-coloured cherries, luscious mulberries, and cream, contended in attraction with honey, eggs, and hot cakes.

My hostess too, seated near it at work, though her attire was much the same, had evidently very carefully re-touched; and as I noticed these marks of particular attention, my woe-worn, wearied heart sickened with the apprehension of being exposed to the annoyance of rustic admiration and coquetry.

I sat down by the window, not availing myself of the high-backed easy chair which had been placed for me, and taking up one of the three odd volumes constituting the widow's library, said I would trouble her for a dish of tea. She poured out and handed me a cup full, merely asking me what I would please to eat, which she did so humbly, looking so grave, that I could not resist desiring her not to make any ceremony, but to take her tea. We were silent for some minutes afterwards, I reading, she sewing. At length good manners impelled me to put down my book, and ask her some indifferent question. This led to a conversation. She did not look at me so fixedly as she had done; she attempted no familiarity, was not inquisitive; instead of the forward woman I had prepared to repulse, I found her a very good, kind, motherly sort of person, who, for some reason or other, appeared strongly interested and desirous of serving me. This was subsequently in some degree accounted for, by her stating that I bore a striking likeness to a gentleman she should ever revere as her own and her mother's benefactor?

“Pray,” said I, though my thoughts wandered to sadder subjects, “what may be the name of the person you think I so much resemble?”

To my surprise, she mentioned my father by my own title.

“ Indeed !” I exclaimed, “ and how was the late lord so fortunate as to serve you ?”

“ My mother, your honour,” returned the widow, “ was an Irishwoman, and in her time, as even I can remember, a very handsome young body, with teeth as white as blanchéd almonds, and the brightest black eyes and hair I ever saw. Her skin was brown to be sure, but she had a colour like a rose. It was on the race-course, I believe, that a young officer first saw her, and told her how pretty she looked in her red cloak and straw hat. Fine words from a fine gentleman, your honour, seldom fail to win upon a poor, simple girl’s heart. But my mother’s relations, though only humble folks, small farmers, were honest decent people. She told them every thing as it happened, and was wise enough to follow their advice. So the end of the matter was, that my father (you see his picture there, sir, the one in the sky-blue uniform), my father, ensign Radley, having set his mind upon her, was obliged to marry Norah Magrah. In less than a year after their wedding, he exchanged into an English regiment, as he said to please his father, and left his wife with her family, promising to

return, or that she should join him as soon as possible. He wrote once or twice, and sent money ; after that she heard no more from him. Whether his regiment was ordered abroad and his letters did not reach her—whether he was killed or died suddenly, there is no telling—even my mother could not guess, and I have heard her talk about it and cry a many, many times. One thing she never seemed to believe, that he forsook her willingly.

“ In the midst of all her trouble at his being away and not writing, I was born. Every body grieved over my coming but my mother. There were girls in her family who had been jealous of her marrying a gentleman, and she met with more taunts than pity. Not being able to bear so much misery, she made up her mind, as soon as I was old enough, to go in search of her husband. One fine morning in the summer time she got up early, packed me upon her back, and set off to beg her way to England. I remember to have heard her tell, that before she went she cut a slip of the rose bush, from which she had gathered a rose the day she was married, and how her heart almost failed her when she shut the garden wicket, and thought she should never pass through it again. But in spite of sorrow she was strong and hearty, had a pretty singing voice,

and her handsome face, it is likely, gained for her many a penny which charity might not have bestowed upon the old or ugly. However, it was long,—more than a twelvemonth, at least,—before she had saved enough by begging and singing in Cork to buy a passage to England. The first thing I recollect in my life—and, indeed, it seems hardly credible that I can recollect it,—is sitting upon my mother's lap, on the ship's deck, among the other steerage passengers, a set of poorly clad people like ourselves, and being pleased to hear the rushing of the wind amid the sails, and to feel the dashing spray.

“ But to come, sir, to the history of our meeting the kind gentleman whom your honour looks so like. My poor mother reached London, and, according to advice, applied at the War-office about my father, where she was informed that he had sold out, but could learn nothing more respecting him. Poor woman, I well remember being with her when she received this answer. She turned away so slowly, with a face of woe that I shall never forget, wandered into a quiet street, and, sitting down upon the steps of a door, cried and sobbed till nightfall. It was a sad blow to her, after having come so far, and suffered so much. In her igno-

rance of what a wide place London is, she had made so sure of finding him too.

“Afterwards she tried to get into service, but having no friends to help or recommend her, she did not succeed; her religion, also, was against her. Then, in her happy days she had always been a merry, thoughtless young thing, rather fond of idling, I dare say, so that she was not very handy at her needle; beside, it is difficult to get work. In fact, she found selling matches and singing ballads her only means of livelihood.

“When I was rather more than six years old, we lodged in some little dark street near the Haymarket, where we shared a back garret with another woman and her children. Here I fell sick of a fever. My mother spent her small savings, even to the last penny, in buying physic for me at the doctors’ shops, but there was little use in it. I wanted fresh air; medicine did me no good. As I lay in a corner on straw, covered with coarse blankets, my mouth parched, my skin burning, I thought of some fine looking oranges I had seen in a fruiterer’s shop, the last time I had been in the streets, until the idea became so powerful a desire, that I cried and almost raved for one, refusing all other food, and declaring I was sure that it would

make me well. Alas ! my mother had not even the price of an orange, and she grieved over her poverty then more bitterly than she had ever done before ; the more so, because, like all her countrywomen, having great faith in charms, she was inclined to believe that I should be cured by what I wished for. At length, in a kind of desperation, she tied on her hat and cloak, and, leaving me in charge of a young girl, went out, though it was raining heavily, to try and gain a few pence. She chose, as usual, the streets which were the least thoroughfare for carriages, and stopped before every house where she saw a face at the window. Many of the persons who were whiling away time in looking out at the rain, seemed amused to watch the poor street singer, as she stood dripping with wet, and buffeted by the high bleak wind : some listened to her song, and turned away as it was done ; some laughed, it might have been at the brogue ; her voice was clear and sweet as a lark's ; but not one happened to throw her a copper. She roamed as far as some inn of court, I think they call it, your honour, near Holborn. This she found not a very likely place. It was after five o'clock of a winter evening, and numbers of gentlemen came swarming out of the square like bees. The rain fell in tor-

rents, but my mother was now too wet to mind it, and she sung ditty after ditty of Carolan's, just as if any single creature in that great city was heeding her. I am wrong to say so; at that very moment one kind-hearted being was listening to her, and pitying her too. Taking shelter beneath a gateway stood a young gentleman,—the handsomest, my mother always used to say, except my father, she had ever looked on,—who beckoned her to him and put a piece of coin into her hand. So wild was my mother's joy, that though she prayed God bless him very heartily, she did not even stay to drop a courtesy, but ran off, thinking only of her darling child. She went directly to a fruit shop in Holborn, and chose half a dozen of the finest oranges. Already were they in her apron, when, on putting down the piece of money which she had supposed a shilling, she found it to be a guinea. There was no pleasure in the surprise, for she instantly felt certain that it must have been given to her by mistake. Vexed at the delay this would cause her, she put down the oranges, and, saying that most likely she should come again for them, quitted the shop, intending to return by the same streets to the place where she had left the gentleman, for the purpose of restoring the guinea. She

had not gone back far, when she met him. He praised her honesty very much, but seemed astonished that a person in her destitute condition should have thought of spending a shilling in the way she mentioned, and questioned her very closely. My mother's answers explained what she had done, and when he learnt the state of her child, the gentleman took down her name and address, promised to send to her, and insisted on her keeping the guinea.

"Next morning the people of our court were amazed by seeing a grand, gay coach stop where, I dare say, coach never stopped before. An old gentleman, a physician, in black, with a scarlet cloak, got out of it, and mounted to the garret in which we lived. He bent over me, looked at me, felt my pulse, asked my mother one question, and quitted the room as briskly as he had entered it a minute and a half before. In the course of the day came the housekeeper from his lordship's, with a porter bearing a load of sheets, blankets, and some cotton cloth for under garments. On the morrow his lordship himself called with the physician, and arranged with the landlord for my mother to have the room to herself, as I was too ill to be removed. Every day his lordship sent from his

house fruits, broth, and such things as were proper for me. In short, your honour, never was such goodness ; and all from pure charity. For though my mother was so handsome, this good young lord took no more notice of her, in that way, than if she had been old enough to be his grandmother. I was soon quite well ; but our benefactor's kindness did not stop there. His housekeeper got my mother a situation to assist in the laundry of a large inn, kept by a relation of her's, at Winchester ; and my lord paid for my being put to board in the town, and my day schooling, until I was ten years old, about which time my lord died. My mother had then been dead three or four years. I believe that grief on account of her husband killed her ; even after she was so comfortably settled, and I provided for, she pined quite as much as ever.

“ My mother left behind her eight pounds, desiring, after the expenses of her funeral were paid, that I should have the rest. But her late mistress would not hear of touching it, and buried poor Norah very handsomely at her own expense. This good woman was very kind to me. The first of my money I drew from her hands was to buy a black gown, to wear in respect to the memory of his lordship, my honoured benefactor. Had it not

been for the goodness of the landlady, I must again have become destitute. She had a daughter, the wife of a bailiff, who took me to look after the children. I grew up with them, and by and by, married a young man, who was gamekeeper to a gentleman in the neighbourhood. After our marriage we took a public-house, and settled in this part, which was his mother's native village."

Here the widow was interrupted by the entrance of the country servant girl, to whom she had this afternoon deputed the duties of her vocation, requiring her presence at the bar, to enforce the substitute's refusal to accommodate a rustic spendthrift, whose score, it seemed, already extended the whole width of the slate, with another pot; or, as he loudly and pathetically entreated, even another pint.

My father's name had given an interest to the widow's tale; I felt that there was a link between us. But my heart ached, and my brow burned with shame as I considered how degenerate a son I was of that worthy and noble-minded man. My grief—the grief of keenest remorse—aroused anew, burst from its restraint with a violence that threatened to overwhelm reason; nor, indeed, could nature long have supported its intensity, had it not

found relief in the tears which welled from my closed eyes. The widow was some time absent, which she accounted for, on her return, by saying that she had been completing the preparation of a wash for my side, and that she had also taken the liberty of placing in my room a change of linen from her late husband's wardrobe, in case I should need it. I felt very grateful for these attentions ; they evinced a kindness of disposition on which I was persuaded I might safely rely. Therefore I determined to confide in her as far as I could do so, without making known the dreadful secret which in all probability would have converted the interest she testified into horror and aversion. Giving her my letters, I asked her to send them to the post-office by some person who could not read writing, as I did not wish the directions to be observed. She laughed, and replied, that it would be more difficult to find any one who could read writing to undertake the errand. I then questioned her as to the names, situations, and distance of the nearest towns, mentioned that I had been on my way to France, whither urgent business called me, described the distress and anxiety the delay caused me, and asked her if she could suggest to me any means of obtaining a sea passage, which I should

so much prefer to travelling by land at present. My delight at having consulted her may be judged when she told me, that the brother of her late husband was the owner of a brig, had moored in the river the night before last to pay her a visit, and would proceed on his way to Dunkirk the following day. Mistress Hart added, that he had now gone to the village to see his mother, but would return to sup at her house, when, if I pleased, I might arrange for my passage.

The chance of escape thus unexpectedly presented revived my hopes: yet I shrunk with the most painful aversion from the task of treating, in a manner to which I was so unaccustomed, with a low-born, and perhaps inquisitive stranger, whose suspicions were very likely to be awakened by the many odd circumstances he could not fail to remark; to whom I risked committing myself, and who, should he discover my secret, would have the option of saving or surrendering me. To postpone encountering his scrutiny, I pleaded illness as an excuse for my wish to retire early, and begged my hostess to ask the terms for a passage to Dunkirk, and inform me.

That night I prayed long and earnestly, and though at this crisis the terror of impending death

was ever present, I lay down calm and tearless, the acuteness of my misery again lulled into that passive sense of woe which had become habitual. A knock at the door startled me from confused and sorrowful dreams. I woke ere the moan—unconscious impulse of an oppressed spirit—died on my lips. The moonshine streaming brightly through the little casement told me it was still night. Ere I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to remember where I was, the knock was repeated, the door gently opened, and I recognized the widow's voice. She informed me that the captain had fixed three pounds as the price of a berth, that the vessel would sail at four that morning; but as it would be necessary to leave her house two hours earlier, I had scarcely more than sufficient time to rise and breakfast.

My hostess' bill was so extremely moderate, that at any other time its items would have occasioned me to smile; and I was fortunate enough to have means sufficient to reward her disinterested kindness satisfactorily. We parted with mutual regard, and the exchange of many kind wishes. I to remember her most gratefully, as the good hearted person to whom I was so much indebted; she to think of me, perhaps, as of one whose external

superiority, connected as it was with mystery, had made the brief period he sojourned beneath her roof, an epoch in her life.

The vehicle I found in readiness to convey me to the river side, was a curtained car, which had been lent to Mistress Hart by a farmer's wife of her acquaintance. A great Flanders mare attached to it was her own market horse. The present being only her second appearance in harness, and the ostler who drove having scarcely more experience, it is not surprising that we had some difficulties to overcome at starting. At length with her nose in air, and her long flaxen mane and tale streaming, the mare went off in a ramping trot, and kept her pace, until in much less time than we had calculated we reached the landing by the river. My companion in the vehicle, the captain of the brig, was a stout, middle-aged, weather-bronzed man, wearing a cocked hat, thick pig tail, ear-rings and Guernsey frock; who had no apparent characteristic, except an indisposition to loquacity, with which I was far from displeased. Having wished me good day on entering the car, and remarked very civilly that it was a fine morning, he betook himself to rumination and his quid, uttering nothing farther, unless some rather strong

exclamation escaped him when the jolting of the springless conveyance over the roughest road I ever travelled, almost jerked us from our seats.

Near the landing place were several fishermen's huts. It seemed as if all the male inhabitants had congregated on the beach, some were mending, some spreading their nets to dry, others skinning and cleansing the fish they had just taken; a numerous party sat upon an upturned boat, engaged in watching and remarking on every craft which came in sight. All hailed the captain, each had a phrase, or nod of recognition for him. His late taciturnity, which I scarcely knew whether to attribute to the fact of my being a land lubber or a gentleman, vanished the moment he sniffed the brine. He distributed jokes and knowing gestures with the jollity of a true seaman, who has friends in every port. Arrived on board, I found that I was to share the captain's cabin; and as I was very desirous of withdrawing into any quiet corner, from the heterogeneous party assembled, I went down immediately, rolled my cloak for a pillow, and stretched myself on the floor. How tediously passed the following hours may be imagined, but at least they afforded me opportunity for that most salutary exercise, reflection. About half past

eleven o'clock, a steam of powerful savour fumigated the deck, proceeding from a huge piece of junk, which I had seen in an iron cauldron, boiling with a prodigious quantity of carrots, turnips, and cabbages. After the passengers had been served, the men were called to dinner, and a very animated engagement of knives and forks began. The captain sent his boy to summon me—but preferring to remain where I was, I requested him to bring me some spirits and water with some biscuits. By and by, my retirement was disturbed by the entrance of two passengers into the cabin. One of them was a tall, gaunt, Scotch pedagogue, shabbily attired in threadbare black, whose lean visage was rendered remarkable by the most enormous nose I ever saw on human countenance. The other a little rotund, rubicund-faced Irish priest, “all shaven and shorn,” with frock and beads—a miniature of Friar Tuck. These two personages sat down to play draughts, and though as opposite in almost everything as the accent and brogue which marked their respective countries, I could not help thinking there was a strong sympathy between them, and that most likely their casual meeting on board ship, would lead to their becoming henceforth boon companions. The school-

master, it appeared, having accumulated enough "siller" to enable him to indulge his taste for peregrinations, had set out on his travels, with some intention of publishing "a wark descreepteve of ony ontequetees" which might strike him. He seemed to be a simple-minded good sort of person, of indefatigable industry, whose weak point was an overweening estimate of his own erudition. The priest, on the contrary, was a shrewd, jovial, humorous fellow, fond of roving idleness, who doubtless considered it one of the principal duties of his vocation to cultivate the virtues of hospitality everywhere, and possessed just sufficient learning, and quite enough blarney, to render him a very agreeable companion to the other. These worthies passed the afternoon in the cabin, much to their own satisfaction, at play and in conversation. Father O'Gorman's droll stories and laughter-moving bulls, would have highly entertained me under other circumstances, and in some degree beguiled my wretchedness even now. The Domine delighted in argument, and his new acquaintance, whose little bright eyes twinkled with mischievous merriment at the consciousness of having taken the measure of his companion, humoured him "to the top of his bent," always withdrawing from each

dispute as soon as it became too evident that he had the best of it, with some good natured jest, or the appearance of being corrected. It was without surprise, therefore, that before the distribution of the evening rations summoned them on deck, I heard the schoolmaster invite the priest, who seemed to have no particular destination, to accompany him in his pedestrian tour.

This last refreshment greatly promoted the sociality and raised the spirits of the crew and passengers, as I judged from the repeated peals of loud laughter, elicited by snatches of coarse songs and jokes, seasoned with oaths, which rung so discordantly in my ears ; a vulgar joviality that would at any time have been odious, and was now intolerable to me. I felt the acuteness of my misery redoubled, and longed for quiet, for solitude, as those only can imagine, who with a cause for grief of such magnitude as mine, have been exposed to the endurance of a riotous unsympathizing crowd. Perhaps I was more sensible to this annoyance, because I had always been of so much importance to those about me, that my mood had influenced theirs. Now stripped of the advantages attending my social position, I was unnoticed, uncared for ; if thought of at all by any one present, it was only

as "the sick gentleman below." After dusk had fallen, the spirits and voices of the ship's company subsided, and many of them made arrangements for sleeping. As soon as the captain entered his cabin, I went on deck, and walked up and down it. The pure, cool air revived and calmed me; but in looking at the various groups around, all the worst specimens of their country, I was again tortured by the reflection, that I had sunk in grade even below them. "Oh, why had I not heeded the voice of self-accusation, when in former years it had warned me? Why had I gone on in self-indulgence, until folly was succeeded by crime—crime so dire, so irreparable, so fatal!"

Alas! how minute, and almost invisible, even to the eye of conscience, is the germ of evil in the human heart. If not at once extirpated, how rapidly, how rankly it flourishes. The thread-like mountain stream, issuing furtively from its source, is not more inconsiderable, compared with the foaming cataract into which it is at length swollen, than the beginning of error with the fulness of guilt.

I asked myself, what had led to this deed? I reviewed, link by link, the chain of events. The consideration of the terrible consequences, which

had ensued from my second marriage, led me to revert to the first. Ah ! had I checked the impulses of my wandering heart—had I been content with happiness ! How easy a task ! Had I never wronged Lucy, none of this evil would have come to pass. The memory of those days of peaceful felicity recurred to me, but doubtful and faint, as the recollections of the bewildered fanatic, who, amidst the tortures of his penance, recalls the glimpses of heaven, some by-gone trance afforded him. So steeped had been my soul in woe since then, so seared my brain with care, I could scarcely believe it true that such things had been. And when, having dwelt upon those days of full contentment, and most blessed tranquillity, until they had again become familiar, my mind returned to the contemplation of the present, it seemed impossible to reconcile the connection of the two states.

I felt like one whom the influence of some malign spell had beguiled into a region of horror, had plunged into the depths of misery. “Would,” I cried with despairing fervour, “that I could awake, and find this but a terrible dream, a fiction of frenzy. Alas ! I cannot delude myself with the hope. All around is too real, too palpable. The remembrance of that night, ever presented

with the same vivid, unvarying circumstantiality forbids me. Would, would that the record of that baneful hour might be blotted out ! oh, that it had never arrived ! Had foreknowledge been bestowed on me, how unremittingly should I have supplicated, that the instant which preceded it, might terminate my existence ! Fatal past ! can no prayers recall thee ? Implacable time, though thy glass holds the sands of eternity, wilt thou not restore one grain ?”

I paused : the silence of night repelled my ravings, and the calm, stupendous firmament, to which I raised my eyes, seemed to answer me, by representing the immutability of Heaven’s decrees.

I continued to pace the deck. All around were now sleeping, except one poor woman, who was rocking a baby which moaned piteously at her breast, and frequently uttered shrill cries of pain. The woe-stricken heart, for the same reason that it is impatient of the mirth of others, is easily touched by the sympathetic tones of grief. Under different circumstances, a sickly, fretful infant would have been one of the last objects to excite my interest ; now, softened and humbled by the influence of adversity, I felt the greatest pity for the poor little sufferer, and its kind and patient

mother, and derived more satisfaction from endeavouring to contribute to their relief and comfort, than I had at any time experienced in gay and happy scenes, when enjoying the envied privilege of attendance upon some noble beauty.

For many hours both wind and tide were favourable, and we sailed rapidly. The breeze at length increased to a gale. It was no longer possible to keep the ship's course, and in addition to this inconvenience, before dawn we had the misfortune to learn that she had sprung a leak. We were just then in sight of Mersey Island, for which the captain informed us he would make. In the mean time, the vessel was lightened and all hands called. After a good deal of tacking, we ran in about half a mile from the shore, beneath a cliff, on which were situated two or three buildings, apparently farm-houses. A gun was now discharged three times, and, greatly to my surprise, after the lapse of a few minutes, we heard the signal answered in a manner precisely similar. Several of the passengers questioned the captain respecting this, but he replied evasively, pretending to be busily engaged in directing the men, who, as soon as the vessel anchored, had begun to tinker her damaged side. Approaching me soon afterwards, when no one else

was near, he said in a low tone, "Sir, if you wish it, you may presently have an opportunity of landing here; that is, should you prefer doing so, to going with us to Yarmouth, where I must put in to refit."

"It is my wish, I returned, adopting the seaman's brevity, to get across as soon as possible."

The captain winked.

"If I land here, shall I have any means of doing so?"

"Friends of mine yonder," he replied in the same cautious tone; "they will manage it for you. But, Sir," he continued, "laying his ringed fore-finger expressively on his lip, silence must be the word."

"On both sides." I added.

We smiled intelligence.

The sickly gleam forced from my lips, must have been in some degree expressive of the wretched sense of degradation with which I accepted this compact of connivance; but the grin which displayed so many of the tanned seaman's stunted, ebon teeth, was accompanied by a chuckle, denoting habitual enjoyment is the exercise of cunning.

I drew forth my purse, untied its strings, and counted into his brown palm the three pieces of gold I had agreed to pay for my passage, with one

in addition. He lifted his cocked hat in respectful acknowledgment, and walked aft. A sailor again fired the gun ; the signal was once more answered. Raising a speaking trumpet to his mouth, the captain pronounced the words, " Boat, Williams ;" and in less than ten minutes afterwards a boat pushed from the shore. As soon as it hove along-side, an elderly man of short stature and fresh-coloured complexion, very amphibious in appearance, for though dressed in what might have been the best attire of a wealthy farmer, and wearing beside a massive neck-chain, brooch, and rings, he had the gait and dialect of a sailor, came on board and conversed a short time in a confidential manner with the captain. Their colloquy ended, Williams addressed " Now, sir, if you please," to me. I quitted the ship without adieux, and having placed myself in the boat was rowed to shore. We landed in a little quiet bay, that had an air of the most primitive loneliness, and gave me the idea of having reached some very remote part of the world. The irregular incursions of the sea had hollowed many a cave in the basis of its white cliffs. The natural formation of its bulwark shingles appeared not yet to have been disturbed, and the profusion of shells with which its sands were strewn, attested how little they had

been trodden. We ascended the steep path that wound up the picturesque cliff, on which was perched the long building of one story, that with its barns and stacks had at a distance seemed a group of tenements. From the uninclosed farm-yard attached to it, several snorting, neighing colts were running wildly to the brink of the cliff, or galloping down the steep: geese, fowls, and pigs, equally at liberty, roamed about untamed. The whole place had a desolate, untidy appearance.

“Sir,” said the fisherman, for such I found was Williams’ professed avocation, though he appeared to unite several pursuits, as we entered the large, well-stocked, but neglected garden, where weeds, flowers, and vegetables grew together with promiscuous rankness, “the captain has requested me to give you a lodging until we are able to put you across to France. We shall endeavour to accommodate you as well as we can, and shall leave any compliment you shall please to make us, entirely to your generosity. To-day happens to be a holiday, for my son is going to be married to a neighbour’s daughter; but to-morrow, if we have fair weather enough, and wind in our favour, my boys will take you over.”

These words brought us to a white, wooden

porch, wherein I remarked a weather glass and compass; we then descended two or three steps into a room, which, though it had a bricked floor, was very comfortably furnished with an oaken table and walnut wood settles, and chairs covered with leather; the coloured walls also were adorned with framed prints, and the mantel-piece was decorated with rare and beautiful shells and fossils. An aged woman of bowed frame was moving about the room with a dusting cloth in her hand, setting the chairs in order against the wall, and placing jugs filled with nosegays. "Mother," said Williams, accosting her, "the captain of the Robin has brought me a gentleman who wishes to cross to France to-morrow, you must find him a shake down to-night."

"Eh?" screamed the old woman, turning slowly towards me with a scowling, scrutinizing glance.

Her son repeated the substance of his intelligence. "Well, well," croaked the crone impatiently, as if she had understood him before, resuming her rubbing and dusting, "I'll see."

Williams opened a door leading into a kitchen, where two women were busily occupied in spitting a whole lamb. The dresser was loaded with a quantity of trussed poultry and game, with heaps of

vegetables, and pies of amazing dimensions, ready for the oven, in which the faggots were loudly cracking. "Jenny," said the man, "draw a mug of ale, and put the bread and cheese here." He placed a settle near the table in the parlour, and motioning to me to seat myself, continued—

"Now, sir, if you please you must excuse me. I must be off to church, or the young folks will be waiting. Pray make free, sir, and ask for any thing you may feel inclined to take. Mother!" he added, beckoning the old woman into the kitchen, the door of which closed on their confabulation,

The woman I had heard Williams call Jenny, set a great wooden box of bread and cheese before me, a knife and a trencher, and then with a curtsey inquired if my honour would prefer a bit of broiled fish or a rasher. I accepted her offer of the fish, as the cheese was not such as I could touch, and I began to feel exhaustion, for I had tasted nothing since my repast of biscuits in the cabin the previous forenoon.

I saw no more of the old woman. Fortunately, indeed, all the females were too much engaged by their culinary preparations, to bestow much of their time upon me. So I whiled away the weary hours in the porch with a telescope, watching the few

ships that passed in sight, gazing upon the calm shining, beautiful blue main, the white wreathed waves breaking on the shore, the misty hills around, and the humble dwellings nestling beneath them. Then I wandered to the edge of the cliff where the tall grass was bowing as the sea breeze blew over it so freshly, and noted the flight of the sea-gulls above the ocean, and the dashing and receding of the tide upon the beach. Intolerable was the weariness of those vacant hours, intolerable the inaction which left me to the unalleviated horrors of my wretchedness.

The landing of a boat filled with men, women, and children, whose attention was immediately attracted by my appearance on the cliff, induced me to retreat to the house, and in doing so I heard shouts of laughter from another large party, alighting from a tilted waggon in the farm-yard. Jenny met me in the porch, and informed me, that "Missus," by which title I presume she designated the old woman, had desired her to say, that "as it may not be pleasant for a gentleman such as you to mix with strangers of our sort, there is a little room above stairs quite ready for you, should you like to retire to it, otherwise all the family will be very happy indeed, and proud of your company."

I thanked her, and said, that as I was in extremely weak health, I should be glad to be quiet. She led the way through the kitchen, and from the kitchen up a ladder-like staircase, into a closet above, it was no larger, and contained only a pallet and a stool, the small window of which looked into the garden : I asked for a book and obtained one. It proved to be an account of the discovery of America. Scarcely had I turned the second page, when my attention was arrested by the loud tones of several mingled voices, and looking, I perceived the wedding party entering the garden. There was Williams, with his three sons, fine athletic young men, of ruddy though dark complexions, very nearly resembling each other, and attired alike in knee breeches, jack-boots, scarlet coats handsomely frogged and laced.

One of them, a stern-looking though comely youth, was the bridegroom, arm in arm with a young girl, who it was easy to guess was the bride. She wore a smart blue quilted petticoat and light chintz gown, a straw hat trimmed with white ribbons. The girl was handsome, though in a peculiar style ; her hair was flaxen, but her skin tanned to a nut-brown, animated with a deep colour. She had small decided features, and singu-

larly bright hazel eyes, piercing, almost bold in their expression. I fancied that she looked like one who had been born at sea, and reared among men accustomed to a life of hardihood and danger.

A few minutes after I had lost sight of the party on their entering the house, Jenny tapped at my door to let me know that dinner had been served, and to beg I would go down. I declined, and after several good-natured attempts to persuade me, she left me once more to solitude. The sounds of uproarious merriment which soon repeatedly reached my ears, attested the joviality of the entertainment; and as if the influence of good cheer called forth hospitality with the other social qualities, repeated messages were sent to beg me to join them. In the course of the evening, the bridegroom himself came and brought his bride to ask me. Without giving offence, I found that I could no longer persist in remaining alone. Assuming as cheerful an air as I could, therefore, I went down, and following them, to my surprise, descended from the kitchen into a large room underground, which seemed to extend the whole length of the building. This room, but for its size, and that its floor was boarded, I should term a cellar. The

walls had been recently white-washed, but I perceived traces of former partitions, which induced me to think it had been used as a store, though for what description of goods I could not guess. A number of lights in tin sconces were placed against the wall, entwined with green boughs: the middle of the room was apportioned, by means of chalked ropes, to the young people, who danced to the music of two fiddles, and the chorus of three or four old bodies, who had perhaps been singers in their time. The elderly people amused themselves by playing cards, talking, smoking, or drinking.

There was a profusion of viands, and the liquors also were of the choicest quality. This, together with the richness of some of the females' dresses, and the number of costly ornaments with which both men and women were bedizened, aroused in my mind the suspicion that I had fallen into the company of smugglers, an idea which did not diminish the reluctance I felt to mix with them. It seemed as if my misery had now become the sport of circumstance. Not only was I compelled to drink the bride's health, according to their custom, nine times running, but I found my attempt to evade her request of becoming her partner, so near provoking general offence, that I

was obliged to submit to the endurance of leading her up and down a country dance between the ropes, if indeed the term dance may be applied to the jostling of a crowd of rude and half inebriated peasants. Most grateful was the relief I experienced when the assembly broke up, which took place much earlier than I had anticipated, most of them having to return a considerable distance, many by water.

Before I retired, Williams told me that his sons would be ready to take me across at day-break the following morning.

As soon as it was light I rose from my narrow and uneasy couch, dressed myself and went down. A few minutes after I had descended, I heard the creaking of heavy boots upon the stairs, and the bridegroom of yesterday joined me in the kitchen. Upon a second examination, he struck me as still handsomer than I had thought him before, and his fine manly figure looked to greater advantage in the coarse striped shirt and broad leathern belt, forming part of his ordinary costume, than in the finery to which he was less accustomed. I expressed to him my surprise at his leaving his young wife so soon, and my regret at his doing so on my account. He answered with a brevity that

was not uncivil, because it appeared habitual to him, that if he had not had the present job, he should have gone fishing. Doubtless, in his own way, he was fond of his peasant mate: but the unrefined know nothing of the spirituality of love, nor of those charming associations which, blending the interests of mind and heart, render it the pervading as well as paramount sentiment of existence. “*The gods had not made*” Ben Williams “*poetical*,” and it was easy to see that he was much better pleased to pursue his usual avocation, than he would have been, had leisure obliged him to spend the first day of the honey-moon with his bride. Nor was it any stretch of imagination to suppose, as he turned, rudder in hand, to gaze towards the shore, that with a mile of foaming, mettlesome sea between them, a fair fresh breeze filling the red sails of the trim smack, and the quiet though cloudy sky spreading once again above him—an object as familiar as the roof of his home—he smiled more kindly, and thought of her more warmly, than he might have done had they been shut up together in the parlour, only a few inches of oaken table dividing them.

Our voyage, though really a very speedy one, to me seemed far otherwise. No sooner did the disappearance of the English coast from sight revive

my hope of escape, than my agitation became painfully extreme. Every sail that appeared, however distant, excited the apprehension that it might prove to be in pursuit of me. I watched the course of each with the perturbation of excessive dread; when any approached us, every pulse in my frame throbbed with frightful acceleration, and my heart sickened like a coward's. Such are the tortures entailed by guilt. At length the smack was moored in the harbour of Dunkirk, and a few minutes after I sprung from a boat upon the quay. How fervently I thanked God for my escape! How acutely, in that moment, I felt the joy of safety!

That night I sat alone in one of the mean apartments of a mean inn; for into such only the shabbiness of my soiled and even tattered apparel had permitted my entrance. The bare floor of the small room looked dirty and comfortless; my single light flickered in the draughts from the shaking frames of the curtainless windows, and the wood fire just kindled on the hearth, for the first time that autumn probably, gave promise of more smoke than flame. Before me stood a bottle of *bière*, a glass, and part of a long loaf of dark bread. This was the best accommodation I had a right to

claim ; for the purse lying also on the table contained my last coin, and there were no letters for me at the post-office. I looked around at all the miserable arrangements of this poverty-stricken asylum for wanderers ; I surveyed myself in a small dim mirror, which at least did not improve the aspect of my haggard visage, now disfigured by neglected hair and the growth of several days' beard, as well as by the effects of broken rest, hard fare, fatigue and suffering. I glanced at my empty purse, and a bitter laugh escaped me, as I thought how wild a jest it would be to remark the incredulous astonishment of any stranger, to whom I might assert, that *I*, the pitiable wretch presenting so striking a personification of indigence and decay, who even on the morrow might be turned penniless from the obscure roof that sheltered me, and want bread, was master of ancestral domains, dignified by antiquity, graced by all the adornments of affluence and art ; of acres studded with noble trees, the timber alone of which would produce many thousands ; of caskets of useless diamonds, locked in the banker's iron cases, and a superfluous accumulation of revenue, represented by figures in his books ; that I was a lord of the soil in my own land ; by birth distinguished among men ; inheriting

a right to honour and observance. The laugh died away abruptly. It rang with startling dissonance in my ears, and the gloomiest melancholy once more possessed me.

Why had I hoped for, why had I rejoiced at escape. Not, alas, solely because the respite from death afforded me a longer term for penitence, but because the love of life was still unsubdued. Yet how infatuated, I admitted, was the desire to retain any thing so worthless as existence must henceforth prove. True, that the present combination of evils could not long exist in their full extent ; that youth and rank were, wealth too might still perhaps be, mine. But what availed the possession of wealth without the possibility of enjoyment ; of rank which would only serve to render infamy yet more notorious ; of youth which promised merely the prolongation of a life of suffering ? Ah ! there was torture too keen, too deep for words, in these reflections. The brand of my guilt seemed set upon my heart, its doom upon my soul. Dark was my past, dark my present, my future. I looked beyond. There only was a ray—the hope of mercy. Heavily indeed woe weighed upon me, when that night I threw myself upon my pallet, seeking the relief of slumber. The momentary elation

which excited me on reaching the refuge of a foreign strand, had passed. No sooner was the escape I had so hoped for achieved, than I was oppressed by the full consciousness of my most desolate and denuded condition. The same lips that a few hours before had thanked God for the respite accorded, now prayed that death might speedily release me from misery, which I felt exceeded my powers of endurance.

I moaned myself to sleep. A deep, dreamless slumber for a while possessed me. Then some of my faculties became disengaged, and wove gay, pleasant fancies, totally uncoloured by—unconnected with the recent past. I grew happy in my warm, soft, balmy sleep, and *woke happy*; woke with a refreshed and gladdened frame, hailing the bright sunshine that had unsealed my eyes; woke, alas! to encounter the remembrance of my woes, to shrink back chilled, shuddering, appalled, despairing; striving to shut out the light again—to shut out consciousness. Is there keener suffering than this return to the reality of misery, from happy dreams?

I closed my eyes, and lay motionless for some time, endeavouring to resign myself to endurance. The immobility of my posture seemed to lull the acuteness of my feelings. Willingly would I have

remained so for ever. To rise and enter upon an existence, so sterile as mine had now become, was indeed an effort fraught with pain. After a while, I turned,—my heavy eyes wandered, vacantly, from object to object,—suddenly I leaped from the bed with an involuntary exclamation. There were letters on the mantel-piece. I seized them, regained my pallet with a bound, tore them open, glanced at the contents. “God be thanked!” I cried hysterically, “he lives still—Bosworth lives, God be thanked—I have not deserved this boon.” My emotions were too powerful; overcome by joy and surprise, I swooned.

* * * * *

I vowed from that day to endeavour to lead a new life. I resolved never again to sacrifice my duties to my inclinations,—others to myself; to consider henceforth the gratification of the senses as accessory, not as the object of life; to look for welfare chiefly in contributing to that of others. It was true, that I had wasted my best years, that youth had passed without satisfaction, that I had reached manhood without honour, that I had prodigally consumed my affections—that those sources of happiness were irremediably exhausted. But it was not now too late to sow a harvest which

might be reaped in age—not in vain, even now, to rectify my principles, reform my habits, regain my self-respect. I reflected, that if the happiness derived from life's pleasures had passed, that of life's duties yet remained.

Many other men, in my situation, would have immediately returned to England, to offer Bosworth satisfaction. A very short time previously, I should have adopted this line of conduct; but the influence of recent events had recreated my character. I preferred addressing him a letter, in which I expressed earnestly the satisfaction I felt at his having escaped the effects of my criminal violence, entreating his forgiveness, and offering him mine, for the causes which had led to it. I concluded with representing my present feelings respecting the unworthiness of both our past careers, and begging him to reflect on his course for the future. To this letter I received no reply. Having made arrangements for an ample allowance to be paid to my wife, during my absence, I set out to recruit my health and spirits, by travelling once more.

CHAPTER XX.

Rheinsberg—Potsdam—Military despotism—A review at Berlin—Grenadier guards—Anecdote of Frederick William I.—Body guards—Discipline of the service—Frederick the Great—Sans Souce—The Princess Amelia—Trenck—The Count St. Germain.

NEXT year, I revisited Berlin, and afterwards went to Potsdam. Lord Malmesbury, then our ambassador at Berlin, was connected with my family; this circumstance drew me again into society. Prince Henry, too, from whom I had formerly received many favors, occupied his palace in the capital. I could not omit paying my respects to him; nor, after the kind reception with which he honoured me, could I withdraw myself from his notice. At Rheinsberg, during my former tour, I had passed many agreeable days. The castle, heavy and unpicturesque in exterior, afforded within not only very extensive accommodation for the reception of guests, but the numerous and spacious

apartments were fitted up with a degree of comfort and convenience, then rarely to be found in a Prussian mansion. Never was there a more admirable host than prince Henry, who, distinguished both by his military and civil talents, appeared to delight as much in excelling in the discharge of the minor duties, as in the great affairs of life. Actuated by the desire and example of his royal highness, the superintendents of his household were unremitting in their attentions to all the guests beneath his roof. Every morning, each visitor was waited on in his apartment, by a person sent by the prince, to inquire after his health, and learn his wishes. With this exception, there was no intrusion upon the liberty and solitude of the stranger until noon, when it was customary for all to assemble in the prince's private salon, and to remain there until dinner, which was punctually served at one. The prince's manners were frank and simple. In society, at home, he was always attentive and good-natured. His presence, therefore, never imposed the least constraint. Mirabeau has described him as little in person, and little in mind: the latter assertion is untrue. In person, certainly, he was under the middle size, and far from robust in appearance. A slight cast in his

eyes rendered his countenance plain,—which might otherwise have almost been termed handsome,—by imparting to it a sinister expression, not at all analogous to his character. One who was less likely to have his opinions influenced by personal motives than Mirabeau, describes the prince as a man of sterling sense, “though his ordinary mood was too serious and reflective for social display ;” as an habitual reasoner, without pedantry ; just without severity ; delicate, upright, equitable. In respect to his military talents, we have the testimony of Frederick the Great, who certainly did not love the prince too well. At a splendèd entertainment, given to celebrate the peace of Hubertsberg, the king said to his guests, “Come, gentlemen, let us drink to the only one of my generals, who, during the whole war, did not commit a single error. It is your’s, brother.”

After dinner at Rheinsberg, when the weather was bad, we returned to the prince’s salon: the ladies worked, and the gentlemen amused themselves by cutting out figures, flowers, trees, and animals in black paper, to adorn some closets which the prince chose to decorate in this manner ; meantime one of the prince’s secretaries read aloud to us. When the weather was fine, we

made excursions into the forest. A portion of it had been laid out in avenues and gardens; its beauty was farther embellished by two extensive artificial lakes, upon which were several islands. The largest of these islands was that named Romulus and Remus. Here were a number of huts, constructed of bark, containing rustic seats and tables. In the centre of the island was a large hut; in this were three rooms, a kitchen, *salle-à-manger*, and saloon. When the court dined here, no servants attended: fair ladies and fine gentlemen prepared their own repast, which was followed by an amateur concert, or by dancing. It is needless to remark, that this little island was the scene of much merriment and flirtation. These *al fresco* dinners had been suggested by the prince's beautiful wife, to whom he was devoted, and with whom he had lived for several years most happily. At length some cloud arose to shadow their felicity. The princess returned no more to Rheinsberg. Though they continued to inhabit the same palace at Berlin, they never entered each other's apartments. It was remarked, that about the same time there was also a breach between prince Henry and his once dear friend and companion in arms, le baron Kalkreut.

To return to the present period of my stay in Prussia. The military character of the sovereign had rendered his kingdom a vast garrison. Throughout the country few rural images presented themselves; the towns were mere cantonments; guards and hussars constituted half the inhabitants; everywhere the evidence of a military despotism was visible. Frederick the Second, in the course of his reign, doubled the standing force he found at his accession. With six millions of inhabitants, there was an army of two hundred thousand men. This gave Mirabeau occasion to say, speaking of the Prussian government, "There is only one head, but it has four hundred thousand arms."

Victorious Prussia, under the auspices of her general-king, had acquired the highest martial renown—had attained the perfection of discipline. But at what price? The rural districts were depopulated, all the best men drawn from them, and obliged to bear arms, from the age of eighteen to sixty. In the half-tilled fields might be seen the bent, decrepid, old man, who had been compelled, by the loss of his conscript son, to leave his arm-chair near the fire-side, where his last years ought to have enjoyed repose, toiling in company with women and children. In the Prussian pea-

sant's cottage, the conscript's wife wept vainly for the husband torn from her ; and the young mother looked with regret on the finest and most robust of her children, anticipating the day when she should be robbed of them. To such a point did Frederick carry his passion for making soldiers of all his subjects, that, finding a great number of Jews in a tract of territory which fell to his share after the partition of Poland, he conceived the project of rendering them fit for service ; though ever since the time of Adrian the Jews have manifested the greatest inaptitude and antipathy for war. A corps of several thousand was formed, compelled to learn the manual exercise, and passed in review. But so insurmountable was their indisposition to bear arms, as even to thwart the will of the absolute Frederick, and they were finally broke and disbanded.

Manufactures, under a financial system that had for its object only to obtain for the king's coffers the greatest possible immediate supply, of course prospered no better than agriculture. Money the king valued as the sinews of war, and money was accordingly wrung from the impoverished people, with improvident rapacity. The treasury was well filled ; the king added to his hoard at Magdeburg ;

but, by this draining of national capital, produce was sacrificed. Interested himself in a number of monopolies, Frederick's policy was naturally restrictive. He prohibited, by edict, the importation of Dresden eggs, French apples, and Bavarian mouse-traps, that he might sell his own. "Cannot my hens be made to lay more eggs?" is a question that at any rate shows the versatility of the great Frederick's reflective powers.

The Prussian army—still in this respect the first in the world, though it may have somewhat declined—had then reached the *ne plus ultra* of discipline. As there was nothing in Prussia worth having seen, but its king and its army, which, as his creation is identified with him, I took care to be present at all the field-exercises his majesty inspected. A grand review at Berlin, or Magdeburg, was one of the finest spectacles that can be imagined. The one I witnessed was in outline as follows:—At day-break, fifteen thousand men, half the number to be reviewed, marched from the camp, and posted themselves on some heights at the distance of one or two miles from the town. Meanwhile the rest of the troops, by another route, took up a position on a plain, within view of a village protected by those on the heights; in the

attack and defence of this village the review consisted. As soon as the signal was given, all the drums and fifes struck up, and the soldiers advanced shouting, according to their national custom, with a number of field-pieces in a line with their front rank, which were charged and discharged with surprising rapidity. At the same time, the troops from the hill having made a descent with great regularity and velocity, formed in two columns, and stood ready to receive the enemy. At a signal given soon after the onset, the attacking party fell into artificial confusion—a retreat was sounded, they retired, re-formed, and charged again. The first line of the pursuing party gave back towards the second line, which opened in several places, and closed again as soon as the retreating line had passed through, thus presenting a new front. The second line then moved to the attack, but seemed to be repulsed : they were harassed in their retreat, by detached parties of hussars, while the main body continued to advance upon the village.

The costume of the Prussian hussars, on show-days, was very singular. During the lifetime of Frederick William, his consort made the regiment a present of twelve tiger-skins, and they still continued, in spite of the general reform in the cloth-

ing of the army introduced by Frederick the Second, to wear tiger-skin mantles, ornamented with clasps and chains, in the oriental taste. The commanders of squadrons, also wore eagles' wings, which were fastened to their caps by wands, topped with a crown; the rest of the officers plumes of herons' feathers. A cloak, commonly scarlet, had formerly constituted a part of the uniform of every soldier. At night, in the field, it was used as a blanket. Frederick afterwards substituted blankets for them. The hussars were headed at this review by the celebrated general Ziethen, one of the heroes of the seven years' war. This gallant old man, though now eighty years of age, preceded his corps, mounted upon a fine charger, as if he had still been in the vigour of life; and his officers, his hussars, and himself, seemed equally proud of belonging to one another. Being already known to the general, I rode up to him at the conclusion of the review, and explained my admiration of the faultless precision with which the troops exercised so surprising a variety of manœuvres.

Having passed a month or two at Berlin, I went, as I before mentioned, to Potsdam, which is a good and considerable town, composed of wide, straight streets, planted with lime-trees, and intersected

with canals after the manner of Holland. The houses are of brick, stuccoed. There are several rather fine public buildings, of white free-stone ; but from the peculiar softness of the soil, which is sandy, though all modern, they have sunk considerably. In walking through the town, it surprised the stranger, to see buff belts, breeches and waistcoats hanging from some of the best houses. The fact is, that each housekeeper has two or more soldiers quartered in his house ; for the king chooses that they should be quartered with the citizens, rather than in barracks, because, having good reason to dread disaffection, he fears to lodge great bodies of armed men together, lest they should form dangerous combinations. The only flourishing manufactory the town then contained, was a fabric of armoury.

Potzdam was the depôt for the king's grenadier guards ; a regiment alcorated since the time of the king's predecessor, Frederick William, who, perhaps, gave the first impulse to the progress of the military art, by the attention he bestowed on this favourite corps. All the men composing it were of extraordinary stature. It was indeed a regiment of giants. Though extremely penurious in all other respects, Frederick William gave enormous

sums for tall, fine-looking soldiers; sometimes as much as fifteen thousand crowns bounty-money. Nor did he scruple to use any means of procuring them. He employed agents to kidnap persons of this description. It was hazardous for any remarkably tall, robust foreigner, unless guaranteed by rank, to traverse his dominions. Having also a great wish to perpetuate these guards, the king formed the design of mating his grenadiers with women of similar proportions. Wandering one day about the city of Berlin, as was not uncommon with him, on foot, unattended, in his ordinary costume, a long loose coat of the coarsest blue cloth, faced with red, ornamented with buttons the size of a crown-piece, a cocked hat, and staff, with which he used to rap every female he met, telling her to go home and mind her house; it chanced that he saw a market-woman, six feet high, and as stout as she was tall. Delighted at the idea of making such an acquisition, he procured a slip of paper, and wrote on it an order addressed to the captain on duty, which he gave to the woman, desiring her to carry it to the guard house. On her way thither, she opened the paper, which she found contained these words: "Marry this woman to corporal ——," signed, Frederick William.

Having recovered from her astonishment, and not feeling disposed to acquiesce in his majesty's project, the market-woman had the wit to evade it, by giving the order, with a few kreutzers, to a little, decrepid, old grandam, who could not read, requesting her to carry it. Whatever the act in which it might manifest itself, in Prussia the sovereign's will was not to be questioned. The captain of the guard, therefore, detained the old woman, procured a priest, and in spite of the repugnance of the corporal, who happened to be young and handsome, married her to him forthwith. Subsequently, the mistake became known to the king, who was greatly enraged. Of course the poor market-woman never again dared to sell vegetables in Berlin. Previous to this digression, I was about to say, that I often attended the morning drill of the guards at Potsdam, chiefly because it gave me an opportunity of observing the king, who was constantly present: independently of this motive, however, these exercises were well worth witnessing; and I could not help mingling with my admiration a little envy at the superiority of the Prussian soldiery in point of discipline to the English. While watching a single corps during its evolutions, one could not help imagining,

that it was a piece of mechanism in motion, so rigid were the figures and countenances of the soldiers, so perfect the uniformity of their movements. But how was this perfection attained? The Prussian soldier was tasked like a beast of burden; he was less free than a slave, if indeed the rigorous discipline of the service did not render his condition more approximating to that of a machine than of a human being. Take, for example, the most distinguished regiment, that of the king's guards. At four in the morning exercise began, during which experiments were made of all the new manœuvres, or of alterations in the old manœuvres, which the king meant to introduce. Hedges were then leapt for practice, and ditches of three, four, five, and six feet; then careers were run in lists more than half a league in length; in these exercises, which were repeated in the afternoon, the body-guard lost more men and horses during one year's peace, than the following year in two battles. The body-guard attended at the opera at Berlin, as well as all public festivities, yet the alarum which called it together was frequently sounded twice in a night. On these occasions, each soldier had to rise, dress, arm, saddle his horse, mount, and appear before the palace in seven

minutes: arrest for fourteen days was otherwise the penalty. Thus the king accustomed his soldiers to vigilance and activity. Every foot company was drilled three times a day, and frequently, if necessary, much oftener separately. Almost all the rest of their time was occupied in cleaning their accoutrements, respecting which the regulations were very severe. Even a broken loop, or a missing button, if detected on parade, was a fault sure to be punished by a severe caning, sometimes by flogging. The accident of a hat blown off, too, was frequently chastised in a similar manner. Each colonel chose the colours and trimming of the regimentals of his troop: some of these decorations were very elaborate, and troublesome to keep in order, which added greatly to the tasks of the private. The form of the dress was alike in all. Frederick, when, soon after his accession, he remodelled the army, had much simplified it; indeed, his desire that his soldiers should have nothing superfluous in this respect, gave rise to a ludicrous incident. A Jew named Wartenberg, an army contractor, made up clothing for a regiment, and the contract being very low, supplied cloth that had not been milled. The coats were so light, they would scarcely button on the men, and the first

day they were worn, there fell a heavy shower. The quarter-master said, if the soldiers pulled them off, they would never be able to get them on again; so the men were ordered to lie in them all night, and dry them on their backs.

If the Prussian soldier had had any leisure for associating with his comrades, that recreation was denied him. Privates were not allowed to assemble in groups. This regulation, again, was dictated by the policy which had so much reason to dread insubordination. It is natural that in a service so severe, and so ill rewarded—for each private's pay is but threepence per diem, and there are no established pensions for the superannuated—there should be much disaffection. Desertion would be very common, were it possible, but this is scarcely so. Almost every garrison town is surrounded by a stoccade, within which is a cordon of sentinels. These sentinels are placed so close together, that no soldier could desert without being seen by several of them. To prevent connivance, whenever any desertion occurs all the sentinels are punished. The muster-roll is called over thrice a day. If any soldier fails to answer to his name, whose absence cannot be accounted for, a cannon, the well-known signal, is immediately fired. Each town

and village in the vicinity responds to this signal, and extends the notice by ringing an alarm-bell; upon hearing which, the peasants are compelled to run to the guard of certain gates or passes to intercept the fugitive. Harboursing a deserter is a capital offence. The capture of one ensures a large reward. Consequently, should a soldier succeed in escaping from the garrison, it is probably only to perish of hunger in the woods or fields, not daring to approach any habitation. There is another species of desertion very common among them. It is suicide; for thus they name it.

Frederick the Second, now somewhat declined into the vale of years, and loaded with the laurels of renown, far from feeling the distaste which it would not be surprising to find in so great a master for the elements of his art, never failed to pass two hours daily, unless prevented by the violent attacks of bodily suffering to which he was at length subject, on parade, even in the midst of winter, as soon after day-break as possible, in disciplining, grumbling, swearing, praising; in short, keeping the tormented troops in perpetual motion, who forget for a moment all their hardships and oppression, when "Fritz," "the old one," as they termed him, was pleased to be gracious,

and won them by the familiar terms, “*Mes enfans, mes camarades.*” In height Frederick the Great was below the middle size, but robust and well-made, always remarkably active, even in spite of the infirmities to which in later years he was subject. His complexion was swarthy; his nose bold and well-formed, but not precisely aquiline; his eyes were of a very dark blue, large, full and penetrating. Whenever he was conversing on a topic that interested him, his features acquired a wonderful degree of animation, and his countenance then became handsome. He stooped considerably, his head inclining to one side; he was also so short-sighted as to be obliged to use a glass even upon horseback. With scarcely any variation, his dress consisted of a blue coat, lined and faced with red—which, as he wore his clothes as long as possible, was frequently mended and pieced—a yellow waistcoat and breeches, the star of the Black Eagle on his breast, a sash round his waist, from which hung a large plain sword, with a silver hilt; his hat very large and cocked, with a white panache or plume; hussar boots, from continued wear and want of cleaning, rather brown than black; these he never changed for shoes, except once a year, when he went to visit his queen, on her

birth-day at Charlottenburg. The king latterly suffered almost without cessation from complicated bodily ailments. To conceal the alteration in his countenance occasioned by the ravages of pain, he often rouged when he had to appear in public, or before his troops; and if he felt any feebleness or inactivity of mind, his right hand furtively sought his waistcoat pocket, and returned as if by accident to his mouth, and while he affected merely to pass his fingers over his lips, one who watched him, might detect that he conveyed a lozenge, composed of materials calculated to give a stimulus to his spirits.

With Frederick on parade, almost invariably, might be seen his nephew Frederick William, the heir apparent to the crown, a tall, athletic, handsome, benevolent looking young man, of remarkably frank and martial bearing, who, notwithstanding these personal advantages, an amiable disposition, and excellent conduct, was far too little a favourite with his uncle. Frederick, in fact, treated him with great rigour, forbidding the prince to leave Potsdam, but at the same time excluding him from his table and circle.

General Ziethen was now one of Frederick's resident friends at the new Sans Souci, and I frequently visited him there.

The castle of Sans Souci is situated half a league from Potsdam, a view of which it commands: around stretches a sterile, sandy plain, diversified only by melancholy groves of firs. An avenue leads from it to the little palace, constructed by Frederick for his retreat. This building consists of a long range of apartments on the ground-floor: in point of architecture it is almost beneath criticism, being a compilation of different portions of designs, by several artists, with none of which the king had been wholly satisfied. Its gardens are very agreeable. Detached from the old palace, yet almost close to it, is a picture gallery, with a very fine marble floor. The collection is small and good, among the paintings are some excellent modern Italian and Flemish pieces. I had visited this gallery one day with general Ziethen, and after inspecting the Sans Souci stables, which to my surprise contained only twenty indifferent horses, and five or six sets of old harness, we were making a tour of the grounds, when we met a very singular looking personage. At first sight, but for her attendants, I should not have supposed her a woman of rank, so plain and mean was her attire. Yet would it have been scarcely possible for any one to pass her without notice. She tottered so much in

her gait, that at each step she seemed falling forward, like a person inebriated. Her head and hands were frightfully palsied; indeed, every member of her frame appeared to have a convulsive motion. Her face was indescribably contorted; the skin, seamed with innumerable wrinkles, had the dry yellow hue of parchment; and what rendered this countenance, whereon premature old age had set its stamp, still more hideous, was the excessive protruding of the eyes, which had started so far out of their sockets, that it was painful to look at them. General Ziethen saluted her, and in reply she uttered a few words, I should rather say sounds, croaking and sepulchral—such an effort at speech as might be made by a person in the act of suffocation. The ensemble of her appearance could not fail to suggest the idea that she had been rescued, in the last extremity, from self-murder or some other kind of violent death. This personage was the princess Amelia, abbess of Quedlinberg, Frederick's favourite sister. General Ziethen had no sooner named her to me, than with English freedom of speech I exclaimed in my astonishment, "That the princess Amelia! Trenck's princess!" The general laid his fingers on his lips, to remind me of the necessity of caution, and

glanced round alarmed, though only flowers and shrubs were near us. Looking after the princess, he sighed and shook his head mournfully, he remembered her young, and, will it be believed? beautiful, one of the most beautiful of women. At a superb tournament, given by Frederick the Great, in 1750, the princess Amelia had, in the character of the queen of beauty, distributed the prizes: Voltaire on that occasion wrote—

“Jamais ni la Grèce ni Rome
N'eut des jeux si brillans, ni de plus dignes prix :
J'ai vu les fils de Mars sous les traits de Paris,
Et Vénus qui donne la pomme.”

She was also greatly in advance of the generality of her sex, endowed with natural talents, modified, but not inferior even to those of her brother. Like him, she had been the friend and correspondent of philosophers, men of science and literati, of Voltaire, Maupertuis, D'Alembert, Euler, La Grange, Gottsched, Winckler, Gellert, Diderot, Jordan, D'Argens, La Beaumelle, Baculard d'Armand. She was not only intellectual and learned, but very agreeable, lively, witty, and accomplished. In music particularly she excelled, and was gifted with a voice that alone would have rendered her fascinating. Nor should it be omitted that she had

the merit of rejecting the offer of a crown, that of Sweden, rather than renounce the faith in which she had been reared. Compare (for it is a lesson in human vicissitude) the opening of such a life with its close. When the princess was still young, there arrived in the capital a Prussian nobleman, named Trenck, of ancient family and fine fortune. Though only eighteen, he had been distinguished by his successes at college, and had acquired a reputation which in the eyes of many women gave him still more *éclât*, that of having fought several duels. The count Lottun, his intimate friend, presented the young Baron Trenck to the king, as a person who gave promise of excelling in everything. Frederick, much struck with the baron's exterior and address, to put his talents to the proof, desired him, in the course of the first interview, to sit down to a *secrétaire*, and answer three letters, which the king placed before him, according to his own judgment. Trenck took the letters, perused them attentively, answered the first in German, the second in French, and the third in Latin, entirely to the king's satisfaction. His majesty was so pleased, that he immediately gave him a cornet's commission in his body-guard, for which the Herculean proportions of Trenck's

fine figure eminently qualified him. The body-guard formed at this time a model for the Prussian cavalry: they consisted of a single squadron of men, selected from the whole army. This squadron contained only six officers and a hundred and forty men, but there were fifty or sixty supernumeraries, and as many horses; the king incorporated all the remarkably handsome men he found in this guard. The officers were the best taught of any the army contained. Frederick was himself their tutor. Their rise was rapid if they behaved well, but they were broken for the least fault, and banished to garrison regiments. The uniform of this regiment was the most splendid and becoming in Europe. Ten thousand rix dollars were necessary to equip an officer. The cuirass was wholly plated with silver, and the horse furniture and accoutrements alone cost six hundred rix dollars. All the horses were black. The uniform was a buff-coat, a cuirass, white breeches, and hussar boots. The regimental colours white, the device, an eagle flying towards the sun, with the motto, "*Nec soli cedit.*" All the kettledrums and trumpets were of solid silver.

Possessed of the king's favour, Trenck's promotions followed as quickly as the rules of the service

would permit. The distinction of his position gave lustre to all his good qualities, and too many at court became sensible to his attractions. On the occasion of one of the splendid entertainments given by the king at Berlin, to celebrate the marriage of his sister, the princess Ulrica, with the king of Sweden, it was the duty of baron Trenck to be on guard, in one of the crowded saloons of the palace. Unperceived by him, some one cut away the gold fringe of his sash. Not long after, he discovered that this had been done by the princess Amelia.

Throughout the campaign which soon followed, Trenck was always by the king's side, during their marches, beneath the tent, and in the field. At its conclusion, preceded by the fame of his gallant conduct, he hurried back to the illustrious lady of his love. In spite of every precaution, the secret interviews she accorded him were discovered, and reported to the king. That knowledge, however, Frederick could not avow; with the honour of his relative his own was linked. The king, therefore, who could not hazard direct remonstrance and reproof, by which the world would have been informed of facts it was so important to conceal, had only another means to make Trenck sensible

his conduct was known to him, and that he would do well to change it. This means was to treat Trenck with harshness whenever the king had been informed by his spy that any private communication had taken place between him and the princess, and put him under arrest, for some pretended neglect of his duty, after every interview. Notwithstanding all this, Trenck did not discontinue his visits. He feigned not to perceive the real cause of the king's displeasure. As it augmented the longer the baron persisted in his offence, the punishment of confinement grew more and more frequent, and the term of its duration also increased. Finding that this course failed, his majesty despatched Trenck on a mission to Versailles, hoping that, unable to accomplish its object, he would be long detained there. Trenck, indefatigable in his efforts, and finding favour there as elsewhere, obtained an easy and complete success. Without waiting to announce his return, he hurried back greatly elated, anticipating the approbation of his sovereign; had it been granted, it is not unlikely that one of so generous a nature would have been induced to renounce his error.

But when the young man had given an account

of his mission, and awaited eagerly for some slight expression of satisfaction to reward his services, an expression that would doubtless have called forth his contrition, the king only looked on him still more sternly, and said—

“Baron Trenck, where were you when the order to set out on this expedition reached you.”

“Sire, I had then been a month in confinement.”

“Return to the same situation.”

No sooner was Trenck, whom the king's severity had mortified and incensed, liberated from this confinement, than he hastened to seek that consolation, which was at once his bane and antidote, the Princess Amelia's tears and caresses. Frederick was of course informed of this interview. More than ever exasperated at the presumption of the ungrateful favourite, who had dared to love *his sister*, the king's anger now took the character of implacable hatred. Yet to punish the culprit summarily, without some pretext, would have given occasion for surmises that might in the end have led to the discovery of the truth. Frederick was too wary thus to hazard the reputation of his family; too jealous of his own dignity, to expose so near a relative to the chance of becoming a subject for

scandal in all the courts of Europe. His revenge, though retarded, was terrible. At the recommencement of the war, Trenck again followed the king to the field. He was in the very flush of youth, with all life's blushing honours thick upon him ; for his age, the most distinguished officer in the service ; carrying to the camp all the luxuries of the court, a retinue and appointments like a prince, magnificent horses, services of plate, a tent fitted up with more than regal sumptuousness ; moreover, most of the costly toys, with which it was furnished, the love tokens of the most charming princess in the world ; Trenck was envied by many, to whom his prospects seemed all sunshine : alas ! the thunder clap was near. The poor young baron was suddenly arrested, on the plea of treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Maria Theresa's forces were commanded by a cousin and namesake of the unfortunate baron, a general of some reputation, known in history as the Austrian Trenck. A forged letter, addressed from one kinsman to the other, was the pretext for this charge.

Ere the night of that unlooked-for morning, Trenck, despoiled of all that belonged to him, his estates confiscated, and without even a single love-

gift as a relic, escorted by fifty hussars, was on the road to the fortress of Glatz, in which he was to be confined. This event so much afflicted the princess, as to occasion a partial aberration of reason. She wept herself almost blind, and wilfully misapplying a remedy, prescribed for a disorder thus contracted in her eyes, she scarred and distorted her features in the most terrible manner. Indeed, her beauty vanished so suddenly, and was succeeded by infirmities so strange and unparalleled, that she appeared like one transformed. Perhaps the acuteness of her remorse, for the indiscretions which had entailed so much calamity on one so dear to her, induced her to brand and efface the fatal beauty, that had been accessory to her weakness. Still more unhappily, the princess's mind became as much changed as her body. She renounced all the pursuits she had formerly taken delight in, and devoted her whole time to the study of astrology. Seeking solace in the illusory promises of the stars for that hope so long deferred, through the many tedious years during which Trenck pined in captivity.

The mania for divination had revived, and was in full force at this time in Prussia and Germany. At Berlin resided the notorious count St. Germain,

a professed necromancer, the preceptor of Cagliostro, who terminated his existence in one of the prisons of the Inquisition at Rome. This St. Germain affected a number of singularities, which extended his notoriety. He lived in one of the best houses in Berlin; before his door stood always a carriage without horses. The possession of a considerable quantity of gold and silver plate, a number of large diamonds and gems, probably false, gave him the reputation of unlimited wealth, and of being acquainted with the secret of alchemy. He was a little slender man, of delicate and even juvenile appearance, yet in conversation he related traits and incidents, concerning personages who had lived hundreds, even thousands of years before, as if he had been on intimate terms with them. Some supposed him the Wandering Jew; others that he had obtained the elixir of perpetual youth. No one could discover of what family he was a member, or even of what country a native; he spoke all European languages with fluency, and appeared to be perfectly well acquainted with every locality mentioned. Besides this, he used to astonish those who conversed with him, by his complete information respecting the private and political movements of all the courts, commonly anticipating

every one's intelligence. No man certainly was ever an impostor on a grander scale. He must have had a legion of spies and agents; nor could his chemical knowledge have been of an ordinary kind. Personages of the highest rank were his dupes. The princess Amelia consulted him, adopted him as her oracle, and became his victim. He obtained large sums of money from her. While she wasted health and youth, with the midnight oil, in watching the contents of some crucible, poring over pages of black art lore, or noting the aspect of the stars.

One of the associates and accomplices of the count St. Germain was a person named Schrepfer, who pretended to have the power of making the devil reveal the secret places in which were hidden all the treasures, that, according to tradition, had formerly disappeared from Germany. Astonishing though it is, so late as the eighteenth century there were found persons of distinction, and therefore one is inclined to presume of some degree of education, generals, dukes, and princes, grossly credulous enough to form an association based upon this chimera, agreeing to share the benefit and expenses of the undertaking. Having obtained great sums, as the price of their initiation, Schrepfer

amused his dupes by inducing them to commit all sorts of extravagances. All the mummeries to be found in the stories of the sabbaths of witches were enacted with the greatest mystery and solemnity. They conjured and exorcised the devil by firelight, at all hours of the night, in the heart of forests, on the heights of mountains, in all sorts of ways, in short, and places. A variety of sacrifices were performed by Schrepfer, which cost the association a great deal ; among them, was that of immolating a goat, that should not have a single hair which was not black. To procure such a goat as this Schrepfer found it necessary to appoint agents to perambulate all Bohemia, Poland, and Lithuania. At length, to the great joy of the exorcists, a perfectly black goat was found. The price he had cost was almost his weight in gold, and he was led bedecked to slaughter with all possible solemnity. His sacrifice duly consummated, praises were lavished on the devil ; but either he was deaf, ungrateful, or had no treasure to discover ; at least no answer to their inquiries could be obtained. They would have appealed to Schrepfer for explanation, but he had disappeared. Such was the result of this almost incredible affair.

To return to the subject of the princess Amelia

and her lover. After more than eleven years, Trenck's imprisonment was exchanged for exile. The preceding spring I had met him at Aix-la-Chapelle, where he resided. His adventures naturally made him an object of great curiosity to the gay throng who flocked thither, on the pretence of drinking the waters. He had married a very amiable lady, who rendered his house so agreeable, that it was the resort of the best company. Many who went once, returned again and again, induced by the *agrémens* to be found in that charming domestic circle. Trenck was fond of the company of English people of the first class. I became a frequent guest at his house, and often accompanied him in hunting excursions into the forest, to kill wolves and foxes, of which there were abundance. Our parties, on these occasions, generally consisted of ten or twelve sportsmen, well mounted. Taking with us a number of attendants, dogs, one or two sumpter horses, laden with bread, boar-hams, wine, skin bags filled with pure water, drinking horns, knives, platters, and cooking utensils, we penetrated into the wildest depths of the forest. There, as soon as we had found a wood hut, not too distant from a pool or stream, at which the cattle might water, the servants cleared the spot around it, unpacked and ranged the bag-

gage, and finally established themselves at a little distance. Returning here to sleep—for we pursued our sport for several days—a horn announced our approach: up started the serving men, who, after well feasting and regaling with beer in our absence, had been dozing round the fire, all hurrying hither and thither with sudden alacrity, as soon as the first straggling huntsman, leading his jaded horse, put aside the boughs. One by one followed, laden with wolves' heads and foxes' brushes, the trophies of the chace. These the men, open-mouthed to hear the amount of the slaughter, and all the incidents of the day's sport, affixed above the entrance of the wood-hut, which they had converted into a tent. Throwing ourselves on the ground, in a circle round our fire, we looked with great satisfaction at the cauldron steaming in the kitchen department, at the rows of small game which they had killed in the forest, almost ready for the trencher. Bowls of water and napkins were now brought to us, and the stains rubbed from our soiled hunting frocks; we then supped well and merrily, quaffing good draughts of Rhenish. The poor hounds, with slow steps and drooping heads, crept to their masters' sides, and stretching there, licked their torn and gory coats, or snapt at the morsels and gnawed the

bones thrown to them, looking up now and then sagaciously at the grim heads of their vanquished enemies. At a distance might be seen the grooms rubbing down the horses, tied to a tree. Nor were the men forgotten—we praised the ingenuity of their contrivances, the excellence of the cooking, the comfort of the luxurious couches provided—sacks filled with dried leaves, or beds of leaves covered with cloaks, and the highly decorative arrangement of the flasks, pistol-cases, horns, spare arms, saddles, &c. which they had disposed in the wood-hut; a cup of wine apiece, to drink our health, completed their gratification.

Trenck, even then not forty years of age, retained all the symmetry of his athletic form, and the undimmed flash of an eagle eye, that well bespoke his indomitable spirit; but the unavoidable neglect, during his long imprisonment, had given a wildness to his appearance, which no degree of care could now remove. His skin rugged, his hands hairy, his beard and locks long and coarse, like those of a savage. The red fire-light gleaming upon his hunting attire and accoutrements, added something to this which harmonized well with the surprising and stirring adventures which, with a simple, yet graphic eloquence, he often related. The story of his suf-

ferings indeed he told so touchingly, that those who listened long must have loved the man ; nor did I wonder that Trenck, like Othello, had found so fair a Desdemona. Since my acquaintance with him he has published his *Memoirs* : perhaps, as they are well worth reading, yet have been very little read, I may venture to give a few extracts from them, exhibiting the principal scenes of his captivity.

CHAPTER XXI.

Trenck at Glatz—His leap from the Tower—Recapture—Second attempt—Progress of the plot—Discovery—Escape effected—Trenck's adventures *en route* to Ebling—He is delivered into the hands of Frederick by the citizens of Dantzic—The Star fort—History of a long captivity—Trenck's final release.

AT Glatz, Trenck was confined in a tower of the citadel, the window of which was ninety feet from the ground. Having filed away eight cross bars from the window, cut a leathern portmanteau into thongs, sewed them end to end, adding the sheets and covering of his bed, he descended safely this astonishing height. It rained, the night was dark, this favoured him; but he found he had to wade through a moat filled with mud, in which having sunk, after vainly endeavouring to extricate himself, he was obliged to call the sentinel, and desire him to go and tell the governor that Trenck had stuck fast in the moat. Reconducted to his cell, the governor entered it, accompanied by an adjutant and the

officer of the guard, and examined the window from which Trenck had escaped, reproaching him in the harshest terms. Trenck inquired for how long a term the king had condemned him. The governor replied, that a traitor, who had corresponded with the enemy, cannot be condemned for a certain term, but must depend for grace and pardon on the king. Rendered desperate by these words, which seemed to deprive him of all hope of release, Trenck snatched the sword, upon which his eyes had been fixed while they were conversing, from its sheath at the governor's side, sprang out of the room, tumbled the sentinel from the top to the bottom of the stairs, passed the men who happened to be drawn up before the prison door to relieve guard; sprang over the breast-work of the ramparts, sword in hand, without receiving any injury, though some of the men fired, but not daring to follow, by making the same leap, ran round out of the postern, which gave him a considerable start. A sentinel, however, in a narrow pass, endeavoured to oppose his flight, but Trenck turned his fixed bayonet, and wounded him in the face. A second sentinel, meantime, ran from the outworks, and seized Trenck behind. To get free from him, Trenck made a spring at the palisadoes, but was

caught by the foot, and received a bayonet wound in the face. Thus entangled, they beat him with the butt end of their muskets, and dragged him back to prison.

After this second attempt, the severities of imprisonment were increased. Yet he was not loaded with chains, for this is not usual in Prussia, except a prisoner has been tried and convicted. Scarcely was Trenck again in confinement, when he began to plot escape, and commenced by gaining the regard of as many of the soldiers, now in succession stationed singly on guard within his chamber, as he could. They were mostly disaffected, therefore it was the more easy to excite their compassion, or to bribe them. He gained over thirty men, whom he induced to swear, that on a certain day they would execute whatever he commanded them. Each knew that he had accomplices, but it was part of Trenck's plan, to keep them all unacquainted who were the particular men that had joined the league. Unfortunately, an Austrian, to whom overtures had ineffectually been made, informed the governor of the existence of this plot. Learning this denunciation in time, the conspirators rushed to the guard-house, seized the cartridges, and then returned to attempt Trenck's release.

But the soldier within his chamber could not be induced to open the door. While he and Trenck were struggling, the conspirators vainly endeavoured to force it from without, but it was too strongly secured ; they therefore consulted their own safety, by escaping without delay, and contrived to reach Brannau, in Bohemia. Information of this plot was laid before the king, accompanied by a charge against Trenck, of having suborned the soldiers and officers. To add to his misery, he ceased to receive letters from the princess, who had hitherto corresponded with him, and had furnished him with ample supplies of money, to assist his projects. After this no sentinel was again stationed in his cell, but an officer came to examine it every day. Trenck must have possessed extraordinary powers of persuasion, for he managed to induce one of these men whose name was Schell, and who had been sent to do duty at this fortress as a punishment, to promise that he would contrive his escape, and desert with him. Accordingly one day, when it became Schell's turn to pay the visit of inspection, he took Trenck out with him, telling the sentinel, that he had been ordered by the commandant to conduct him to the officers' room. They did indeed enter this room, which was in the sentinel's

view, but left it by another door, and gained the ramparts. Having leaped the walls, they then jumped down on the other side. Trenck grazed his shoulder, but Schell sprained his ankle so severely, that he could not rise. Schell, who was a small weak man, now drew his sword, and begged Trenck to despatch and leave him. Instead of replying, Trenck took him in his arms, threw him over the palisades, afterwards got him on his back, and began to run, without well knowing in what direction. Scarcely had he borne his friend three hundred paces, than he sat down to reflect, and looked round. But darkness came on so fast that he could see neither town nor citadel ; consequently could not himself be seen.

“ Where are we, Schell ? ” said he. “ Where does Bohemia lie ? On which side is the river Neiss ? ” Poor Schell could not inform him ; his mind was all confusion ; he despaired of their escape. Having swam through the Neiss, which was a little frozen, with Schell clinging to him, Trenck and he by day-break reached the Bohemian mountains, and there sat down in the snow. Next day, while the peasants were at church, they took two horses from a stable, mounted them, and fled to the house of a tradesman at Brannau, where

two years before, Trenck had been quartered. He had then lived there as luxuriously as the place permitted, with nine horses and five servants. He now arrived with one louis d'or to spare : Schell had forty kreutzers. After resting there a few days in concealment, Trenck determined to go to the house of his mother at Ebling, though she had ceased to correspond with him, believing that he had been guilty of treason. Schell and he assumed false names, and set out on foot. On their route, they were reduced to the utmost destitution, after having procured food, by parting with every article of clothing not absolutely necessary. Their best lodging was a reeking store-room : they were often obliged to lie on the bare floor, or on straw. Sometimes their muskets procured them a meal ; but geese or hens were the only things they stole. Trenck relates, that at Leucomeschel he bought a hot loaf out of an oven, which he ate so greedily, that it nearly caused his death. Sometimes they met Saxon and Prussian recruiting parties, who were anxious to inveigle Trenck, on account of his youth and stature. They promised him future greatness, prognosticating that he would certainly be made a corporal. Both he and Schell made merry with

the wine and beer, with which the recruiting soldiers plied them, and then escaped. At Schonegel an odd adventure befel him. The peasants were dancing to the music of a vile scraper on a violin. Trenck took the instrument, and played on it. They were so pleased, that they compelled him to play all night. He was near fainting with fatigue, but they grew obstreperous whenever he put down the instrument, and even menaced him. At length they quarrelled among themselves. Schell was sleeping on a bench. A thrust from one of the peasants, who was fighting with another, sent his antagonist reeling against Schell: Schell, who had a wounded hand, woke and rose furious. Trenck laid about him with the violin, his only weapon, for they had parted with their muskets to buy food; a *mêlée* ensued, taking advantage of it, Schell and Trenck escaped. At the next town, a Jew lodging keeper turned them out in the snow, because they had no money, and a robbery having been committed there, they were arrested on suspicion. Being discharged for want of evidence, they pursued their route, and at length reached Ebling, where Trenck's mother received him with the most joyful affection, and endeavoured to indemnify him, as much as was in her power,

for all his past perils and sorrows. She even contrived to get a letter conveyed to the princess Amelia, who in her reply enclosed a bill for four hundred ducats.

Trenck soon after entered the Austrian service, and passed several uneventful years; but having ventured to Dantzic, he was again seized by order of the implacable Frederic, or rather the authorities of that city were bribed to give him up to the duke of Wertemburg, in compliance with the wishes of the king of Prussia. Placed in a close and blinded carriage, well guarded, Trenck was hurried along, without any pause by day or night, or having an idea of his destination. At length the carriage stopped before the entrance to a fortress, that of Magdeburg. Trenck was desired to leave it, taken to a room where he was stripped of his attire, for which a few articles of coarse apparel were substituted, and then conducted to an under-ground dungeon. This dungeon, built in the ditch of the fortification, was dark: a blazing cauldron, however, now illumined its bare damp walls; beside it stood two grim looking smiths, with hammers in their hands; the floor was covered with chains.

“To work,” writes Trenck, “went these terrible

agents of despotism. Enormous chains were fixed to my ankles, the other ends of which were fastened to a ring in the wall; this prevented my moving more than two feet to the right or left. Round my naked body was placed another ring, of a hand's breadth, having in the centre a strong cross bar of iron, to this were attached chains, terminated by hand-cuffs, which secured my arms. An iron collar was subsequently added. The clink of the hammers closing up the rivets having ceased, no soul bade me good night, but all retired in dreadful silence, and then I heard the horrible grating of four doors successively locked and bolted upon me. Day at length returned, but where was its splendour? I beheld it not. Yet was its glimmering sufficient to show me what was my dungeon; a cell eight feet by ten, with one grated aperture, the light from which was diminished by the shadow of a rampart wall that rose opposite, and much higher than my prison. Yet my eyes became in time so accustomed to this obscurity, that I could see a mouse run; not in winter however, for when the sun did not shine into the ditch, it was always night with me. The name of Trenck was built in the wall in red bricks: beneath my feet was a tombstone with the name of Trenck

also carved on it, and a death's head. The cell had been finished with lime and plaster but eleven days, and was so damp, that for several months the water trickled on me from the arches." He adds, in description of his sufferings, "From my youth, I had always had a good appetite: now my allowance was a pound and a half of mouldy ammunition bread a day, with a jug of water. It is impossible to describe the torture, that for many months I felt from ravenous hunger. I could easily have devoured six pounds of bread a day, and after having received and swallowed the morsel brought to me every twenty-four hours, I continued as hungry as before, yet I had to wait for another four-and-twenty before I could hope for a fresh supply. So extreme was this craving, that I had scarcely fallen asleep before I dreamed of feasting luxuriously. Awakened by the pains of hunger, the dishes vanished, and nothing remained but the reality of my distress. I looked into futurity, and the cruelty of my fate was if possible increased by the apprehension that I should always suffer in this manner. For I found no relief from becoming accustomed to insufficiency, nor was it until another governor granted a more liberal allowance, that this ceased to be one of the greatest trials of

my fortitude." In spite of all, Trenck had not been long in his dungeon, when hope revived, he glowed with the idea of showing the world he was able to sustain more than man had ever suffered before, perhaps at length of emerging from the living tomb, to which oppression had destined him, triumphant. The king had commanded such a dungeon to be constructed for Trenck, as might render the presence of sentinels unnecessary, fearing he might again succeed in suborning them. That which had been built for him, opened by four doors into the ditch of the rampart. These doors were of oak; every twenty-four hours, as has been mentioned, a fresh supply of bread and water was put into his cell. Every ten days his cell was cleansed. In those intervals he was free from inspection. By wonderful perseverance and long continued labour, he contrived with a large nail to open the rivets of his fetters, and free himself from his hand-cuffs and ankle-rings. This done, with his bread knife, in one night, he cut through the pannels of three doors. As he was attempting the fourth, with hands lacerated and clotted with blood, his knife snapt. The revulsion from hope to despair was terrible. In the agony of his soul, the broken blade he held seemed to offer him

the temptation of suicide. To resist it he fell on his knees, and prayed for patience. Suddenly he heard his own name pronounced by a familiar voice : he looked through the grated aperture, the moon shone bright and clear, above he perceived standing on the ramparts a grenadier, named Gefthardt, whom he had known well formerly. This humble, but faithful friend, desirous of serving him, had often before attempted to communicate with Trenck while on guard, they now conversed as much as was prudent, arranging to communicate in future in writing, by twisting slips of paper round a wire long enough to be introduced through the grating. Trenck then prepared to receive the visit of the inspectors. As soon as they had unlocked the outer door, they were much surprised to find the second half cut away. Trenck had intrenched himself behind it, with heaped-up chains, and a pile of stones, that had served for couch and seat, which he had loosened. There he stood like a desperate man, besmeared with blood ; in one hand the broken blade, in the other a brick ; crying, “ Keep off, major, keep off : tell the governor I will live no longer in chains, that here I stand to be shot, if he pleases, for so only will I be conquered. Here no man shall come ; I will

destroy all who approach." The governor being informed of this, ordered six grenadiers to force the door. Trenck repulsed them bravely with his missiles, but was at length overcome. In a few days new doors were ready, the inner one plated with iron, and Trenck was fettered as before. Whenever Gefthardt was on guard, they communicated. After a while Trenck formed the plan of making a passage from the cell underground to the ramparts. This was an immense undertaking. Gefthardt supplied him with a file, a fine saw, and lights; Trenck then unfastened the wire-work which covered the aperture in his cell, in such a manner that he could replace it at pleasure. Through this window, Gefthardt let down supplies of everything he required for his purpose, as well as small quantities of nourishing provision to sustain his strength. The floor of the dungeon was covered with oak planks: having cut out a square, he excavated a hole beneath, covering it again with the boards when necessary, and removing the earth by means of a long narrow bag, which Gefthardt let down at night to be filled, drew up again, and scattered at a distance. This process was of course very tedious; yet even the most hopeless attempts, by affording excitement, must in captivity

be preferable to weary idleness. A letter from Trenck to a relative of his, asking for a supply of money, was unfortunately intercepted. The king learnt from it his hope of escape, though not his plan. In consequence of this, an iron collar was added to his fetters. Nor did this misfortune arrive singly. The seven years' war began, and Gefthardt's regiment was ordered to the field. Of the effects of the collar, Trenck thus speaks, "I was obliged to sit on the ground, leaning my head against the damp wall, and supporting the collar alternately with each arm. This so benumbed the muscles, and prevented circulation, that my arms gradually wasted away. The little sleep I could have, may easily be supposed, and at length body and mind sunk under the accumulation of suffering. Then did I experience, how lamentable is the condition of a sick prisoner, without bed, refreshment, or aid from any human being. I continued ill about two months, at last I had scarcely strength to raise the water to my mouth. The burning fever, the violent headaches, my neck swollen, my body flayed by the fetters, tortured me almost to madness. Can it be conceived? There came a day of horror, when these terrible ills were beyond description increased. I sat scorched and panting

with intolerable fever; life and death were contending. I attempted to quench my parched lips with cold water, the jug dropped from my feeble hand and broke. I had for four-and-twenty hours to remain without water! The jailor next day supposed me gone at last, I lay motionless with my tongue out of my mouth. They poured water down my throat; and found life. Oh God, how pure, how exquisite, was that draught!"

From this time one of the lieutenants, whose duty it was to visit Trenck, took compassion on him. By his means Trenck occasionally obtained meat and broth, which assisted to renovate him. A friendship having sprung up between them, this lieutenant even ventured to procure for him false hand-cuffs, which he could remove whenever he pleased. Having his hands at liberty, he opened the rivets of his fetters by filing, as he had done before. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered his strength, Trenck resumed his enterprise. After bringing from the passage he was excavating a quantity of sand, he made another hole in his cell, which he allowed his visitors to discover. Bricking it up, they cleared away the rubbish, apparently without observing that there was more than could possibly have been taken from it. Trenck pursued

his task, which increased as he advanced ; for he had to convey the sand a greater distance. All his work, too, he was compelled to perform nearly naked, lest soils on his clothes should betray his occupation. When his task, after some years of labour, was on the eve of being accomplished, a sentinel on the ramparts heard the clanking of the collar round his neck, as he worked under ground. The officers were summoned, they laid their ears to the ground, confirmed the sentinel's remark, and entering the cell, finally discovered Trenck in the very act. Next day the passage was refilled and walled up. The hapless Trenck having annoyed the governor by a taunt, that inhuman tyrant revenged himself by one of the most terrible modes of torture on record. He commanded that Trench should be deprived of rest, by being called every quarter of an hour, and compelled to answer. This monstrous order was executed for four years, and Trenck survived even that ; nay, he states, that custom at length enabled him to answer in his sleep. Under the new infliction of this intolerable punishment, he composed an elegy, which begins—

“ Wake me, ye guards, for, hark ! the quarter strikes—
Sport with my woes—laugh at my miseries—
Hearken if you hear my chains clank, knock, beat.

Of an inexorable tyrant, be
The inexorable instruments.

Again the quarter strikes. Wake me, call loud,
Rip up my bleeding wounds, and shrink not ;
Yet think, 'tis I that answer—God that hears."

In the eighth year of Trenck's captivity, a new governor was appointed for the Star Fort. Under his regulations, Trenck's sufferings were in some degree alleviated. He now amused himself by engraving verses and designs on pewter cups, which found their way into the hands of some of the principal personages of the empire. A little mouse, that ate out of his hand, and danced to his whistling on a trencher, also beguiled his solitude ! This he was deprived of, when it had, from the absence of all other companionship, become really dear to him, by an inconsiderate officer, who, pleased with its uncommon intelligence and sociability, made it a present to a lady. But the little mouse was only an ordinary mouse, except when fondled by the hand to which it had become accustomed in its subterranean home—it pined away and died. After the loss of his favourite, the activity of Trenck's mind led him to resume his attempts at escape, for the sake of occupation. He took up the flooring, removed the stone from the wall, and opened his

old subterranean passage to the rampart. His friend, the lieutenant, aided him in his work, and he employed contrivances to prevent his chains again betraying him. In two years and a half he had excavated a passage sufficiently large to enable him to creep through it on his knees, thirty-seven feet in length.

Intoxicated with hope and joy, writes Trenck, now, when my head ought to have been cool and clear, I seemed to have lost my understanding, and I formed a resolution pitiously extravagant. • It was to cast myself on the generosity of the great Frederic. Accordingly one day, when the major of the Star-fort visited me, I thus addressed him. “ I know, sir, the prince Ferdinand is at Magdeburg. Be pleased to inform his highness, that I request he will first examine my cell, then double my guards, and afterwards give me his commands at what hour it will please him that I should appear in perfect freedom on the glacis of Klosterbergen. If I prove myself capable of this, I then hope for the protection of the prince, and that he will represent my proceedings to the king.” The major was astonished, and supposed my brain turned. I, however, persisted in my proposition. After a while he returned with the sub-governor and the town-mayor,

and gave me for answer, that the prince promised me the king's pardon and favour, if I would reveal my secret, and prove the practicability of the scheme; if I refused, he would break up the flooring, and place sentinels in my dungeon night and day. I hesitated—but relying on their solemn promises of good faith, I immediately divested myself of my chains, raised up that part of the flooring which I had rendered practicable; showed them my subterranean passage, desiring them to enter, and sound with their sword-hilts at the place where I was to break through, which could be done in a few minutes. I added, that I had friends, money, and horses, awaiting me at the glacis. They were astonished. Having consulted in a whisper, they took me to the guard-room unfettered. There I was regaled with a sumptuous supper, and then desired to accompany them to the officers' room, in which I remained five days. Two grenadiers, however, stood sentry over me, and the draw-bridge was raised in open day. To my dismay, I now saw numerous workmen employed at my dungeon, and carts bringing quarry-stones. At the expiration of five days I was reconducted to my dungeon. Judge my regrets—my rage—my despair. I found it paved with flag-stones, and rendered every way

impenetrable. I learned that the prince had not been informed at all of the affair, ; these perfidious men having stated that they had surprised me in a new attempt.

The war ended, one of the conditions of the peace of Hubertsbourg was, after a delay of nine months, carried into effect, at the request of Maria Theresa. "My door," Trenck continues, "for the last time to me, opened. Several persons entered. Their countenances, uncommonly animated, announced an event. The sub-governor at the head of them said, "This time, Trenck, I am the bearer of good news. Prince Ferdinand has prevailed on the king to let your irons be taken off; you shall also have a better apartment." "I am free then," said I, "and you fear to tell me too suddenly. Speak, fear not, I can moderate my transports." "Then you *are* free," was his reply.

Thus terminated this terrible captivity, of nearly twelve years.

CHAPTER XXII.

New Sans Souci—Frederick the Great there—The concert—Frederick and his resident friends—General Ziethen—Mollendorf—The Marquis Lucchesini—Hertzberg, first minister, the Abbé Bastiani, and the king's reader—Story of Le Katt.

ONCE more to resume. In a grove at the back of the castle or old palace of Sans Souci, is a small building in the form of a rotunda, called the temple of Apollo. Here Frederick had arranged a collection of articles of virtù, vases, tazze, antique agricultural, mechanical, and household implements. We had been examining them, and were returning, when we met the king, followed by a page, with two or three little grey-hounds running beside him. Frederick was particularly fond of these dogs, which he called his pompadors, and caressed perpetually. It annoyed him very much, if any one accidentally trod on, or otherwise hurt them, or betrayed any dislike for

them. Nay, he often conceived a predilection for, or a prejudice against a stranger, according to the reception his dogs bestowed on him ; imagining that the instinct of the animals enabled them to discover if the person possessed any sympathy with him. It was the king's custom to give audience, during his walk before dinner, which was usually served at twelve. General Ziethen presented me. In compliance with the etiquette of the Prussian court, I raised the flap of the sovereign's coat to my lips. The king received me with a frank courtesy, addressing to me, though he continued to move on, a number of questions that induced conversation. Before I left Sans Souci, General Ziethen informed me, that the king had done me the honour to command, that I would sup that night at his table. It was rarely the good fortune of a foreigner, however distinguished, to receive such an invitation ; for his majesty lived in absolute retirement, except when he went to Berlin, on state occasions, dividing his time between the despatch of affairs, and the society of a few very old and intimate friends, all of whom were resident. At Sans Souci no strangers were received, unless on business. I attributed the exception in my favour to the good offices of the little grey-hounds,

which had leaped and fawned upon me, licking my hands, as if to acknowledge my compliments on their beauty. Perhaps it may have been owing to my introduction by General Ziethen, or to the merely politic inducement of showing attention to an English visitor, while an alliance with England was in course of negotiation.

The rooms in the new Sans Souci are small. The front of the palace is crowded with statues, generally in groups, representing some story from Ovid. This building has a cupola, terminated by a large crown, supported by three Graces. It has been well said, that three Prussian grenadiers would have been more suitable. On the ground floor, in the middle, is a hall, entered by a glass door, like a garden-house ; the floor, sides, and roof are all marble. It is called the grotto, and the ornaments correspond with that name. Within it is a *salle à manger*, a small, but beautiful room, of an oval shape, supported by light Corinthian pillars, from the quarries of Carra. The floor is of inlaid marble. Two statues of exquisite workmanship stand in niches on each side the door. Next to this room is a moderate sized drawing room ; in which, contrary to German custom, is a fire-place, some very showy paintings, and

a good deal of gilding. There was not much furniture ; it had been rich, but already looked worn and faded. Frederick sat near the fire, when I entered that evening, in an elbow chair, with an old furred satin mantle on his shoulders. His dogs lay about him, on the soiled blue damask cushions of the tarnished chairs, while his guests stood or walked. The king was taking great quantities of snuff, from a diamond studded box. On a silver table, I observed a tray, containing, I dare say, twenty snuff-boxes, all very handsome, and very curious, which had been presented to him. On the other side of the fire was a satin-covered sofa, very much stained with snuff, and marked with the king's boots. Above the mantel-piece hung a portrait of the emperor Joseph, " a young man," said the king, " on whom I like to keep an eye." In the adjoining music-room stood a fine harpsichord, and on a large marble table, littered with sonatas, manuscripts, minerals, and petrifications, lay the king's flute. It was only of late, that he had relinquished the use of it. The king looked ill, and sat bent as if with pain. He coughed with a violence that shook his frame, and spat blood.

The concert began : all the performers were amateurs, belonging to the king's household, or to

other members of the royal family. The party, myself and M. Hertzberg excepted, consisted of his majesty's resident friends. These were generals Ziethen and Mollendorf, the marquis Lucchesini, chamberlain to the king; count Goertz, the Abbé Bastiani, and his majesty's reader, Le Katt.

Ziethen, the hero of Rothscloss in the former half of the century, and of Torgau in the latter, was a man of little and mean stature, swarthy and unpleasing countenance. A soldier of fortune, he had to encounter in early life many disappointments and much injustice; but his valour, probity, and enthusiastic devotion to the service of his sovereign, finally triumphed. The degree of his capacity as a general had been often questioned by his adversaries. Frederick was disposed to believe that he was deficient in science. One day, at table, when the king was talking of the late war, and of the achievements of Ziethen and his hussars, a theoretical tactician, who was present, and who sought to disparage Ziethen in the opinion of the king, asked him sneeringly, to explain the principles upon which his plans were generally formed; well knowing that Ziethen, a man of few words, was likely to be worsted if he could be drawn into argument. "Sir," replied Ziethen, bluntly, "the moment I have reconnoitred

the force and position of the enemy, I march against them, attack, and beat them."

Frederick treated the veteran with the kindest attention. In consideration of his advanced age, he never suffered him to stand long in his presence. Ziethen was liable to fall asleep at table, after dinner. If he did so, the king forbade any attempts to rouse him, saying, "Let him sleep; he has watched for me many a night:" and when Ziethen, on waking, begged the king to excuse him, Frederick would add, "you need make no other apology, than that you have served seventy-two years, and are weary."

The old white-haired general Mollendorf, reputed to be extremely rich, had been the pupil of Ziethen; he was a man of loyal, firm, and simple character, much esteemed, and therefore invariably well treated by Frederick.

The Abbé Bastiani, an Italian, of colossal stature, with a dull, heavy, crafty countenance, had formerly been a monk, was kidnapped while performing mass at a village church, in the Tyrol, for Frederick William's regiment of grenadier guards, but afterwards restored by Frederick the Second to his sacerdotal functions. He had the reputation of being learned, but was phlegmatic and taciturn. Frederick often

expended his raillery upon the Abbé, who would say, "Oh ! great black eagle, cover me with thy wings, but spare me from thy beak." Both the Abbé and Lucchesini were neither the king's friends, nor his favourites ; but his *listeners*. Count Goertz I thought a man of wit and information ; like Hertzberg, he had imbibed the Anglomania, and did his utmost to make me feel I was not an intruder in this exclusive circle.

Hertzberg, the king's first minister, I pronounced very deficient in point of address. I was told that he had a prodigious memory, and was well read in archives, which fitted him for the chief duty of his office, that of drawing up state papers and proclamations. His other talents and occupations seem to have been of a very heterogeneous nature. He was fond of agriculture ; all his coats were woven from the cods of his own silk-worms, and before the door of his house every day, sat a dairy maid selling his milk by the pint.

There is a curious story of Frederick's first acquaintance with his secretary, Le Katt. When prince royal, the king had travelled through Holland, attended by colonel Balby ; both disguised as musicians. A portion of this journey was performed in a passage-boat. The king, who was in a private

cabin, began to wish for more company, he therefore sent Balby into the public cabin, desiring him to see if there was any one worth becoming acquainted with. Balby returned with Le Katt, whom he had found a very intelligent young man. The king invited him to join them in an attack upon an eel-pie. Almost all princes, like children, ask an infinity of questions. Their conversation, indeed, chiefly consists of them; and for the same reason—that, beyond a limited sphere, everything is new or unknown to them. Frederick, who always thirsted for information, questioned the stranger very rapidly. At length the young man, astonished at his inquisitiveness, said, “Permit me, Sir, to observe, that you have asked me an unreasonable number of questions in return for a single cut of pie.”

In spite of the music, and the paroxysm of coughing which seized him, the king talked a vast deal. His voice was low and pleasing, his tone entirely free from affectation; his remarks upon all matter of fact topics, quick, just, lively, and often witty. I think he had been bitten by his early intercourse with philosophers and academicians, or, perhaps, was naturally fond of metaphysical subjects, though he had not had time to fathom them; for occasionally, he started subjects too abstract and comprehensive

to be fitly discussed in society ; advancing, in connexion with them, a confusion of paradoxes, which embraced and entangled so much, that it was difficult to know whether to assent or differ. Yet the great characteristic of this extraordinary man's intellect on all practical matters, was a perspicuity that simplified and systematized everything. United with habitual promptitude in execution, it enabled him to reduce the government of a great empire to a morning occupation of two hours, though he regulated the utmost minutiae of its administration : for Frederick's capacity, while it comprehended the most important subjects, could also descend to the smallest details. And this was not the mere result of experience. The moment he ascended the throne, it was evident that he had an arranged plan, from which he never deviated. The last day of his reign was almost a counterpart of the first. In the field, Frederick, previous to his accession, had had as little experience as in the business of government. Yet his first campaign was a masterpiece. The king marched into the heart of Silesia, without noise, and almost without resistance took possession of its fairest provinces ; and completed the first half of the enterprize, before the report of his having undertaken it had gained full credit at Vienna.

Frederick's successes as a general and a statesman, were mainly owing to his confidence in his own superiority ; his errors, to his extreme contempt for mankind : these paramount sentiments influenced all his conduct. He lived for himself, he reigned for his own glory. Among the smaller traits of his character were, extreme rapacity and parsimony, which often led him to the verge of dishonesty. In his youth he had been inclined to prodigality, and as his allowance was very limited, he had contracted debt. On his accession to the throne, of course his creditors entertained hopes that their claims would be liquidated. Our Henry V. disdained to resent the quarrels of a prince of Wales : the king of Prussia refused to remember the debts of a prince royal. "Suum cuique," every one his own, was the motto of one of the king's orders. After the dismemberment of their country, the Poles added *rapuit* to it. "Suum cuique rapuit," he takes from every one his own. On this occasion, the partition of Poland, Frederick robbed the bishop of Paphos of eighty thousand crowns. One day long afterwards, jesting with him, the king said, "I have not in my own right any great claim to paradise, let me entreat you to take me under your cloak." "Most

willingly would I, sire," returned the prelate, "had not your majesty cut it so short." One of his brothers fell from his charger mortally wounded, in the heat of battle. The king perceiving this, cried as he galloped by, "The prince of Prussia is slain, take care of his saddle and bridle." While negotiating a loan in Russia, to promote his views, Frederick sent the grand duke a present—of a dried salmon! Voltaire expected the largest diamond in the crown. He received a keg of wine.

The other characteristics of this great mind, the very imperfections of which, one is curious about, as one is about the spots in the sun, seem to have been uncommon subtilty united with extreme caution and suspicion; a satirical perception of the foibles of others, which did not, however, correct the overweening vanity that rendered him vulnerable to ridicule on several points, especially that of his literary performances, and an ungenerous delight in tormenting those he did not esteem, either inherited from his father, the worst of domestic tyrants, or produced by the rigour and oppression he had himself endured in early life. His humour was very variable; and the gay familiarity in which he often indulged, as treacherous to his humble friends as winter sun-

shine on the ice. This night his majesty was in excellent spirits, and I saw, as I am led from information to infer, the brightest aspect of his mind. At ten o'clock supper was served. Frederick was a great gourmand, and ate voraciously of his favourite dishes; these were, soup highly seasoned with spices, eel pie, polenta, and foreign cheese. His desserts were always of the rarest kind. Voltaire speaks of eating forced plums, peaches, and cherries at Christmas. Frederick kept a German, French, Italian, and Russian cook; each of whom sent to his table one or two national *plats*, which were served singly in succession. For these the king paid the cooks half a rix dollar each, which much reduced the trouble of housekeeping. Beside his plate was always placed a pencil and card, on which he wrote his order for the next repast. The king's excesses at table occasioned him indigestions, from which much of his bodily sufferings arose. Notwithstanding the spasms that attacked him the moment his chest was too much loaded, or the fits of coughing and spitting blood that seemed to threaten suffocation, he persisted in indulging his appetite and his propensity for talking. In less than an hour, the king rose from the supper table. The *portes battans* be-

hind him were opened, one caught a glimpse of the blue satin screen that shaded the little camp bed, with an alarum at its foot, on which he reposed, and his majesty disappeared, leaving us all bowing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Charlottenburg—An excursion to Rheinsberg—The chateau in the forest—An alchymist's study—The priest and lady—Progress of an acquaintance.

THOUGH many officers of state resided at Potsdam, there were few entertainments given. The king discouraged all diversions likely to attract foreigners; deprecating their amalgamation with his people from motives of policy. The castle of Sans Souci, however, during my stay, was open to all those who had been presented at court, two evenings every week. Its principal apartments were lighted for reception: there was music, dancing; refreshments were handed round, there were loto tables, and the guests also played taroc, &c. At Charlottenburg, a handsome old palace, with fine gardens and orangery, situated on the Spree, the queen consort at that time resided. Her majesty held a drawing-room every night, from seven till

ten. There, too, was music ; the company walked about admiring the splendid rooms, the porcelain cabinet, the celebrated table and tea equipage of solid gold, and were much gratified in having an opportunity of murmuring at the scantiness of the refreshments, which afforded those who were not making love a topic as they returned by the light of the many coloured lamps, suspended at intervals to mark the route through the park, or in barges down the Spree by moon-shine.

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Riding one day in the forest of Rheinsberg, whither I had gone on horseback, preferring a ride, long enough to be fatiguing, to the alternative of jolting in a berline over the rugged Prussian roads—which Frederick, who had no Alps or Appennines to impede invaders, preserved as a natural fortification—my horse fell lame, and I was obliged to dismount. Meeting a peasant, I inquired of him the way to the nearest house at which I was likely to procure any sort of conveyance. I could not perfectly comprehend his *patois* ; but I gleaned from it, that he was a stranger in that part of the country—a traveller—and that he had passed a large house some time before on the right. With this scanty direction for my guide, I took the route to

which he pointed, and shortly arrived at an opening in the forest, where stood a chateau. As far as I could judge,—for it was screened by trees, walls, and high black and white wooden palings,—it appeared to be a very extensive building. I stopped before some large gates, which seemed to be the entrance to the court-yard and offices at the back of the house, and pulled the bell; it was very rusty, and spoke with a cracked and jarring sound, as if it had been long out of use. The summons was not answered. I rung again; but observing the long grass growing between the stones under my feet, I began to doubt if the chateau were inhabited; and, my curiosity a little excited, I applied my shoulder to one of the doors, which, after two or three efforts more on my part, gave way. I now entered a spacious court-yard. Its inner wall, overhung with trees from a plantation, still separated me from the house. On my left stretched a long Gothic building with a number of doors, and a stone shield bearing arms above the centre. These I found to be stables, built to accommodate a large stud. The doors were open; I looked in. The mangers were stone, divided by iron pillars, on which were entwined gilt cyphers. Above the racks hung several discoloured portraits

of fine horses, with their names and the dates below—probably the celebrated progenitors of those which had once occupied the stalls ; now only two very fat, common-looking coach-horses stood in these splendid but dilapidated stables ; and if they were descended from the same stock, it must very much have degenerated. As I did not like to tie my horse up without asking leave, I ventured a little farther, and unbolted a door opening into a garden. It had been laid out, evidently, in the style antecedent to that introduced by the taste of Sophia Charlotte in those far-famed gardens to which she gave her name ; and though very extensive, was scarcely more than an enclosed level, divided by gravelled or pebbled walks, hedged by clipt trees ; between them were a few plots of dry, stony ground, that presented only stunted plants, or insignificant flowers. Nor had it even the attraction it might have derived from neatness ; it looked both barren and disordered. The architectural symmetry of the house had been destroyed by the addition of a low wing, that opened with a glass door upon a terrace. It struck me immediately as strange that this wing had no windows, but was lighted from the roof ; also that there was an iron railing, with a little gate, like that of a tomb, round the steps

of the glass-door. I fastened my horse to the yard-gate, and climbing over the rails, peered through the shattered panes, which had been defended by a wire lattice, that had now nearly dropped to pieces. Within hung a dark curtain. Introducing my whip through the broken glass, I put it aside, and obtained a view of the interior. So numerous were the objects it contained, and so curious, that I am scarcely able to give an adequate description. The papering of the walls was of a light and lively pattern, though much stained by damp; from the use of paper instead of arras, I inferred, that this part of the building was modern. Against the wall were fixed, at regular distances, seven lamps, much blackened, in each of them a small quantity of powder remained. One part of the room was occupied by a furnace, the door yet stood open. There were, also, several charcoal pans, a brazier, a stove, crucibles, retorts, phials, funnels, scales, boxes, earthen vessels, &c., the apparatus of a laboratory, though certainly not that of a chemist. In the midst stood a table covered with scrolls, folios, and charts, as far as I could discern, of the heavenly bodies. There, too, was a small celestial globe, a death's head, a magnifying glass, and a zinc plate, on which some powder was

spread. A high-backed chair stood near this table, its damask covering so moth-eaten, that the stuffing appeared ; before it was a strip of rich carpet, upon which lay an old slipper. This slipper arrested my eyes ; there was a peculiar character in its shape. It seemed to have taken the mould of the foot that had worn it, of the poor monomaniac's, for such I was sure he was, who, shutting out the fair light of day, the pure air, all pleasant sights and sounds, had grown old, yellow, and skinny, in the solitary den wherein he had enclosed himself. While I looked, the image it had excited vivified, and I fancied not only that I beheld a long, bony, pointed foot contained in it, but in continuation a chintz night-gown, wrapped over and developing the spare shank of an old man in a night-cap, with a dry, withered face, eyes bleared with poring over worm-eaten pages or parchments scrawled with unprofitable lore, whose lean, shaking fingers held the tiny scales he was trying to adjust.

Hearing footsteps, I retreated from the window. An aged man-servant, in a very much decorated, but very old and tarnished livery, approached me with an inquisitive look. I attempted to explain to him my intrusion. Probably he did not quite com-

prehend me, for, bowing, he hurried on before, motioning that he would show me the way to the house. I followed. In going to the front entrance we passed a room with three long windows, all of which were open. Perceiving a stranger, a priest, with a book in his hand, came forward, and inquired of the lacquey who I was. I replied in French, repeating what I had said to the servant. The priest, who was a middle-aged person, tall, stout, with coarse, common features, not destitute withal of an intelligent and pleasing expression, answered me very courteously in the language in which I had spoken to him, expressing his regret at the inconvenience to which my little accident had subjected me, and his satisfaction that I had happened to find myself near the chateau. He then desired the servant to go and examine my horse's foot, and report whether, after it had been looked to, and the horse baited, he would be able to resume his journey. If not, he added, there was a carriage quite at my service.

While we were talking, I perceived on a couch, drawn very near the window, the figure of a female, in a half recumbent posture. The number of pillows which supported her, the mantle and satin coverlid wrapped about her, above which, just

visible, was the border of a head-dress of fine lace, made me guess the person occupying it an invalid. The priest did not invite me to enter the house, though he seemed disposed to do so ; but he hesitated, and cast a wistful glance within. At length a low voice pronounced, " Père Eustache."—" Excusez, Monsieur," said the priest ; and, passing near the window, he approached the couch with a gliding step and deferential bend. I turned away. A few whispered words were exchanged. " Monsieur," said he, when he returned, " the baroness begs you to enter and rest."

I bowed, acknowledged the proffered courtesy, and followed him through the hall into an ante-room, from which ascending several steps, we passed into a large state-apartment. At the upper end of it hung a canopy, festooned with dark velvet, above a dais ; round the sides of the room was an oak wainscoting, the rest of the wall was covered with stamped leather, much time-defaced. I also remarked a curiously antique-carved beaufet, ornamented with drinking cups and basons, silver gilt. The next room was crowded with stands, lustres, arras, screens, girandoles, and mirrors, in solid, but tarnished, silver frames. In all, the wood-work seemed rotten, the tapestry, curtains, and carpets,

dropping to pieces from the effects of age and damp. This *ensemble* presented a melancholy combination of splendor and decay; yet the space, the stiff order, in which each article of furniture was placed, and still more the sunshine and sweet air breathing from the garden, in some degree redeemed it from utter discomfort. One corner of the vast saloon, it was evident that the priest and the chatelaine had rescued from the rats and ghosts, and occupied habitually. It was not nearly so sombre, so comfortless, as the rest. In the first place, a portion of the discoloured carpet was concealed by a large square of Indian matting. There was the couch I have before mentioned, with a screen half unfolded behind it, and the rest so placed as to shade the light from the invalid's eyes, and partly to conceal her. Close to the couch stood a little table, upon it a china bason filled with flowers, an ivory crucifix, and a rosary. Near at hand an easy chair, for change of posture; a footstool a small stand laden with books. Farther, a reading-desk, an arm-chair, a hassock for the priest.

I paused at a respectful distance from the couch. The lady had not risen to receive me. Her head still rested on the pillow, her eyes were closed,

her hands joined. I perceived at once that she was in the last stage of a decline. There is no exaggeration in saying, that her skin resembled the clearest alabaster. Her white hands were so attenuated, so shadowy, that every branch of the pale violet veins might be traced in them, like the fibres in a skeleton leaf. And the very pattern of the lace ruffles, terminating the sleeves of her furred pelisse, was reflected on them. Beneath her white head-dress appeared a fillet of black, silken hair. Her face was far too wan to possess aught but the remains of beauty. She raised her eyes languidly, as if the lids were weak, or heavy, and the orbs, revolving slowly, were at length fixed on me. Those eyes were at once the lightest and brightest I ever beheld. Strange eyes—unnaturally luminous. With almost as little colour in their hue as the diamond, they seemed like the diamond all light. The lady faltered a few words. They were too faint to be audible. Making another effort, she said, in French, “ Milord, my state of health prevents my acquitting myself of the duties of hospitality; indeed, strangers seldom find their way here; but Mons. l’Abbé, my chaplain, must be my delegate. He will have great pleasure in offering you refreshments; and I trust you will remain here to

repose yourself, a few hours at least, if agreeable."

I thanked her.

"Ah! you too speak my language," she exclaimed.

A slight flush passed over her cheek, and she sunk back exhausted.

At this moment hobbled in a prim, ancient dame, of very diminutive stature, attired in a yellow and red striped petticoat, with black jacket; her apron, ruff, and cap border, were so white, and so starched, that they looked as if cut out of paper. She brought a small basin of *soupe maigre* for her mistress.

I bowed, and retired with the priest, who asked if it would be agreeable to me to walk through the gardens, until his mid-day repast was served. I assented. We entered into conversation. I found him a man of good sense, intelligence, and some information; though he knew more of books than of things; the result of a life of seclusion. My first questions were naturally respecting the lady I had just seen. Her name, the term and origin of her illness; if he had been long domiciled with her; if she were a widow?

In reply, he informed me that he had resided at

the chateau two years, having succeeded a chaplain who had been preferred to another appointment. That the lady was the wife of Baron —, a nobleman of very illustrious descent, who very rarely visited the chateau, which, on the contrary, the baroness never quitted: that when he had first been presented to her, he found her in very feeble health and depressed spirits, and that she had since slowly and gradually declined. That, in accordance with his conviction that the baroness required society, change of scene, and medical treatment, he had written repeatedly to the baron, notwithstanding her prohibition, who had immediately, on each occasion, despatched a physician of eminence; the baroness, however, had refused to receive them. Mons. l'Abbé added, that it was a trying grief to him, to behold so amiable a lady thus languishing and dying before his eyes, and that he could not hold her blameless in persisting in the rejection of medical skill. But it was consolation to him, he said, to know, in all other respects no human being could be better prepared for an approaching end.

“Poor lady!” I exclaimed, and would have questioned farther, but that a sense of propriety restrained me. We passed and repassed the odd-looking wing

that had engaged my attention before. Several times I inquired of the priest, for what purpose it had been erected. He answered, "The father of the present baron was one of those madmen who call themselves alchymists. That building was his laboratory. In endeavouring to obtain from the solution of the precious metals, combined with acids obtained from minerals, according to an original recipe, which he had purchased for an enormous sum, a certain precipitate powder, he wasted his life, and a large fortune. This dilapidated chateau was all his son inherited. The interior of the laboratory remains, I believe, untouched, since the last day he passed in it. He was found there lifeless, in his arm chair; having perished, it is supposed, from exhaustion, occasioned by protracted watching and want of food. The old housekeeper you saw, who succeeded her mother in that capacity, had in her youth imbibed so much veneration for the privacy of that studio, that even after her master's decease, she would not hear of any alteration in its arrangements. And being then paramount in all domestic matters, it was shut up *in statu quo*."

The old lacquey here came to us, and announced that dinner was ready. To my surprise, I perceived, as soon as we reached the end of the gravel walk,

near the house, that a table was laid under an arch of elipt trees. "Those rooms are so large and gloomy," said the priest, "I prefer dining in the air." I agreed with him. A tureen of soup was brought, followed by a capon and salad, which constituted our dinner. As we sat, after the cloth was removed, discussing our wine and fruit, the priest, who seemed glad of my company, became communicative. He told me, "that notwithstanding the satisfaction he felt in religious exercises, and his zeal for the spiritual welfare of his charge, he must own he should prefer a situation in which the duties were more numerous and active, and that during his residence at the chateau, he had frequently wished for the companionship of a cheerful and intelligent mind. The baroness," he added, "had been endowed by nature with a fine soul, and an intellect of very elevated cast: to this, unfortunately for her, (he said,) the rarest and highest degree of sensibility is united, which all the circumstances of her life have concurred to foster. Unlike almost all other persons, she has never been called upon to think and to act, she has lived but to enjoy or to suffer. Owing to this excess of sensibility, her misfortunes have overwhelmed her. She is now resigned to them, but unable to forget them. The world, to

her, offers no present interest or charms; but I fear she clings too much to its past allurements. The idol has been torn from her; she has not relinquished it."

He gave utterance to these thoughts, which should not perhaps so easily have escaped him, with a freedom very common in men of seclusion, whenever they meet an individual for whom they feel prepossessed. For, in proportion as men are isolated, all that concerns them seems to them more important, and becomes more engrossing. Too unsophisticated to distrust a pleasing stranger, caution does not restrain their inclination to talk of what most occupies their thoughts; neither does the fear that others may not take an equal interest in their affairs; that never occurs to them. Thus, let some distinguished personage, one who has taken an active share in the great business of the world—a statesman, a general, a traveller, for example—visit a rural friend, whose life passes in the limited sphere of retirement. No matter how memorable the events in which the new comer has borne a part; events, perhaps, that will form part of the history of the human race, respecting which, posterity will be curious; the friend immediately launches into topics of local or domestic interest,—the enclosure

of some waste land in his vicinity ; his subscription to a new church, or a town hall ; talks of a crop of turnips, may be ; a breed of sheep or turkeys ; of his new succession house ; of a bunch of grapes or a pine-apple of extraordinary size ; of a promising colt ; of how many head of game he shot in somebody's preserve last week ; of how many tench he had lately taken ; of a tree or two he had felled to open a prospect ; of a new stable, or pig-sty ;—nor, until he has exhausted these or similar subjects, does he think of putting a question to his visitor, respecting any of the affairs in which he has been concerned, however important. While the man of the world, on the contrary, to whom great events are familiar, and therefore appear of less magnitude, sedulously keeps in the back ground those matters in which he is personally concerned, preferring to converse about incidents and objects the most trivial, if they interest him to whom he talks.

We perceived the prim little old housekeeper coming towards us, as fast as she could hobble, with a face full of import. The priest rose to meet her. “I must follow you,” said I, “for it is time that I should take my leave. If possible, I should like to say adieu to the baroness, before I go, and thank her for her hospitality.”

“What is the matter, Frau Hermann?” inquired the priest, “is your lady worse? Has she sent for me?”

“Gertrude is in fits,” she replied.

The Abbé muttered an ejaculation, and we quickened our pace, I wondering who could be meant by “Gertrude.”

“Can I be of any assistance?” I inquired of him, “or will a stranger be *de trop*.”

“Come with me, if you please, it is only a dog that is ill.”

We found the invalid lady supporting herself by the arm-chair, and bending over her dog, a handsome little black spaniel which lay on the floor, with open mouth, and distended eyes, writhing and foaming. She was endeavouring, in vain, to induce him to drink some water. “What is to be done,” said the priest, “I know nothing of these animals.” “Please to bring me a pan of warm water, Madame,” I said to the housekeeper. It was brought as soon as possible. I placed the dog in it. “Now will you find me a penknife? that is, if the baroness will allow me to bleed him.” After assuring her I had no doubt that it would prove a remedy, I obtained her consent, and bled the dog in the foot. He quickly recovered. The baroness was pleased, and

looked more cheerful than before. She thanked me, and did not appear disinclined to converse ; but fearing the effort might fatigue her, I soon after took my leave, mounting, with her permission, one of her horses ; while my own, as it had not sufficiently recovered to carry me, was left at her stables in exchange. It was arranged that I should ride back for it on the morrow or next day ; and then I promised to bring a little medicine for her favourite. This I did not forget, and I carried beside, a new French work, that I thought the priest would find interesting. The baroness, though quite as ill as before, did not refuse to receive me. It may be expected, that the history of this acquaintance ends here ; but it was not so. The priest welcomed my appearance : to him, it was a relief to interchange ideas, even for an hour, with an educated person. For the chateau now was never entered by guests ; and, except on Sundays and holydays, when he performed service in the chapel, which a few peasants attended, or visited the sick in their cottages, the priest held communion with only three human beings,—the baroness and her two domestics. To the chatelaine herself, my presence was not irksome ; this, considering the state of her health, and the morbidity of her mind,

was surprising. I felt for her,—unknown to me, as were the causes of that deep sorrow, the results of which were so terrible,—the sincerest compassion; and I fancied, that I might date from the first looks and words we exchanged, the growth of a sympathy between us. Worthy, conscientious, and attached, as was the priest, his hardy rearing, rugged exterior, a want of softness and gentleness in every movement, rendered him not the fittest confidential attendant for a lonely, spirit-broken, and dying woman. Yet, none could discharge the task with greater fidelity and devotion.

What could be the history of her, who appeared so utterly forsaken by the world, notwithstanding her rank and position. Or had *she* fled from the world? What could be the wrongs that had driven her to this seclusion? It was not possible for me to guess. But pity drew my heart towards her, and the instinct of manhood induced me to hover round the spot, to return again and again, with at least the wish to succour one so fragile, so suffering. It was sufficient for me to know, by the sweet though melancholy smile with which she greeted me, that my coming was not unwelcome. So, partly for the sake of the route, which was very wild and beautiful, partly to see the priest,

to whom I knew my visits were always a recreation—the baroness herself thought so, and encouraged them on his account—chiefly from my interest in her, and hope that she might yet recover, I rode frequently to the chateau, killing small birds on my way for her eating, gathering violets and other flowers in the forest, to present to her. After this, the priest and I walked together. I generally carried something for him also, a foreign letter containing news, a journal or a book. Sometimes in the evening, the baroness permitted us to drink coffee in her presence, while she took her supper of goat's milk, an aliment I had recommended. This soon became a custom. The interviews I had with her lengthened. I discovered that her attention was interested, whenever I talked of France; of course France became my most frequent topic. It would be tedious to mark the minute degrees by which this acquaintance progressed. Ere long I perceived that my presence was a solace to her. She rallied, her strength returned with her spirits: the priest was delighted at the improvement. In the course of a few weeks, we induced her to take an airing in her calash, which she had not entered since the preceding summer. The air and exercise renovated

her, and she did not object to repeat it. As she gained strength she conversed more, and often while Père Eustache paced up and down the terrace in front of the window near which we sat, perusing some new work that I had brought him, our tête-à-tête was long and confidential. In time the principal facts of her history became known to me; partly from hints dropped by the priest, and the remarkable request, which he made very early in our acquaintance, that I would be careful to avoid mentioning the death of Louis the Fifteenth in the presence of the baroness, partly from the allusions that escaped her. These allusions became more frequent; it even seemed that they were made intentionally, to arouse my curiosity, and excite my inquiries, in order that she might have the sad pleasure of relating the story of her sorrows to me. It came to this at last. She promised to tell me all. Opportunity soon followed. One afternoon, when the priest, occupied in confessing some of his little flock, was absent, I urged her to fulfil the promise she had given me, and in reply she thus began.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Story of Amadie.

MY earliest recollection is, of the chateau in which I was born. At the back of the house, the long windows of the spacious *salon* opened upon a stone terrace, the steps of which were washed by the Loire ; these windows commanded a view of the vine-clad hills on the opposite shore, the little white maisonettes peeping amid its verdure, and the cross of the sheltered chapel of Notre Dame. Near the steps of the terrace, beneath the umbrageous branches of two elms, whose trunks were often mid-way in the water, darkened by their shadows, a boat belonging to the house was always moored. On the right of the chateau, an extensive

paved court, attached to the stables, communicated with a long strip of enclosed potager ; beside this the river ran. Higher on the slope was half an acre of strawberry beds, bordered with flowers ; the walls that guarded them had semicircular recesses filled with bee-hives. A door in one of these recesses opened into a bath house, placed in the middle of an *allée*, running parallel with the upper wall of this garden. On the right of the mansion, a fine double avenue of trees, the trunks of which were so gigantic, and the foliage so luxuriant, as to produce, in general, a gloomy depth of shade, was terminated by a fine gateway. The chateau was situated on a steep ascent. Its principal apartments did not face the Loire, but opened upon fragrant parterres. Immediately opposite the windows, on the other side, rose a double escalier of stone, ornamented with statues and vases, filled with orange and rose-trees, by which one ascended to the upper gardens. These gardens, comprising a vineyard, and orchard, and extensive melon beds, produced a prodigious quantity of fruit, which was packed, and sent up the river on rafts for sale. It seems that I passed all the years of my childhood in this fine old chateau, almost alone, for I have little recollection of

any one, except of an old white-haired lady, whom I called my *gouvernante*.

Among the many portraits in the chateau, too, I do not recollect any that was named to me as representing my father or mother. There was certainly no mistress of the establishment; and if there were a master, he was so frequently, nay, so continually absent, as to be scarcely recognised as such. Yet everything proceeded with the greatest activity and punctuality under the direction of my *gouvernante*. Labourers and gardeners were constantly employed in the vineyards, potagers, and shrubberies; each morning the cow-herds drove the cattle forth to graze along the banks of the river, and milked them in the court-yard at night; and the female servants seemed perpetually occupied in spinning, bleaching, making honey, *boissons*, and confections.

I slept in a little cot, draped with white, placed beside one of the windows of a large tapestried chamber, from which one could look on the upper gardens. This cot was also near a recess in which my *gouvernante* slept. Every morning, soon after sun-rise, one of the women came and lifted me out of bed, drew some socks upon my feet, enveloped me in a *robe de chambre*, and placed me kneeling on

a cushion before a silver crucifix. For thus I was told, "*Feu madame votre mère l'avait ordonné.*" After I had recited my prayer, the woman wrapped me carefully in a mantle, and took me down stairs in her arms. I was then placed in a little carriage, which an old domestic drew to the bath house. There I was dipped into a bath filled with water from a fountain near, which was one of the wonders of my childhood, its supply being derived from a sacred well, of which I heard several extraordinary legends related. Usually, just as I was dressed, when the last plait of my long hair had been twisted round and pushed into confinement under the black net that covered it, my *gouvernante* made her appearance. I judge now, from remembering the activity of her faculties, that she was not very aged, but the precision and peculiarity of her dress gave her the appearance of antiquity. The style of her attire was never varied. It consisted of a head-dress of lofty fabric, with hanging lappets, a black *sacque*, a lawn tippet and apron trimmed with point, red-heeled shoes and silver buckles. Her face was very pale and much marked; her hands shrivelled; she stooped in walking, and leaned upon a cane. After running for a few minutes in the gardens, where the old dame amused

herself by inspecting the order of the parterres, and sometimes had the satisfaction of detecting a weed, she led me to the *salle à manger*, an apartment I always felt disposed to dislike, on account of the cheerless, gloomy aspect it presented when so inadequately inhabited, and the strange contrast of its ponderous and magnificent furniture with the gouvernante's solitary chocolate-cup, and my little basin of bread and milk, constituting our breakfast equipage. After breakfast the gouvernante always disappeared for some time, while I played with dolls, or amused myself by drawing her poodle up and down the terrace in my little carriage. When I grew older, I had a small parterre assigned to me, and several birds to tend. In fine weather, the gouvernante, on her return from her domestic superintendence, constantly established herself on the first flight of stone steps, under a lilac tree. In winter we sat near the stove in the *salle*, and as soon as I saw one of the maids place her work-basket, or bag of worsted, her knitting pins, her chair, her stool, her cushion, her spectacles, and *livre de prières*, I placed myself beside her, and learnt to read, write, sew, and calculate. At noon I had a *gâteau*, or some *confiture*. In summer I was allowed to take my bread into the garden, and

fill my little basket with fruit for my *gouté*. Happy were the hours I spent alone in my infancy, rambling amid the strawberry beds, watching the bees swarming to and fro from their hives beneath the vine-clad walls, or the butterflies flitting over the flowers, or the sparkling fall of the fountain, or the lizards glancing from the mossy stones that concealed their hiding places, or in wandering through the *allées*, and plucking blossoms of the chesnut trees that perfumed the air with my favourite fragrance, or in amassing the nuts that had fallen from them.

After I had attained my sixth year, an old gentleman in black, whom I learnt to call Monsieur le Curé, arrived regularly twice a week at two o'clock, and dismounted from a pony in the courtyard. He gave me instruction in my own language, geography, history, and Latin; he also selected readings for me. All my afternoons were now occupied in preparing for his lessons. My *gouvernante* left me to my studies, and withdrew to take her siesta. At five we dined. In summer we sometimes rowed a little way on the river afterwards, though never out of sight of the house. During the winter evenings we resorted again to our work. The *gouvernante* was an indefatigable

tricoteuse. She knitted innumerable bags, and manufactured all my socks. Prayers and a homily concluded our evening. We rarely quitted the chateau or its grounds, except to go to Church. Every Sunday, and *jour de fête*, an old family carriage was put in requisition, which conveyed us to *messe*, performed at a little church among the hills, two miles distant. My disposition must have been peculiarly docile and inactive, or I could not have endured contentedly so monotonous and unincidental an existence. Almost any other child, reared in a similar manner, would have become bold and enterprising. It surprises me now that I never felt tempted to follow the *garde de chasse* into the woods, to stray with the cow-herds along the banks of the river, that I never amused myself by trying to fish or to row, in short, that I never thought of escaping from the thralldom of my *gouvernante*. My quiet habits were certainly rather the result of disposition on my part, than of discipline on her's, for she loved me fondly, and always treated me with the most indulgent kindness.

Eleven years of my life passed thus without a grief or a wish, without an event. Almost every year a gentleman, who was termed the Count, arrived with a party of male friends for a week's

shooting ; but this effected no variation in the tenour of my existence. Occasionally I saw these people. They sometimes asked me a question, or bestowed on me a caress ; but I was too timid and silent to engage the interest of strangers, and my *gouvernante* did not encourage their notice. I often heard her talking to the Curé about the Count, whom she spoke of as my uncle. Though I did not always attend to their conversation sufficiently to comprehend it fully, I understood that they disliked him. They spoke of his dissipation, his extravagance, his gaming ; and my *gouvernante* invariably sighed, and shook her head, while she wondered who would be my *futur*, and alluded to my *dot* as a subject for apprehension. As yet, I knew not what these things meant.

One morning, early, just after my fourteenth birthday, I was in the garden, filling a large basket with white rose leaves for conserving. Looking up, I saw the Count, who appeared to have just risen and completed his *toilette*, leaning from a bed-chamber window, and gazing at me very attentively : I looked down again, and pursued my occupation. A few minutes afterwards, I started on finding him beside me.

“ Well, little niece,” said he, turning back the

large brim of my straw hat, so as to obtain a complete view of my features, "you seem very busy. I wonder your country life has not given you more colour. You are as pale and fair as your mother; look at me: her eyes too! Does not Madame Beauveau tell you so? Do not be frightened. Look at me, child, and answer."

The count took off my hat, and gave it me to hold; he smoothed my parted hair, patted my head, and then beckoned to a gentleman within a few paces of him. The latter approached; I cast my eyes towards the ground. "Here, Boucher," pursued the Count, "I do not think there could be a better moment."

"Very happy indeed, Monseigneur," replied the artist, taking from his pocket a pencil and book; "these accidental situations are always best: I will make the sketch now. Remain precisely as you are, my little dear girl, for a few minutes, do not stir until I give you permission."

And the great artist, Boucher, made a sketch for a picture of me, as I stood there with the basket full of roses beside me. My elegantly dressed but haggard and emaciated uncle looking over him with an interest, that I felt to be strange, because I had hitherto received so few marks of

regard, or even of notice from him. I sat afterwards to Boucher three times in as many days, and he then quitted the chateau for Paris, as if he had effected the object for which he came. This circumstance did not escape the *gouvernante's* remark; I heard her conversing with the Curé in an under-tone respecting it. He expressed his opinion, that the Count intended to affiance me. The shooting party broke up as usual; but to the astonishment of all the domestics, and particularly of my *gouvernante*, a week had not elapsed after the Count quitted the chateau, before he re-appeared, in company with a single friend. This gentleman's name was not known, indeed it was noticed that the Count never pronounced it during their stay, which lasted only two days. During those two days, however, every effort was made to gratify the guest, whom the Count treated with the most studious attention. The repasts ordered were more *recherché* and expensive than any the Count had given to the most numerous and distinguished party he had ever received. Still stranger, scarcely had the Count alighted, though his long journey had evidently been performed without stopping to repose, than he repaired to my *gouvernante's* room, desiring a servant to bring

him a package, to be found in the carriage; this contained a pearl necklace, a little fan, a costly lace-tippet, and some shoes and stockings of the last mode. He requested my *gouvernante* to dress me with the greatest care and in the most becoming manner she could, and not to suffer me to leave her chamber, until he had come again to inspect my *toilette*. My *gouvernante*, who did not choose to express the surprise and curiosity she felt even to me, summoned my nurse. After a lengthy consultation, the dress in which I was to appear was decided on, and my *toilette* carefully executed. The Count, who meantime had breakfasted with his friend, returned: after signifying his approval, he drew the *gouvernante* aside, and whispered some request to her. It proved to be, that she should take me into the gardens, and walk up and down a certain *allée*, at the bottom of which was an alcove, whence the Count said his friend might see me to greater advantage than under the embarrassment he feared a presentation to a stranger might occasion me. This ruse succeeded. All I knew at the time was, that we walked for a quarter of an hour in the *allée*, and then returned to the house. My ornaments were removed, and I was desired not to quit the upper chamber. Next

day I was again dressed with particular care, and we walked again in the same *allée*, where we met Monsieur le Comte and the friend who was staying with him. This gentleman was a person of slender figure, very foppishly dressed, who appeared at a distance much younger than he looked when nearer. His face and hand seemed artificially whitened, and he wore a number of patches. The Count presented me as his little niece, and I received from the stranger a profound bow, a compliment on my beauty, and a handful of sweetmeats from a diamond-studded *bonbonnière*. Turning to my gouvernante, with a tacit appeal that was habitual to me, I perceived her eyes were rivetted upon the stranger, and that she was absorbed in scrutinizing him. There was in her countenance as she gazed, an expression of distrust and profound melancholy, which I have often since recalled. Having received our *congé*, she returned with me to the house, without addressing any remark to me on what had just happened, though I heard her mutter, “Adieu ne plaise qu’il ne soit pas lui.”

On the morrow the Count and his friend quitted the chateau. Some days elapsed before the excitement occasioned by this visit subsided, and the conjectures to which it had given rise were ex-

hausted. My *gouvernante* did not disguise her belief that I was chiefly concerned in the occurrence, and that we might expect news of an important event. I did not comprehend her surmises. I wondered what she meant, but being very timid and taciturn, I did not inquire. Six months passed slowly away without even an incident. The Count frequently wrote to the *gouvernante*, but his letters only contained instructions as to the management of the estate and the sale of its produce. She frequently expressed to the Abbé her surprise and disappointment that these epistles contained no allusion to me. It was his opinion, that if the Count had entertained any project at the time he caused my picture to be taken, it had not been carried into execution.

One forenoon, in the ensuing spring, I was sitting with a book in my hand at the window of my bed-chamber, listening to the account of a village accident, which my *bonne* was relating to me, while she arranged some things in my drawers, when the *gouvernante* entered, paler even than usual, greatly agitated, and holding an open letter, that had arrived a few minutes before by post.

“Nannette,” she said, addressing my nurse, in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion, “I have

received an order from Monsieur to prepare immediately for Mademoiselle's departure for Paris ; you must assist me."

" You accompany her, of course, madame."

" No, Nannette," said the old lady, sinking into a chair, and bursting into tears. " Mademoiselle goes without me. To-night a carriage will be here, with servants to conduct her."

" Console yourself, madame," said the good Nannette, opening a bottle of Hungary water, and sprinkling the gouvernante's face and hands. " Dear Mademoiselle will soon return to us. Monsieur, perhaps, thought the journey would be too fatiguing for you."

" Oh ! Nannette," replied the poor old lady, unable to repress her sobs, " she has never been absent an hour from me since the day of her birth. Were that sweet angel, her mother, living, she could not love her more tenderly than I do. And now to part with her so suddenly, without knowing whither she is going, or where I may see her again ——"

I threw my arms round my poor old gouvernante's neck, and mingled my tears with hers. *La bonne* made a sign to madame Beauveau, who recollecting she should alarm and distress me by her emo-

tion, roused herself, and kissing me, said, in a tone of assumed cheerfulness—

“ Nannette is right, dear Amadie ; I am only a foolish old woman. You are going to see the grand and fine city of Paris, which you will like a thousand times better than this dull chateau, and ——”

“ Oh, que non ! ma gouvernante.”

“ Si—si—ma fille. And you will bring back numbers of new playthings, trinkets and books, and beautiful frocks. You will be able to tell me about all the fine sights and fine people you have seen.”

“ And perhaps,” added Nannette, “ Mademoiselle may bring us back news of some young nobleman—her *fiancé*.”

“ Well,” said the gouvernante, rising, and sighing heavily, as she wiped away her tears, “ we had better think of packing ; though there is not much to be done : for the Count desires that only what is absolutely necessary for the present may be put up. “ Ma fille,” she added, folding me in her embrace, “ go into the gardens, and take leave of your flowers and your birds.”

As she bid me, I went down, wandered into the garden, and seated myself on that part of the stone escalier overhung by the boughs of the lilac tree ;

the very spot where I had passed so many hours with my *gouvernante*. I looked round at the flower-beds, the shrubs, the trees, the house, and the skies, but my little mind was completely engrossed by the strange events that had come to pass. The absence of incidents in my life, the circumscribed society in which I had lived, had not been favourable to the development of my intellect. I was neither reflective nor imaginative. I knew that I was about to quit the chateau and my *gouvernante*; that idea was sufficient to occupy me wholly. It also rendered me very sad. I did not wonder why I was going, or when I should return; or if I should see my uncle, or what kind of place Paris is. I felt sorrow at quitting my dear *gouvernante* and my home, and a sort of dread, or repugnance at least, to enter strange scenes; but I did not anticipate. After sitting some time on the steps, I remembered that I had not finished setting a row of anemones in my own garden. Having completed this, cleared the little plot of a few stones and weeds, I put my spade, hoe, and rake into my barrow, and wheeled them away to the tool-house. Then I gave my birds a good supply of provision, and a parting gift of sugar; the gold fishes in my globe fresh water and a few crumbs. I collected all my books, and

placed them in order on my book shelves. I gathered and tied up a large posy for my gouvernante, and could not refrain from watering my flowers, though the sun was shining on them.

By this time dinner was announced. After dinner they dressed me for my journey. My gouvernante and Nannette were both assisting me to draw on my gloves, when we heard the rolling of a heavy carriage up the avenue. Poor madame Beauveau became ashy-white, and could scarcely support herself. Tears started to my eyes; I felt chilly and trembled. We were informed that a female who had been sent to take charge of me was in the *salle à manger*. Madame Beauveau went down stairs to speak to her, and learnt that the Count had given orders if they found me ready to recommence the journey immediately. We were to sleep on the road at the place where they had passed the previous night. A few minutes more sufficed to complete my arrangements: having been again and again embraced by my gouvernante, who suffered acutely at parting with me, and by my good Nannette, I took leave of all the servants, who had assembled to bid me farewell, and entered the carriage, into which I was followed by my female attendant

This woman was very attentive to me during the journey, but not communicative. I learnt nothing from her as to what I might expect at the end of it. On the third evening we arrived in Paris, and drove into the court-yard of a fine hotel. Several servants appeared. I was carried up stairs into a suite of small, but splendidly furnished apartments, in the innermost of which I found, at dinner, my uncle, and the young-looking elderly gentleman who had presented me with *bon-bons* at the chateau. The Count received me very kindly, and seemed to pity my fatigue. He placed me on a couch, and served me himself with wine and water, pastry, and fruit. Not long after the dessert had been placed on table, the Count's friend rose, and begged permission to ring the bell, and inquire if fresh horses had been put to ; remarking that it would be late before I could complete my journey.

My uncle assented, and, taking one of my hands, said to me, in a bland tone, "Dear Amadie, this gentleman, my friend, is about to conduct you to a residence which will probably be your home for several years. You will have every reason to be happy there. Upon this card is my address, take care of it. Write to me whenever you like, and ask frankly for any thing you may wish to have. I shall see

you from time to time." He kissed my forehead. His friend took my hand, and conducted me down stairs. We re-entered the carriage.

"You have only one long stage more, my dear Mademoiselle," said the Count's friend, "try and sleep it away. Stay, allow me to protect your little head from the draughts." So saying, he tied on a veil or handkerchief in such a manner, as completely to blind my eyes.

"But I cannot see, Monsieur."

"I have tied it so for that very reason. You will be the more likely to sleep."

And I did sleep. Indeed, from the moment I had drank the wine and water offered me by my uncle, I had felt overcome by the most oppressive languor, which might have been merely the effect of the great fatigue I had undergone. However that may be, I slept, and so profoundly, that it is not in my power to relate any of the other incidents of that night.

When I woke I found myself in bed. My first consciousness was the excessive softness of the couch and pillows, amid which I had sunk; and the silken fineness of the linen. A glass in the canopy reflected my little figure, enveloped in lawns and laces, much more costly than those to which I

had been accustomed. I could not but admire too, the exquisite garlands embroidered upon the blue satin coverlid, and the snowiness of the transparent muslin draperies that shaded the couch. I sat up. While I was engaged in examining the bed-stead, which was of japan, richly gilded and ornamented, the long mirrors impanelled in the walls, the light cane chairs and settees cushioned with blue, that formed the furniture of my small but elegant apartment, a beautiful pendule chimed ten. I stepped upon the tabouret beside my bed, put my feet into a little pair of velvet slippers I found there, and ran over the richest carpet I had ever seen. I opened one of the windows, which, like the bed, were shaded with the softest muslin, pushed aside the jalousies, and peeped out upon a balcony of exotics, overhanging the garden. A door near me was half open ; I entered a *cabinet de toilette*. The *parquet* was of porcelain. There was a marble bath, which could be concealed at pleasure ; there were mirrors, and tables arranged with every requisite for the toilette, in the most elegant and costly forms. I wrapped myself in the *peignoir* I found lying there, and rang a little silver hand-bell. It was answered by a very neat looking *femme de chambre*, who prepared the bath for me.

As soon as I was ready to dress, she opened a large wardrobe, and showed me a store of linen prepared for me, with everything else necessary. In the story-books, that had amused my childhood, I had read of enchantment: all that lately happened to me, appeared very like it. Yet there was a palpable reality in the tiffany, lace, and embroidery of the woman who waited on me, that in some degree reassured me. Though my natural timidity was very much increased by the strangeness and isolation of my new circumstances, curiosity so far overcame my reserve, that after two or three attempts, I ventured to ask how it could be, that all the articles of clothing provided suited me so well. The woman smiled significantly as she replied, that they had had my measure, and expected me. As soon as I was dressed, I kneeled before a crucifix, and repeated my prayers, but not with the same tranquil satisfaction that I was wont to prostrate myself in my accustomed place of devotion at home, though with an increased feeling of my own need of aid and protection. Meanwhile the woman stood by me, with her head averted. When I had finished, she conducted me through the bedchamber into a little *salon*, richly furnished and elegantly arranged, in the midst of

which I perceived a fauteuil and stool placed beside a small table, on which a chocolate déjeûner stood ready for me. I seated myself; the camériste withdrew, requesting I would ring when I required her. I was too much occupied in examining the choice designs of the porcelain and silver service, the satin hangings of the apartment, the painted ceilings and panels, the draperies and mirrors, to avail myself adequately of the repast. From the loftiness of the little suite, which appeared originally to have formed only one apartment, I judged that I was in a large hotel. I heard the sound of a distant bell resembling mine; this made me think there were other inmates. Though the windows, which were all on the same side, looked on gardens and extensive pleasure-grounds, occasionally the rolling of vehicles, and other street noises, led me to suppose that I was *en ville*. For more than half an hour, I remained alone. During this time, I examined the pictures, statues, and other decorative articles, and found one table furnished with writing materials, another with implements for drawing, a box containing all the requisites for embroidery, and two frames having pieces in them already commenced, also a well-filled bookcase.

As soon as she had removed my déjeûner, the

camériste begged me to go into my dressing room, where I found a woman waiting for me, with a bundle of corsets to try on. This operation concluded, the camériste produced a bag of shoes, and assisted me to select a number of pairs of different colours, some of them richly embroidered. A modiste then entered, to take my measure for several robes, which I had the pleasure of receiving in a few days. The camériste then told me, that a professor of music would shortly attend, to try if I had any disposition for music or singing ; that a dancing master would give me lessons every day, and that I might learn drawing and painting, if I wished it.

In reply, I expressed my delight at hearing this, and begged her to tell me to whose kindness I owed so much, and then I ventured to ask if the house I was in, was a school. She answered, yes ; that it was a royal institution,—a house of education, for the benefit of a few young ladies of noble family.

“ And where are these demoiselles ? ”

“ You will see them by and by. All the élèves here, dine together. Now,” said the camériste, “ I must leave you, to attend to other things. But how will you amuse yourself until your first master comes ? Would you like to attempt one of these

pieces of work. This pattern is not difficult, and I will show you the stitch."

I thanked her, and sitting down listened attentively to her instructions. From one of the tables she took a little tortoise-shell box, containing a gold thimble and scissors, and a fillagree needle-book, which she said were for me. I was quite charmed with all the wonders my new abode presented, and the number of beautiful things of which I had suddenly become possessed. I worked a leaf, which she praised very much, and then she left me to pursue my occupation alone.

At one, a dancing master was introduced. He was a person of unprepossessing appearance, but his kind and amiable manners soon dispelled the fear and embarrassment with which I had at first regarded him. In my first attempts I found a number of difficulties to overcome. As I had never seen any dancing, and was, therefore, without any *penchant* for the art, my first lessons were rather unpleasant tasks. However, I was very docile, and *Monsieur le maître de danse* as patient and deferential as if I had been a princess royal. He paid the greatest attention to my deportment and attitudes, and made me promise to practise assiduously in his absence. A singing master succeeded him. He

found that I had a pretty natural voice, and quick ear. He commenced teaching me to accompany myself upon the harpsichord. After this gentleman, arrived another, who selected passages in works of entertaining literature, correcting my pronunciation, and exercising me in orthography. A lesson in writing from him terminated my morning occupation. At four o'clock the *camériste* returned, rearranged my hair and toilette, conducted me down stairs, and ushered me into a *salle-à-manger*, where I found six demoiselles, and an elderly lady, of rather stiff and austere aspect, whose name I learnt afterwards was Madame Du Tour. The first thing that struck me, was the remarkable beauty of all these young persons, whose ages varied from my own to seventeen. They were very dissimilar. One was a petite brunette, the perfection of miniature beauty ; another, with symmetrical fulness of form, had chesnut hair, and violet blue eyes ; another, raven hair, and a pale skin ; a fourth, brilliant dark eyes, and a gorgeous bloom ; a fifth was distinguished by a complexion that blended the hues of the lily and the rose ; the sixth had a fair mild face, and blond tresses. In all, beauty was heightened by grace and refinement. It would have been easy to divine that they were '*demoiselles nobles*.'

They received me with much kindness, vying with each other in attentions while we were at table, and afterwards, when we went into the garden, initiating me in all their games and diversions.

Madame Du Tour sat in the midst of us, working, or reading journals, but she was not the less attentive to every thing that passed, and carefully repressed any questions tending to establish unreserved communication between the pupils. The first time I mentioned my dear old *gouvernante*, I remember, she rose, and taking me apart, whispered to me, that it was ill-bred to speak of persons, and indeed, of places and things, that others were unacquainted with. She bade me avoid doing so in future. I was surprised, but I knew no better. Yet it seemed strange to me. From similar representations, I do not doubt, it resulted, that in the three hours we were allowed to spend together every day, we talked very little, and only of present incidents. Yet we were often very joyous, and on the whole, I was extremely happy. The society of youthful companions was new to me.

Our grounds were beautiful, and extensive. The grove which terminated them, almost blended with the woods of Satory. We had also a conservatory, and to each a *parterre* was allotted for the culti-

vation of flowers. A number of games of exercise, besides, afforded us recreation out of doors.

On Sunday a priest performed mass for us, in one of the apartments at home.

My morning avocations were interesting and various. I felt the greatest delight in my new pursuits; the greatest pleasure in perceiving my own improvement. Only one wish was unrealized. I longed for the presence of my dear, kind, old gouvernante. Whenever I was quite alone, I pondered on the composition of a letter to her, which would induce her to come to me. Very far from being advanced for my age, I found all the difficulties of an unassisted child in giving my ideas and feelings expression upon paper. It cost me portions of several mornings, and a severe application to the dictionary, before I could produce an epistle that satisfied me. At length I concluded one, with which I felt sure she would be much pleased, and entrusted it to my *camériste* to despatch for me. She smiled as she read the superscription, but promised with a great appearance of earnestness, that it should be forwarded. I pictured to myself the delight my gouvernante would feel on perusing it. I imagined what she would write in reply. In the course of a week I very anxiously anticipated a

letter ; when, day after day passed, and none arrived, I began to expect my gouvernante herself every hour. The long suspense that followed, threw me into a state of the most painful nervous excitement. When weeks and months wore away, and hope abandoned me, my disappointment was proportionally severe. I believed my poor gouvernante dead ; for thus only could I account for her silence.

It occurred to me to write to my guardian,—as Madame Du Tour called him,—Monsieur le Comte, and inquire. I did so, but my letter was returned to me. I was told that he was travelling, and had quitted France.

I had not the relief of confiding these anxieties to my young friends. All conversation of this kind was prohibited by Madame Du Tour. Already I had acquired the habit of reserve.

In time my gaiety returned. My character was no longer so subdued in tone as it had been during my lonely childhood. Yet sometimes, when I reflected upon the inexplicable silence of my best loved friend, or feared that she was lost to me for ever, a shadow chequered my otherwise tranquil and happy existence.

In its routine, each day resembled that which preceded it, and yet to me, there were many little

incidents and pleasures. One morning, for instance, I woke pleased with the thought that I should soon receive the praise of my music master, for the difficulty I had conquered since his last lesson ; another time, that I should receive the new song he had promised ; or, that I should commence the piece of embroidery I had prepared the day before ; or I hastened to dress, anticipating that some pet flower, of my own raising, which I had left in bud, I should now find had opened. In this manner passed three years. During that period our little society had changed its members. One by one, at intervals, the elder demoiselles had been withdrawn from us in a great measure, for a while ; and then had disappeared suddenly, without explanation, without adieux.

“ We see very little of Claudine, or of Isabel,” was the sort of remark made on these occasions ; “ she rarely joins us now, she seems thoughtful, pre-occupied.”

“ Silence, mesdemoiselles,” Madame Du Tour would explain ; “ those personal remarks are not *comme il faut*. You had better amuse yourselves by practising your dances on the lawn.”

And a few weeks after, the young girl of whom

there had been question, we found belonged to us no more.

“What has become of Mademoiselle?”

Madame Du Tour would answer with a frown, “She is not well, and has returned to her family;” or, “She has finished her education.”

One evening we were sitting upon cushions, on the grass, playing at catching some ivory balls in cups, when we perceived Madame Du Tour enter the garden from the windows of the salon. She was accompanied by a lady and gentleman. This very rare spectacle arrested our attention. It seemed that nothing less than a miracle could have brought strangers into the centre of our seclusion. The lady appeared more than thirty years of age. She was handsomely dressed, but with no great appearance of care. Her demeanour was strikingly assured, her features fine, and decidedly regular, though at the time I did not remark her possessing that degree of beauty to which her ascendancy is attributed. Perhaps it was because I was accustomed to look on extremely youthful faces, that to me her's appeared already *chiffonnée*; or perhaps the coarseness of her complexion, or her bold, quick glance deteriorated it in my childish

eyes. By her side, I recognized my uncle's friend, the beau who had escorted me by night to my present home. Madame Du Tour remained behind this pair, answering any remark they addressed to her, with the most servile obsequiousness. The lady advanced into the midst of the circle. We all rose and curtsied. She smiled, and began talking with a pleasing frankness of manner, directing her questions especially to me. But all the while her calm dark grey eyes wandered from one face to another, with a penetrating scrutiny, as if she were engaged in some affair of moment, and her brow seemed shadowed and contracted by I know not what of care and pain. The smiling lips too quivered slightly, with an expression of mingled bitterness and sadness. I think now, that she looked as if she both envied and pitied us; as if she had roused all her firmness to wrestle with the consciousness of her humiliation.

"Lebel," said she, turning away, "Voilà ce qu'il nous faut. N'est-ce pas. La beauté et rien que la beauté."

The glance that had accompanied these words, appropriated them to me. For the first time I learnt that I was handsome; naturally I pondered on this speech, at once, disparaging and complimentary.

This visit, which was not repeated, I doubt not made an impression on us all, but we did not venture to talk of it.

One morning, while I was sitting alone in my room, the *chambrière* to whom from habit and constant kindness and attention on her part, I had become attached, entered, saying, that Madame Du Tour was about to take a little walk in the grounds, and wished to have the pleasure of my company. This was very unusual. In fact, I had never before quitted my own apartments, previous to the dinner hour. Madame Du Tour also begged, added the waiting woman, that I would let her see me in my last new *négligée*, as it was from the hands of a *modiste* she had never before employed. How beautiful, I exclaimed, when the *camériste* showed me, hanging in my dressing room, a violet coloured gown, a white lace cloak, and a hat with a little plume. "Stay," said she, pouring some perfume into a porcelain corvette, and handing me a damask napkin, "you must make your toilette regularly, to do yourself and the *modiste* justice. When you are ready, mademoiselle, I will arrange your hair."

I went down elated with the effect of my dress, but feeling that I would rather have had it ad-

mired by my young friends, than by Madame Du Tour.

Madame, though she bestowed on me an approving glance, made no comment on my appearance. She carried a book and a key, I walked by her side through the grounds, until we reached a door in a wall, which I had hitherto believed our boundary. The grove of trees on the other side I had always supposed part of the woods of Satory. Madame Du Tour opened this door, we passed into an *allée*, I found myself walking over the softest turf, bordered with flowers and odorous shrubs; this *allée*, terminated by an alcove with a fountain before it, was surrounded by thick plantations, through which a number of little serpentine paths intersecting each other, formed almost a labyrinth. We entered the alcove and seated ourselves.

Madame Du Tour produced some work, and requested me to read aloud to her the book she had brought. It was the first novel I had ever perused. I had read only a few pages, when Madame Du Tour, on the plea of having forgotten something, left me, desiring me to remain where I was until she returned, and amuse myself by proceeding with my roman. I did so, devouring page after page with the greatest delight and avidity.

When most absorbed by the interest of the fiction, a sudden touch startled me. Looking from my book, I found the fringed paw of a small silken-haired spaniel resting upon my dress; he was gazing earnestly in my face and wagging his tail. I smoothed his long ears caressingly. A strange voice alarmed me. Close beside me, I perceived a tall noble looking personage, who smiled graciously.

“Mademoiselle, I am glad to see that my favourite has not alarmed you. You are fond of dogs.”

“Yes, Monsieur—Monseigneur.”

“And Tircis is very fond of beautiful ladies.”

Here the stranger bent his eyes upon me, mine fell beneath them, but not until I had remarked that they were of the darkest blue, and had felt the influence of their soft and winning expression.

Uncertain to remain or hasten away, I sat with my eyes fixed on the ground, blushing most distressingly. Though I could not see him, I felt that he continued to gaze on me.

“My dear child——”

There was a tenderness in the tone of these words, that occasioned me a thrill of pleasure. I had never experienced the love of a father or a

brother. I had no attached relatives or friends, the accents of regard and interest were strange to me.

“My dear child, how old are you.”

“Seventeen, Monseigneur.”

“Have you resided here long?”

“Three years, I believe.”

“Ah, true, three years.”

Had I dared, I would have asked him how he was aware of it.

“And you have been happy here?”

“Very happy.”

“You would like to live here always? You have no wishes unfulfilled?”

“No. Yes;—that is, I have often wished to have my *gouvernante* with me. But sometimes I fear—”

“Who, my dear, do you mean by your *gouvernante*?”

“An old lady who took care of me in my childhood; who was very fond of me, very kind to me.”

“But have you not here companions of your own age, better suited to you?”

“Yes,” I replied, becoming re-assured by his bland smile and kind tone, “I have some very amiable young friends. But at times I wish for a

friend who had seen more of the world than I have, and knew many things of which I am ignorant ; some one of whom I might ask questions, I mean older and more experienced than myself ; above all, some one to whom I could tell all my thoughts, who would love me, whom I could love dearly."

"Do you think," said the stranger, taking one of my hands, which he enclosed within his own, then turned to examine the palm, and finally carried to his lips, "Do you think," he inquired with a sort of humility, yet most assured—seeking an answer at the same time with his eyes, while mine shrunk from the fascination of his smile—"Do you fancy, if you knew me longer, you could love me well enough for such a friend?"

I could have replied "yes," with sincerity, for *where the mind is as simple as was mine*, the heart, when it is young, is also quick and warm. It is so full of trust, so ready to give itself away, that a look, a few words, a touch, a charm, the work of a moment, suffices to create a sentiment, to fix an impression, which, though instantaneous, may yet be indelible. Not, as in after years, are time and repeated effects requisite to raise an affection. It does not see ; it does not judge ; criticize features or appreciate qualities. It does not always approve,

nor even always admire. It looks, and it loves. Such love may be the fruit of a day, an hour, or an instant. Alas ! when the feelings are mature before the reason.—I might have answered “yes,” that I was sure I could ; but though I knew not there was any motive for shame, I felt disposed to conceal my prepossession in his favour, and was silent.

“I do not mean love me as you loved your *gouvernante*,” he added.

“As Madeline loved her guardian ?” I inquired, laying my hand upon Madame Du Tour’s roman.

“Yes, I dare say,” returned the stranger, laughing, “as Madeline loved her guardian. Do you think you could ?”

“What do we mean when we say we love ?” I asked.

“That is a very profound question, my charming demoiselle. Love is a sentiment we experience, but can never define. I cannot tell you what love is, but I can teach you.”

His voice lowered as he pronounced the last words. He smiled on me significantly, and with evident admiration. As he bent to whisper to me, his lips seemed to breathe a subtle sweetness full of charm.

“Come,” said he ; and there was in the accent, though gentle, a command that I knew not how to resist ; “you shall walk with me through the plantations. I have now half an hour.”

“But, Monseigneur—”

“No difficulties my love. Madame Du Tour will not be surprised at your absence.”

Taking my hands, he drew me from my seat. I felt surprised at his demeanour—surprised, indeed, to find myself conversing with him ; but there was so much inexplicable in my life, that I felt less astonishment than any one else would have done. So we walked beneath the shade of the plantations and conversed—if the term conversation may be applied to a series of questions on his part, and simple answers upon mine. During this interview, he looked several times at his watch, and whenever he did so—though I was far from feeling quite tranquil with him—I hoped he would not leave me—so great was already the charm of his presence. But the half hour he had named flitted by before I could believe it gone. Taking a silver key from his pocket, he opened the door leading into the grounds of our house, saluted me on the brow, pressed my hand hastily, and motioning me to enter, bade me farewell.

Madame Du Tour was pacing up and down a pathway within, very near the gate. She remarked that it must be very near the dinner hour, with some other trivialities ; and I thought that she studiously avoided looking at me. On my part, I did not mention my rencontre, though I felt persuaded she must be aware of it. At dinner I was very silent. Engrossed by the event of the morning, I was scarcely sensible of what was passing before me. As soon as possible afterwards, I escaped to my own rooms, excusing my absence to my young friends on the plea that Madame Du Tour had lent me a book which entertained me very much. In fact, I seated myself near a window opening on the balcony, and attempted to read the book that had so much interested me in the morning ; but the moment I met with the word love, my thoughts wandered away to the stranger. Again I seemed to hear the first tones of his voice, which I thought more musical than that of any other human being. I remembered the charm and the surprise its peculiar sweetness had occasioned. In fancy I raised my eyes, and again perceived his presence—a presence that seemed to me full of inexpressible grace, dignity, and nobleness. What a delight it was to recall every look and movement, to repeat, to dwell

on every word he had uttered. For me there was henceforth a new life. The skies became softer, the sunshine brighter, the flowers more fragrant, the air more exhilarating. There was a buoyancy in my whole being hitherto unknown to me. My intelligence seemed developed with my heart. I scarcely felt my own identity. I had suddenly become a woman. Now I knew the use—I was conscious of the possession—of the power of beauty. I loved. The want of my existence was supplied. In childhood fatherless and motherless; reared in solitude, I had never known those happy sources of affection. Now, like the long hidden waters of some desert fount, flowing at the touch of a magician, my heart poured forth at once its secret treasure. For me, all sympathies blended in one. All the powers of my heart were called forth at once, and centred in one object. My love was as pure as love—which is always a sentiment compounded of grossness and sublimity in natures like our's, whereof the elements are earth and fire,—can be, as pure as innocence that verged on ignorance could render it.

On the morrow I was agreeably surprised by receiving the cadeau of a set of miniature volumes, bound in velvet, an edition of Moliere's plays. On

opening the first, a sprig of myrtle, that I had gathered the day before, and which the stranger had taken from me, revealed the giver. How much delight I experienced. How lively was my admiration of the elegant present.

That afternoon Madame Du Tour sent to ask me if I would walk again in the *bosquet*. I readily assented, and dressed with more care than I had ever before bestowed on my toilette. The *camériste* observed this. I saw that she did, and the idea that my precious secret was not wholly mine, disturbed for a moment my felicity. When I descended, Madame Du Tour gave me the key of the gate leading into the grove, and by a gesture recommended silence. Until that moment the hope that I should see him had been combated by doubt, Now I felt sure that I should. I hurried through the garden, taking mechanically the right direction towards the grove, though I was in a delirium of emotion, and neither saw skies, flowers, trees, nor did I feel the path I trod on. I did not even think. My whole being seemed confused by the agitation of my sensations. I unlocked the door, and opened it slowly. As I did so, it revealed a bit of green pathway, the drooping bough of a shrub; and, how my face flushed, how my

heart beat, with tumultuous happiness—the personage I had hoped to find ! He smiled archly, held out his hand, and drew me towards him, and embraced me. “ You are a good child,” said he, caressing me again and again.

I cannot dwell on this interview, or those which followed. In themselves to me too exquisite. In remembrance too agonizing to be described. Every thing combined to render my love an illusion, as perfect as if it had been the effect of enchantment. My youth, my ignorance, my isolation. The mystery which enveloped me—my love and my lover—the elysian beauty of the scene—the unbroken solitude of our interviews. He was all blandness, yet there was a nobleness about him that inspired me with a sentiment approaching to veneration. I adored him, indeed, as a superior being. Which was the greater happiness I scarcely knew : to be with him, to cling to him ; to listen to his few words—so few, but, oh ! how precious ! all of praise, of endearment, or——after I had parted from him, when I was alone, to recall one by one every look, smile, word, tone, and to fix them as treasures in my memory indelibly. Indelibly ! well may I say, reiterated the baroness, for they are still uneffaced—still ineffacable. They defy sorrow

and time. Ah ! I feel how right I was to enshrine them in remembrance—now in the day when I have nothing else left. Our meetings continued during several weeks. To me—an age—my life ; for previous to that time all now appeared to have been blank. I could have lived on so for ever. My contentment was perfect. Yet when my lover prayed me, for his sake, to come to another home, where we need never be parted, even I felt that this would be an accession to our felicity.

“ Yes,” I returned, “ I should like to be with you always, for ever. Now I shall be your wife : shall I not ? What is it to be a wife ? To wear a gold ring—to be called madame !”

“ Yes, my child.”

“ But is there not a religious service performed in the *church* ?”

“ Sometimes. It often takes place in a chapel at home, or in a room.”

“ And the bride wears white. When shall we be married ?”

The stranger smiled and coloured.

“ When shall we be married ?” I repeated.

“ Do you wish to be married ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Why ? That you may wear a white robe and a

ring, and be called madame? Well, you shall wear a white robe, a ring, and be called madame, beauty, any day you please, after to-morrow."

"Madame—and what beside? What is your name?"

"Call me what you please."

"You always answer me so. But, indeed, you must tell me before we are married.

"Call me Comte Louis."

"Louis? Is your name really Louis? So is the king's. What a beautiful name. Just like you; so grand and so beautiful. Well, the day after to-morrow we will be married, and I shall be called Madame la Comtesse Louis—shall I not?"

I threw my arms round my lover's neck, and looked up in his face. I remember now that he smiled sadly and tenderly, with an expression of pity, that seemed strange to me. He then averted his gaze, but, after a few moments of thoughtfulness, resumed his usual gaiety. The day after the next I was arrayed in a dress of beautiful lace, and the Comte sent me a magnificent pearl hoop ring. This ring, said the baroness, extending her wan, white hand, and pointing to a solitary one which hung loosely on the emaciated finger, I have worn it ever since.

Loud sobs here choaked her utterance. She could not subdue her emotion. It became more and more violent, till she fell into a hysterical paroxysm. Her narration was interrupted for several days.

What was I talking of? said she, in continuation. This ring, which I put on for the first time with so much pride and delight I fastened sprigs of blossoming myrtle in my hair. I looked beautiful, and I knew it. Madame Du Tour came to me. She told me I was about to leave, never to return, and smiled grimly as she bade me adieu. Sophie, the *camériste*, I was pleased to find, accompanied me.

A carriage arrived. I wrapt myself in a mantle. We drove a little way; the noise and movement of the streets appeared strange to me. We stopped at an hotel in the same town; a page and a female attendant appeared to receive me. I was ushered into a very elegant suite of apartments, consisting of an ante-room, *salle à manger*, *salon*, *boudoir*, a *chambre à coucher*, with two cabinets de toilette adjoining it; the ameublement of all surpassing in taste and luxury even that of my former abode; but such objects now having not so much novelty, of course less excited my admiration; besides, I was no longer quite so childish. I

had scarcely placed myself in a fauteuil, when the Comte appeared to welcome me. He was full dressed, looked handsome, and was more captivating than ever. A little supper was immediately served in the boudoir. We were only occasionally interrupted by the appearance of a tiny page, of most precocious ability, in manner as deferential as some spell-bound slave of a potent genii. The Comte, gayer than I had ever seen him before, seemed to abandon himself to enjoyment; and I, in the plenitude of my gratitude for the lavish affection I believed demonstrated by his gifts, his praises, his caresses, fit only to be happy.

The entrance of the priest here again interrupted the baroness's story. Another time she thus concluded it :—

Believing myself the wife of the Comte, my felicity was unalloyed by any care. It is true that, after the first few days of installation in my new home, he was not much with me; but he assured me this was unavoidable, and I did not murmur. I had been so accustomed to solitude; and, then, had I not the delight of expecting him? To me, in itself, a sufficient occupation if I had not possessed a number of others. The accomplishments that pleased him I still pursued. His kindness

showered on me a profusion of elegant toys, with which I was still girlish enough to be exceedingly amused. I had, of course, too, dogs, birds, and flowers, all of them his gifts, and therefore loved and valued. Reading poems, plays, and tales, beguiled some moments. To Sophie I could talk *of him*, and not a few hours were pleasantly passed in adorning my person *for him*. Moreover, I was permitted to drive, accompanied by Sophie, in an open carriage. This was a liberty I had long been deprived of, and I enjoyed it the more. A band of musicians, who performed in my garden, afforded me another source of pleasure. But the greatest of all my recreations was driving with him, which we did sometimes in the twilight to some very fine and extensive gardens, not far distant from our house. Here were grand avenues, groves, parterres, terraces, temples, fountains, statues, and several pieces of water. I perceived a magnificent chateau; this we never approached. It was always dusk when we walked here. I do not know if this circumstance created the impression, but these grounds seemed so vast, that I fancied them limitless. Occasionally we saw other persons at a distance; whenever we did so, Louis drew me into some thicket, or we otherwise concealed ourselves

until they had passed on. I remarked, that when there was bright moonshine or starlight, our walk was always restricted to a path in an enclosed garden, entered by a gate of which my *bien aimé* had a key. This path wound through flower-beds, and was screened on each side by a shrubbery. Here we never met any one. In one of our evening rambles, some months after, the Comte informed me of a coming event, of which I was so unsophisticated as not to be myself aware. At first, this intelligence was the source of the greatest amazement to me : but the longer I pondered on it, the greater became my joy. It surpassed any thing I had before felt. It was tranquil as well as ecstatic, for in my eyes our union was sinless ; and I welcomed the hope of looking on my own and my lover's child without a thought of regret or shame. Oh ! my lord, I shall weary you with my tears : but when I think how I loved, how happy I was—and the poor woman again wept bitterly.

The time drew near. Sophie, whom I now treated as a friend, became every day more attached and more attentive to me. If there was any cloud upon my bright horizon, it was that neither she nor my beloved Louis shared the elation with which I anticipated the coming event. It was soon her

task to prepare me for the sufferings I had to endure. Why do I speak so? she but warned me of a brief period of bodily pain. I became ill. My husband, as I called him, was absent. He did not return. Sophie tended me; I had kind and skilful nurses. My hour arrived; it passed. God, why did I not die? I heard the cry of my child—of his—his. I looked upon my first-born with the ecstasy, the wonder of a mother, as yet herself a child. It was enough, I was content. I sunk into slumber, and dreamed of waking to look on my infant again. It was not before the next morning that I really woke; then, faint and powerless, I was scarcely able to whisper “Sophie.” One of the nurses approached; I motioned her away, repeating “Sophie.”

“Madame,” said the nurse, “I entreat you to be quiet, to be tranquil. Your safety depends on it.”

“Let me see my child.”

“Madame, the infant is not here. It has been removed according to custom, until—until—Madame may have in some degree recovered her strength.”

“Not here?” I exclaimed, in great disappointment: but I was too weak to remonstrate. Turning my face from the woman, I began to weep

violently. The nurses were alarmed, and crowded round me, administering restoratives.

“Remember, Madame,” said one of them, “that when you are better, you will see your child.”

“Soon?”

“In a few days.”

“Oh, that is very long.”

“Madame, I must beg, I must entreat you, not to talk. This exertion is too much for you.”

I was silent, but continued to weep. It seemed strange to me, yet I had no reason for apprehension. So I resolved to recover as speedily as possible. I asked for the Count. The nurses shook their heads, and told me he was absent. How slowly the minutes and hours passed as I lay on my sumptuous couch alone, marvelling at the cruel custom that had deprived me of his presence, of my child, of Sophie.

They forced me to take medicine and sustenance. At length the shadows of night closed in on the long day. I fell asleep, woke crying, and slept again a little. With the dawn, hope revived.

“To-day may I see my child, nurse?”

“Oh no, Madame, not to-day.”

“But the Count will come to-day? Surely he knows that I am ill?”

“Monsieur le Comte is absent.”

“Where is he? Is he far away? Can I not write to him? Send to him? Bring me writing materials.”

“Madame is not strong enough yet. It must not be permitted. To-morrow, Madame shall write.”

On the morrow I tried to form a few characters, but tried in vain, and wept until I became convulsed at my own helplessness. Then I begged, I entreated them, to send for the Count, to send for my child. To soothe me, they promised to do so. But hours elapsed: another day and night, and the only answer I received was, “Monseigneur is not come. The child is not yet here.”

It is not surprising that this mystery, suspense, and privation of all I loved, fretted my spirit until my frame grew fevered, and my wretchedness took all the shapes delirium could give it. For a number of days after I had ceased to rave, I remained insensible, reduced by excessive weakness to a state bordering on inanition. When the exercise of my faculties returned, I found myself alone. I heard the nurses whispering together in the dressing-room that had been occupied by him. Remembering the little draperied form that had been presented to me, which I had called my child, I looked

round for it in vain ; and despairing, could only utter, " Gone—gone !"

Gone indeed ! cried the baroness, clasping her hands, while the tears streamed down her face ; then she rose, as if unable to repress the exhibition of her anguish. Oh ! my lord, do you pity me ? I never saw my child. I never saw my lover again. Oh yes ! I saw *him*, but not my lover. Never, never mine again.

There came to me a priest, a kind good man, who felt all the painfulness of his mission. How much he had to reveal ! He told me that I had been the mistress of the king. He explained to me, for it was necessary, all that term implied, both in a religious and social point of view. I found that I had been bartered by my needy and profligate guardian, for a court appointment, that I had been reared in the Parc aux cerfs. The priest talked to me of the sin and degradation of my state, of the necessity of repentance and amendment ; I listened to him, but my mind was not yet prepared to receive his doctrines. I thought only of my dispelled illusions.

I want words to describe what I felt, when the conviction pressed on me, that Louis had never loved me, that I had only been one of a great man's

many toys. All that others would have called villainy, I could have forgiven, had I been the only victim ; or, as I felt, the only object. To have lost him was sufficient despair ; but to lose also the belief that he had loved me ! To have neither future nor past !

At first I could not credit that Louis was indeed the king, that my adored was this, bad, cruel, cold-hearted man ; but the priest brought me his portrait, and showed me his impress on the coinage. My eyes filled with tears as I gazed upon the miniature, and speedily every trace of resentment vanished from my poor, fond heart. I pressed it with passionate rapture, again and again, to my lips. I wept over it in mingled misery and joy. “ Do you then still love ? ” asked the priest. My heart was too full to answer him ; but I thought, that having loved, it could not be otherwise, than one must love always. He wondered, for he was a man and a priest ; I, a woman, who felt, and could not reason, wondered that he should wonder.

And here it is, pursued the baroness, drawing from her bosom a miniature, they could not tear it from me. My only treasure, my consolation, my companion, warm with the life blood of the heart that must cease to beat, deprived of it. Look, is

it not a gracious countenance? so sweet, so noble. You are handsome, but oh! you are not like him. Is it strange that I loved him? that I love him? Every night and morning I look at it, and talk to it. I repeat all the things he used to say to me,—so long, long ago,—until I fancy the eyes smile upon me, the lips move. I do not think of him as king of France, isolated by his state, elevated by his greatness, too high to be an object of affection. I banish from my mind the reflection that our intercourse was only part of a system of recreation arranged for him by his minions. That his attentions, his flattery, his gifts, constituted a mere routine of favours, which so many temporary favourites have enjoyed. No, I banish these thoughts, that else would sting my pride into madness as soon as they rise. They will rise sometimes. I shut out the light of truth. I seek to preserve my illusions. I think of him still, as I thought of him then, as mine, mine only; an adored, an adoring lover, whom I have lost I know not how.

So like a fable is my history, that I fancy I have been wooed by one who has been recalled to his own sphere. Our love knew no decline, no decay. At once my happiness vanished, as the sun from the world's central zone, in the

plenitude of its warmth and radiance. Still I cherish the worship of my heart's idol, false though it be. In this dream I exist, striving not to wake, for what is there to me in life without it ?

I allowed her tears to flow for some time in silence. " And did you never see him again ?" I then inquired.

I never saw my lover, but I saw the king, she replied. Nay, since you have pressed me to tell you this sad tale, you must allow me to indulge in the melancholy pleasure of dwelling on each event at length. I suffered greatly. My sufferings reduced me to extremity, to the verge of death. Then my bodily ills almost swallowed up my mental ones. I became so weak, so prostrate, so inane, I had no longer the powers necessary to feel my wretchedness so acutely. One morning a visit from Sophie surprised me. This happened about three months, though it seemed as many years, after the birth of my child. I was rejoiced to see her, but could only weep. She wept with me. As soon as I could speak, I asked her of my child. She told me he lived, and after confirming the greater part of what the priest had told me, added, that he would be carefully reared and educated ; that if he attained manhood, he would receive a title, and some military

command, in all probability, like the rest of his majesty's illegitimate offspring. The expediency of preserving the whole transaction a secret, forbade, she said, my being permitted to acknowledge him as my child. I must resign myself to this separation, she continued, and the past would soon be retrieved ; a brilliant marriage was in contemplation for me,—nay more, it was arranged ; and would take place within a month.

If anything could have increased my despair, it was this intelligence. The horror that seized me rendered me frantic. Sophie endeavoured to soothe me, but she had no better argument to employ, than depicting the advantages I should enjoy by becoming the wife of a man of quality ; the possessor of a title, of chateaux, terres, domestics, equipages ; the participator in all the grandeur and pleasures of life at court. Finding that I would not listen to her on these subjects, she recommended my submitting with patience to that which was inevitable. “ *Le roi le veut,*” she repeated with earnestness. Your marriage was one of the conditions made with the representative of your family ; and his majesty feels himself pledged to this indemnification. Try and forget the past,—be reasonable. You are quite uninformed in worldly

matters. Be advised, and you will still be happy. Sophie was a kind-hearted woman, but she did not comprehend my character. Her efforts to console me were fruitless.

Through life I had been a mere puppet in the hands of others. This law of my destiny continued to prevail. The preparations immediately commenced showed me Sophie's intelligence was but too well founded. I was continually harassed by the solicitations of various artistes for the toilette, charged to provide my new trousseau.

The mockery of lavishing so much cost and pains in decking the pitiable person of a wretched being like myself, occasioned me new torture. Its poignancy was heightened by the reflection of how utter must be *his* indifference, who could thus adorn me for another. Nevertheless, I was mute. Sophie had executed the task assigned to her. She was the slave of interest, as I the victim of power. She loved and pitied me sincerely, I feel assured; yet I saw her no more. I was not so weak as to pour my griefs into the ears of the callous and venal domestics about me. Again, and again, I wrote to the king; but, doubtless, my pleadings were not allowed to reach him. The suppression of all similar annoyances was a part of his system. Silence only answered

me. Night after night, during this miserable month, I dedicated to an abandon of grief. I wept wildly, frantically, until exhaustion overcame me. Many years have since passed. Years that seem ages. I weep still as I wept then. Time, which yields balm to almost all others, to me brings no consolation. So fixed was my love. So enduring is my sorrow.

The day appointed for my marriage came. I was passive ; weary of the hopeless conflict of my impotency against the might of power ; my strength failed me. I resembled the bird which lies exhausted, having broken its pinions in fluttering against its cage. Yet in the midst of my despair, a hope, an insane hope glowed. I anticipated that I should see him on that day, and I did not doubt—nay, said the baroness, laughing herself hysterically, you smile, for you guess my illusion—that if I could but see him once again, if we could only meet, behold each other, speak, it would be enough, he would be my own, all would be well again. Judge my simplicity, for I deemed this. Yet was it wonderful, when I knew nothing of man's grossness, selfishness, or falsehood ; nothing of human nature, but what I found in my own. Again I was robed in white. Refusing the diamonds they proffered, I twined myrtles, in my

hair studiously in the same manner as on the day when I was cheated into the belief that I was to become a wife. The mirror once more reflected me. How changed was I. Emaciated beyond description, my skin of unnatural whiteness, my eyes gleaming with too wild a brilliancy, my cheeks flushed with large crimson spots, that might have been mistaken for artificial colour. I could scarcely believe, that I had ever been beautiful.

The king's chief valet, Lebel, who seemed to have some connexion with all the epochs of my life, arrived to escort me to the palace of Versailles. His politeness was as elaborate as before. My pre-occupation gave me an appearance of calmness, that deceived him. Doubtless he ascribed my not replying to his felicitations, only to a want of good manners. We passed the front of the chateau, with its wide paved court, gilded gates, and imposing colossal statues. My excitement became intense. After winding through several streets, we stopped at the *porte-cochère* of a building, that seemed to form part of one of the wings of the palace. Lebel hurried me along, and we mounted *l'escalier dérobé*, leading to Madame Du Barri's private apartments. In a few minutes our approach was announced from the ante-chamber, in which

we paused, and at the same time the door of a salon was thrown open. We found a number of persons assembled ; six or seven noblemen in full costume, wearing orders, one or two notaries in black, an abbé in canonicals, all standing. One gentleman only was seated, or rather lounging in a rich fauteuil, with his foot upon a stool. He wore a scarlet coat richly laced with gold, and a large diamond star affixed to a blue badge across his breast. His head was averted at the moment of our entrance, for he was talking and laughing with an elegantly dressed woman, who stood behind his chair. This was Madame Barri, the person who had visited the Parc aux cerfs ; as Sophie told me, using Madame's own phrase, to throw off a stag ; that is, by presenting a new and not dangerous object, to divert the king from a court lady, beautiful, talented, and ambitious, a lady whom the Du Barri dreaded, not as a rival in the king's affections, for she knew that he possessed none, but in her ascendancy. The manœuvre succeeded ; she had regained her influence, and now looking handsome, well, and well-pleased, she was bandying jests with her royal friend, sometimes lover.

My hopes sunk, chilled by the levity of this

scene. I had anticipated meeting him, but not thus. In an instant the king turned; his eyes met mine; the blood mounted to his temples. I rushed into the midst of the circle round him, threw myself at his feet, clasped his hand, bowed my head upon his arm and wept. "Why have you forsaken me so long?" I exclaimed, regardless of the terms of ceremony, which ought to have been addressed to majesty, for I was still a poor child of ignorance and nature; and had he not knelt many a time to me? "Why have you treated me thus cruelly, Louis, mon bien-aimé!" The king frowned, rose quickly, with an air of offended dignity, and shaking me from him said, in a low tone, "Mademoiselle, we had conceived that by this time you would have been better instructed." Lebel promptly interposed, endeavouring to draw me away, and whispering angrily, "Are you insane?" The king moved towards a door. I felt that if he quitted me now, my opportunity of pleading to him was lost for ever; that I should behold him no more; yet in my anguish I was speechless; I could only fall at his feet and cling to him. In vain I tried to articulate, sobs alone broke from me. Alas! the most eloquent words would have availed no more.

The noblemen present assisted Louis to disengage himself from my embrace. They crowded round me, and drew me away by gentle force. I heard no sound of movement in that luxurious apartment ; the velvet carpet had stifled the king's retreating footsteps, the gilded door closed mutely, but intuitively I knew that he was gone, lost to my vision and to my heart alike for ever ; praying for death, I swooned.

Hours after, on waking, I found seated by my bedside, looking on me anxiously, and tending me kindly, madame du Barri. I was the poor lure that had served her purpose ; so far below her jealousy as to have engaged her pity. On my part, though she was the ruling reigning favourite, triumphant and fortunate, I regarded *her* without envy and without aversion. Though love had long ceased to be the link between her and her master, there must have been mortification so bitter in the degrading concessions she continually made to policy, that her ascendancy was dearly purchased.

In despair there is a semblance of tranquillity which often misleads. The tumult of the soul is quelled, when we believe that life for us has exhausted its emotions, that the future can have no trials in store for us, comparable to those through

which we have passed. For a long time I remained in one posture, neither weeping, nor even sighing; answering coherently though briefly the questions she put to me.

Deceived probably by this semblance of calmness into a belief that the moment was favourable, Madame Du Barri addressed me in the following strain. "My dear young lady, for you are very young indeed, almost still a child, and perhaps more childish than is usual at your age, in consequence of the seclusion in which you have always lived, this doubtless is a great grief, and appears a heavy trial to you. Yet I can assure you there are in France many girls of family much more distinguished than your own, who would consider you extremely enviable on all those accounts which you regard as causes of sorrow. And there are many who pass their youth in intriguing for the very position which chance has forced upon you. To be honoured with the notice and admiration of such a sovereign as Louis, to have engaged for a period, which I can assure you for him was a very long one, his devotion, with all the *agrémens* his generosity and desire to please induced him to offer you; this your young dream of love, having had all possible fruition—and let me tell

you, mademoiselle, that love dreams must all have an end, and any woman may esteem herself fortunate if hers lasts as long as yours—there succeeds for you a new and brilliant prospect, a marriage which will render you possessed of every means of qualification and enjoyment, with a name which the most careful secrecy has preserved unblemished.” My heart prompted an answer to every argument of this discourse. Yet I was silent, though my bosom swelled with indignation, and my lip curled with disgust, for I felt too much. Had the world anything to offer that could compensate for my betrayed innocence, my crushed affections?

Resuming, Madame Du Barri talked to me of the sovereign’s power and majesty; of the wide distinction between our ranks, and the necessity of submitting in all things to the law of his will. This Turkish doctrine amazed me, but I was unable to controvert it. My mental faculties had been too much dwarfed by the peculiar and pernicious circumstances of my rearing. Unequal to contest, I purposed to submit to whatever might be destined for me. Madame Du Barri seemed to take for granted that I had no idea of opposing the marriage, and this, as much as anything, discouraged me from attempting it. But it occurred

to me, that before I suffered myself to be led to the altar, I would make an appeal to my proposed bridegroom. Vague as were my perceptions of right and wrong, justice and sincerity I thought required this from me. That evening I dressed, and leaning on Madame Du Barri's arm, descended to the salon, in which the party who were to witness the marriage were again assembled. Monsieur le Baron was presented to me. He was distinguished looking though not handsome; the melancholy gravity of his expression rather encouraged my confidence. I begged him to grant me a few minutes' conversation apart. He appeared agitated, rather than surprised by this request, and moving towards the embrasure of a window, replied in hurried tones, "Mademoiselle de —, I believe you can have nothing important to communicate to me, that I have not been already informed of. If you entertain any objection to this arrangement of his majesty's, it may perhaps be lessened by my assuring you, that this marriage will be only one of form. After our union we separate as soon as I have had the honour of escorting you to your future residence."

No opportunity of replying was afforded me. I found myself drawn to my place in the procession

which had meanwhile been marshalled. We entered the chapel, the ceremony was performed. In the course of a few hours, I was posting along the route to Germany in a carriage, containing the Baron, who leaned back in it with closed eyes, as silent as myself. After a long and fatiguing journey, I reached the gloomy habitation, which I have never since quitted, and the baron having made a short stay to preserve appearances, left me to the comparative peace of solitude. In solitude I have continued to live, but I must do the baron the justice to say, that this has not been in compliance with his wish : on the contrary, he has often urged me most strenuously to appear at the Prussian court, and has repeatedly offered me an establishment at Berlin. Seven years have elapsed since the date of my marriage. Still I bear a dead heart in a living frame. Still I exist, still I endure.

The Baroness pressed her thin white hands to her temples, and ceased. My heart overflowed with sympathy for her woes. We were both long silent.

I know not if this narration had been too fatiguing for her ; if the excitement which gave her energy to make it on subsiding produced

a re-action of despondency ; if so minute a retrospection of past events vivified and increased her sorrows ; or if her frame, which the mildness of summer had in some degree renovated, was unable to withstand the returning chills of a less genial season. Perhaps the effect should be attributed to the combination of these causes. However this may be, alas, ominous of death like the song of the swan, the effort was her last. As soon as the autumnal blast howled amidst the forest pine trees, chased the dry leaves like a whirlwind along the garden paths, and shook the last few blighted blossoms from the flower-stalks, the Baroness grew worse. We drew her couch near and nearer to the fire, and heaped at her request mantles and furs upon her, but she still shivered. She lost the power of taking nourishment, and a languor, resembling continued somnolency, overcame her.

One evening, I and the priest sat in the dusk by her couch. We had both been reading until the light waned. We then remained watching her for some time. Surprised at length not to perceive the least movement, I felt her pulse. The priest lighted a lamp, and having fetched a little mirror, held it to her face. The pulse

had ceased to beat, the mirror was undimmed by any respiration. "She is no more," said the priest. Holy Maria, blessed virgin, give peace to her soul. I am thankful she did not depart until all the rites of the church had been fulfilled, "The good man indeed had left nothing on this score omitted." Not until after her funeral, was the Baroness's death announced to the Baron. This was in accordance with a promise she had exacted from us to that effect, saying, "Is it not better to spare him the hypocrisy of appearing on such an occasion as chief mourner? No, good father, let me confide the charge of my interment to you, my faithful friend, and to this kind stranger. If the tears you shed over me are few, and rather those of pity than regret, at least they will be sincere." It was so. Her remains were committed to the family vault in the chapel by *Perè Eustache* and the village priest, in the presence only of myself, her two servants, and one or two other persons necessarily employed in the ceremony.

Through the kindness of prince Henry, to whom I had applied, *Perè Eustache* received a valuable presentation. I rejoiced to have been instrumental in providing for the future welfare of this estimable

man. Before we quitted the chateau, a richly gilded monument arrived, which the Baron had ordered to be placed in the chapel. It exhibits the style and titles of the deceased, both as demoiselle and dame, at full length, with the armorial bearings of the two families, and of course the dates of her birth, marriage, and death; but the tablet bears no brief tribute of affection, no word of praise, of regret. It marks only that she existed.

CHAPTER XXV.

Vienna—The imperial palace—Maria Theresa—The court—
Austrian ladies—Prince Coleredo's assemblies—Marshal Lacy
—Laudohn—Prince Kaunitz—Melastases—The Countess d'Al-
thum—Courses de Traneaux.

POUR me distraire, I now passed to Vienna. My stay there was productive of few incidents, therefore my account of it will be short. Soon after my arrival I drove to the imperial palace, which is a vast, heavy, ugly, irregular pile ; or rather, I should say, collection of buildings, affording lodgment for several of the royal families, ministers, and officers of state ; without plan or symmetry, and destitute of gardens. It was a levee day. I intended to have the honour of presentation to the empress. Pre-occupied with ideas that, I believe, had been fixed in my mind by a picture I had seen of the beautiful queen of Hungary at sixteen, pronouncing a Latin oration to call the nobles of the empire to her assistance, with so much effect, that ere its

close a hundred swords leaped from their scabbards. I was somewhat shocked by the disappointment I experienced, when, on entering a chamber draperied with black velvet, I beheld, in a corpulent, unwieldy, infirm old woman, dressed in plain weeds, her face marked with the small-pox, and disfigured by the effects of an accident; her grey hairs combed back under a small black crape cap, and cut short in her neck; her legs swollen to an enormous size from dropsy, and clad in gaiters, to disguise their swathings,—the celebrated Maria Theresa. Yet I soon acknowledged the intelligence that beamed in her light grey eyes, her pleasing smiles, and the dignified urbanity of her address.

Devoted to the memory of her husband, at her age, almost romantically, once every month she repairs to the vault containing his remains, which is lighted on these occasions, and there, even in winter, and in spite of her infirmities, before dawn, kneeling on the bare stones, prays for the repose of his soul. She dedicates the whole of August, in which month he died, to his memory; passing it at Schonbrun in gloomy solitude, varied only by requiems, masses, and services for the dead. The performance of religious exercises, the

observance of fasts, engage the chief part of her time and attention ; the remaining portion is given to the discharge of her state duties ; if any leisure arises, she passes it in intercourse with her family.

A *dévot* sovereign's influence naturally renders a court sombre. In this instance, fortunately, it has also rendered it exemplary. Maria Theresa frowns on gallantry, and pardons no evidence of female levity ; banishment from court has, on several occasions, followed venal offences.

The Austrian ladies hold the marriage vow very sacred. It is characteristic of them, that they send their wedding rings to some shrine, to be kept for them, dreading, above all things, the omen attached to the loss of these pledges. In general they are fine women ; they have good hair and teeth, very fair skins, and dress richly, wearing a profusion of jewels, particularly diamonds. Though not cultivated—for holy legends, lives of saints and martyrs, with homilies, constitute all their reading—they are pleasing, their manners simple and unembarrassed. One cannot defend them from the charge of indolence and extreme apathy in all matters, except bigotry. Educated in convents, they retain, even after marriage, the habits acquired there. Every morning they drink chocolate in their

own apartments, and remain there invisible, except to their female servants and children, until it is time to go to mass. They dine early; after dinner, taking their boxes of *lac*, they repair to each other's houses. There is little conversation, and rarely any music; loo, ombre, or faro, are the common diversions. These evening receptions are usual at the first houses.

Prince Coleredo at home, surrounded by his numerous sons and daughters, uniting to the most pleasing simplicity of manners the finished breeding of a courtier and gentleman, attracted the most distinguished personages of Vienna to his reunions.

Here I have met the famous marshal Lacy, who, at sixty, retained a very handsome person, and comparatively youthful appearance; grave, but affable and communicative, he had the manners rather of a courtier than a soldier.

Marshal Laudohn, his great contemporary, taciturn, shy, undistinguished in a mixed company, unless by his name, or except the conversation turned upon war, rough-mannered, his features coarse and dark, his unpowdered hair thinned by time, his face meagre, his figure bony. Prince Kaunitz, for five-and-twenty years the empress's prime minister,

or rather, I should say, master ; so great was his ascendancy, partly derived from his possessing, in a superior degree, sense, knowledge, and rectitude ; partly from the absence of dissimulation and subserviency, which Maria Theresa knew how to value ; and perhaps equally as much from habit. Prince Kaunitz's foibles were often the subject of comment : he was proverbially unpunctual, and set all etiquette at defiance, in a manner that would have surprised any where, but more especially at one of the most ceremonious courts in the world.

The emperor often honoured these assemblies. He entered unannounced ; the ladies continued sitting, and his presence caused no sensation. Like all the royal family of Austria, his majesty was good-looking ; his complexion fair, his eyes blue, his features handsome, though he had the characteristic thick under-lip. Usually his dress was a white uniform, faced with red.

There, too, I have seen Gluck the composer, and Metastasio the poet. Metastasio commonly wore the habit of a canon. His figure was thick and short ; his countenance expressive ; his complexion pale ; his nose disproportionably large. Like Petrarch and Tasso, he loved unhappily. The object of his sighs was the countess d'Alheim, a *fair* Spaniard, who

united the greatest attractions of mind, manners, and person ; unfortunately a sovereign was the poet's rival.

The Austrians of the capital entertained magnificently. I speak of the table. At dinner, the connoisseur in wines had the satisfaction of finding a list of at least twenty kinds, on a card, beside his plate, from which he might select ; the gourmand, if his taste were not too refined to relish substantial plats, might here enjoy, in the highest perfection, fish from the Danube and lakes of Hungary, oysters from the Adriatic, truffles from Piedmont, Bohemian partridges and pheasants, Rhenish venison, and boar's flesh ; all renowned for their excellence.

The carnival season arrived while I was at Vienna. To add brilliancy to the gala-days, the arch-duchess of Milan, a young and lively Italian lady, had suggested the diversion of *Courses de Traineaux* by torchlight. Several hundred cart-loads of snow had been brought into the city the previous night, and strewed in the principal streets, forming a certain line. Thirty *traineaux*, richly carved and painted in different forms of swans, peacocks, butterflies, or shells, and elaborately gilded, having curtains of embroidered silk, were

attached to each other. The foremost were occupied by the arch-duchess of Milan and her sister-in-law, the arch-duchess Elizabeth. These ladies were wrapt in the most costly furs, and their heads ornamented with jewels. Each was driven by one of the arch-dukes, who, in pelisses of velvet, trimmed with sables, having buttons and clasps of diamonds, stood behind, holding the reins above her. The costume of the lady and gentleman was similar, but vieing in magnificence. Plumes and jewels ornamented the trappings of the horses; and the Heyduics, who ran beside, carrying long poles to clear the way, were attired in splendid habits, distinctive of the houses to which they belonged. At a signal, the train of sledges was set in motion, and passed with amazing velocity through the principal streets, between illuminated houses and balconies decorated with tapestry, flags, and flowers, while the spectators crowding the windows expressed their admiration by cheers. As the glittering, gleaming train flashed past a window at which I was stationed, the night air flung the rose-coloured curtains of a dove-shaped sledge apart, and there looked from it upwards a lovely laughing face—the face of a dark-haired woman, with large bright black eyes, and a brilliant bloom tinging a lily

skin. The blood rushed to my heart : so powerful was the likeness, that I fancied I beheld my wife ; and the thrill of the thought taught me all the pain and all the power of that still unextinguished, last love.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Travelling in Spain—Compagnons de Voyage—Crossing the Pyrenees—The Spanish Posada—The idiot beggar—The Hidalgo—Scenery *en route*—The fonda—The dancing Gitana—Monks and Brigands—A nocturnal adventure.

BEHOLD me now entering Spain by the route from Perpignan in a hired carriage, or *coche de cullera*, a great, roomy, lumbering vehicle, drawn by a *tiro*, that is, six mules, jingling with bells, two abreast, without any other harness than rope traces of a surprising length, which allow them to go to a distance, to face about, to return and wander again at pleasure. On the box of the carriage sit dangling the mayoral and zagal. The former is coachman, but without reins. His voice, aided by the cracking of his heavy whip, directs the mules to go faster, to turn to the right or left, to come in, and stops them instantly. The mayoral calls each mule by name, which is generally some military title, as *capitana*, *coronela*, *generala*, *commisaria*,

including his companion in the order, by adding *aquella otra*—and you other also. Almost invariably, the well-trained animals understand and obey him. If not, he admonishes, by aiming small pebbles at them. One no sooner leaves the last French land-mark behind, than the road becomes winding, rugged, and unbeaten, as the dry channel of a torrent; therefore, this mode of travelling appears too dangerous to be laughable; and though one admires the activity with which the zagal springs from the box to the head of his mules, at any critical moment, averting the peril that seemed imminent,—or tying himself to the traces between the two leading mules, and encouraging them by his shouts, guides them up some difficult ascent overhanging a precipice,—the state of excitement produced by these repeated risks, is far from agreeable.

A young English physician, with whom I had become acquainted at Aix-la-Chapelle, was the companion of my journey. He was travelling on the Continent to collect information for a treatise on the Spas of Europe. In him I found a person of amiable character, and much scientific information, whose only defect appeared to be a degree of sensitive modesty, amounting to *mauvaise honte*,

resulting from the studious seclusion in which he had chiefly lived. As I was not in very good health, I offered to take him with me, and to give him an opportunity of visiting Forges, Pau, and Bagneres, &c. I had also two servants; one, a Spanish courier, who spoke French fluently, was a good cook, and had been recommended to me as well acquainted with the country and its productions. This is very essential to comfort in travelling through Spain; for though one may obtain at different places excellent provisions,—especially bread, wine, and fruit,—it is necessary to know where to take in supplies. The other was a French valet, for my personal service, named Le Comte, a perfect *drôle*, of whom I shall, by-and-by, give a fuller description. To remedy as much as possible the inconveniences I was prepared to meet, I took with me in my Spanish coach the furniture of my own travelling carriage which I had left in France, consisting of mattresses, blankets, a sufficient supply of table-linen and plate, a miniature book-case, and a compact cooking-apparatus.

The rich and beautiful scenery of Rousillon enraptured me. How luxuriant are the sunny plains, through which meander the many tributary streams that seek the Garonne; the teeming orchards, the

verdant pastures, the olive groves, the mulberry plantations, the waving corn, the loaded vines, all bespeak product and abundance. It is not only a land of milk and honey, but of grain, silk, oil, and wine. This fertility spreads to the foot of the Pyrenees, whose sharp, rugged, pointed summits, seen from a vast distance, partake either of the whiteness of the clouds, or the azure of the sky in which they tower, and climbs their slopes.

The industry of the people on this side the Pyrenees, is strikingly exemplified by their custom of carrying little baskets, filled with earth, upon their heads, up ascents too steep to admit of the use of the wheel-barrow, in order to enrich small spots covered with olive-trees and vines, in the gorges or defiles.

Having passed the Puerteus, one expects, on descending the other side of this grand and stupendous natural barrier, *southward*, to meet more luxuriant crops, vineyards, orchards and gardens. For a while this expectation is disappointed. The scenery becomes dreary and desolate; one beholds dark and barren mountains, producing only cork-trees. The cause assigned in explanation of this, is, that the nature of the rock on the Spanish frontier differs from that of the French. It is here of sterile granite, while, on the other side, the crumbling limestone and

mouldering schist, reduced to powder, driven by the winds, or washed down by torrents, enrich the country below with a never-failing supply of marl.

Looking from my carriage-window, with that eager curiosity with which, on entering a new country, one seeks in the costumes of the inhabitants, in the dwellings, in the mode of culture, even in the animals, for those trifling variations which are the signs of it, I was pleased even with the novelty of meeting parties of soldiers, despatched to protect travellers from the attacks of banditti, or to intercept any stragglers from the horde of smugglers who infest these mountains ; pleased to observe, among the groups of peasants, with their mules and asses, employed in barking the cork-trees, that the Spanish gambeto and round hat had superseded the French frock-coat and chapeau ; that the dogs in the little villages through which we passed wore spiked collars, to assist them to defend themselves from the wolves ; to see the women churning milk in leathern bottles, by shaking it as they walked or stood talking at their doors ; and, on advancing further, to meet waggons drawn by oxen ; strings of mules, with their drivers wearing the red cap, the resilla, or hair-net, hang-

ing to the waist ; the short blue jacket, ornamented with metal buttons ; black velvet breeches, coloured worsted sash and sandals, which form the distinctive costume of the Catalans.

Figueras, where we stopped the first night, was then a vile little town, though it had its church and two convents. The greater part of the habitations were built of mud ; through the principal street ran an offensive sewer ; a few wretched lamps, affixed at distant intervals to the walls of the houses, served only to render the gloom more dismal. A crowd of loiterers had assembled in front of the inn to which we drove ; they were listening to the music of a screeching bag-pipe, a large flageolet, and a little drum. As soon as the carriage stopped, the mistress of the house, with three children clinging about her, peeped from the door at us, and then ran away, as we were told, to dress. A dirty, barefooted little girl, with her long hair hanging lank and disordered about her shoulders, came to take orders. This *fonda* was a house of the most inferior description. Besides a large smoking kitchen, reeking with the fumes of tobacco and garlic, and a sleeping-loft over the stables, there was only one apartment. In this the walls were merely plastered, but adorned with wretched prints

of saints, tawdrily decorated images and relics ; the floor was the ground itself, partially strewn with rushes ; parchment, in some degree, supplied the place of glass, in the small solitary window. All the furniture consisted of two beds : that is, old dirty mattresses, placed on boards, supported by tressels ; two broken benches, a rickety table, a brazier, and a little pewter lamp, dripping with oil, in the middle of the room.

Even this miserable chamber was in possession. A *hidalgo*, cavalier or knight, gaunt, meagre, swarthy, and rueful of aspect as Don Quixotte himself, had already deposited his broad hat, his gloves and pistols, on the table ; near him, on the floor, lay a valise, and crouching at his feet a tawny pointer dog. There was freedom and dignity in the Spaniard's attitude, a grace in the manner in which his voluminous brown *capa* was flung about him, a martial keenness in his dark grey eyes, a firmness in the grave moustache-covered lip, which struck me as highly pictorial ; the pooriness and gloominess of the surrounding accessories rather harmonized with, than deteriorated from this effect. I was dismayed at the deficiencies of the accommodation, but it appeared that I had no alternative to passing the night here. Matrillo

assured me there was no better inn within seven leagues. As one travelled with the same mules, posting being only established on the route from Madrid to Cadiz, it was not possible to proceed so far until the next day. At length the hostess—a fat, slipshod woman, wearing a stuff petticoat, so short, that it displayed rather too much of her very substantial legs; a cotilla, or pair of stiff-peaked stays, plated with iron; a coloured apron, several rows of large blue and yellow glass beads round her neck, large gold ear-rings, and her grey hair without any covering but a net—entered, bringing, in a pewter basin, a mess of steaming *olla*; that is, a hodge-podge of beef, bacon, sausages, pease, potatoes, turnips, carrots, onions, cabbage, garlic, all stewed together, and seasoned with pimento. This is the only national meat dish of the Spaniards. It is called *olla*, or *puchero*. The latter from the puchero, earthen pitcher, in which it is stewed over a fogon, or little furnace. Constructed of any old bottomless tin-pot, with the addition of two or three iron bars, the fogon, which holds a few deniers' worth of charcoal—an article in which they are very frugal,—constitutes not only the poor man's whole culinary apparatus, but performs the chief office in the citizen's kitchen. Hence, in Spain, the invitation to partake of their *puchero*, or pot-luck,

is literal. Having learnt from Matrillo that the hostess could only offer for my supper some of this *olla*, or some *gaspacho*, which proved to be a cold mess of bread, vinegar, oil, and onions, I dispatched him to procure me some eggs. He soon returned, and prepared them by means of our little machine, the value of which I now fully appreciated.

In the meantime, the hidalgo—who had entered into conversation with me through Matrillo's interpretation—let me know, that in virtue of his military rank, he had sent for the alcade of the place, requiring to be billeted for the night on some family; adding very courteously, that, as in all probability we should find better quarters elsewhere, he would, if I pleased, include me as belonging to his party. This was a great relief. I felt sure that any lodging assigned to us would be preferable to this dirty hostel. While supping, I was half-stifled with the volumes of tobacco-smoke that escaped from the kitchen; for the door of our apartment would not close, and had a full view of the groups of carriers and muleteers occupying the benches within the ample chimney. In the corners of the scantily-furnished kitchen, were piled bales of goods, and the panniers with which the mules had been laden. Regaling together at a long table, sat the travellers whom the *arrieros* had

conducted. Amongst them I observed a Jew, a French merchant, a friar, and two men in provincial costume. One was an Arragonese, and wore the mitre-shaped black velvet cap, and the *bragas*, or short full white trowsers peculiar to his district. The other, a Murcian, was dressed all in white, except a mantle of coarse striped stuff, about half an ell wide and two long, a *montera* or leathern cap, and sandals made of the *esparto* rush.

These men, putting out of the question an occasional burst of laughter, or a snatch of some *seguidillo* or *tiranna* from the drovers, made much less noise than I think men of the same class of any other country would have done; but I was extremely annoyed, by the freedom of a wretched, half-naked, idiot beggar, who, chattering gibberish, grinning, and making mouths like a monkey, hovered about my chair, watching me while I ate. Surprised though I was, that the people of the inn should permit this intrusion, I gave him a small piece of money, bidding him begone. He left me for a few moments, and circulated among the groups in the kitchen, but returned and recommenced the same antics as before, pointing to a piece of bread with gestures of entreaty. I pushed the bread towards him, which he immediately snatched and hid in his

vest, and again told him to leave me. The next time he returned, it was some of my wine that he wanted. Out of patience with this pest, I desired Matrillo to get rid of him. He expostulated, as I thought, faintly; and finding the beggar did not attend to him, he turned from him to me, with a shake of the head, and the "*No hay remedio*," a reply one hears much too often in Spain.

I became more accustomed to the extreme indulgence accorded to similar objects of compassion in this country. The sins of Spain must be manifold, if her charity does not cover them, for it is ample indeed. So ample, that one cannot doubt but its excess fosters the wretchedness it relieves. Her lazar-houses, her hospitals, her poor-houses are numerous, large, and ever open; alms and food are given at the gate of every monastery and convent, twice and thrice a week; in most of the towns, the civil authorities serve out to the poor the contents of the public *puchero*; and several opulent sisterhoods and fraternities among them—the sisters and the brothers of Mercy, and those distinguished by the strange title of "mortal sin," and "bread, and eggs"—devote themselves to the succour of the indigent: yet her streets swarm with beggars, who, exaggerating their in-

firmities, render themselves disgusting to excite compassion, and actually rob by importunity.

The alcade now appeared. I had expected an official of some personal dignity; and it was not without surprise that I saw the *hidalgo* rise and salute a little dirty-looking man, wearing a *colete* or leathern jacket without sleeves, bound round the waist with a girdle of the same. This personage was accompanied by an *escrivano* or scribe, to whom he dictated a note, requesting the superior of the convent of Cordeliers to afford us lodgings for the night. The messenger having returned with a very hospitable answer, we prepared to quit the inn. On looking over my bill, I was surprised to find a charge made for the *ruida del casa*—noise of the house—which I could well have dispensed with,

Having crossed a square with a piazza round it, more tolerable than I had believed Figueras could boast, we soon arrived at the gate of the convent, opening into a large court-yard. The good-natured monks welcomed us cordially, and led us to the refectory, a handsome hall, containing several fine paintings. As soon as possible I retired to rest. We found some cleanly, though not luxurious beds prepared in two lofty cells, prettily floored with

porcelain tiles, each furnished with a large mat, a chair, a table, a basin and ewer, a hassock and crucifix ; the little Gothic windows of these cells, which adjoined, were overhung with vine-leaves, tendrils, and grapes ; they opened into a large and excellent garden.

Before we slept, the hidalgo and I managed a conversation. My acquaintance with several other continental languages enabled me to comprehend the Spanish very easily, for it differs chiefly in its accentuation and terminations. I replied in French or Latin, of which he had some knowledge. Like most of his class, grave, vain, haughty, bigoted, slenderly educated and informed ; but, on the other hand, generous, high-spirited, punctiliously honourable, the cavalier relaxed much from his ordinary stateliness with me, and was laconic rather than taciturn. I learnt from him that his order, the *hijos-dalgo*, knights, or petty nobles, constitute a fourth estate in the cortes of Arragon, and enjoy throughout the kingdom many privileges and immunities. They are exempt from several taxes ; their person, arms, and horses are free from arrest ; none but the royal family can be quartered on them ; they cannot be examined on the rack ; if convicted of any crime, they are

not sent to common prisons, but are confined in castles, or on parole in their own houses ; last, but greatest privilege of all ! they are not hanged, but strangled. He spoke with enthusiasm of his descent from those powerful and independent nobles, who had formerly administered to the king of Aragon, on his accession, this singular oath,—“ We, who are equal to you, and who are more powerful than you, make you our king, upon condition that you do not infringe our privileges ; if not, *not*.”

After touching upon some general matters, he told me that he was returning home from a visit he had been paying to his daughter, who was married, and resided at Valencia, which he described as a very agreeable city, beautifully situated, light, handsome and airy in appearance. Foreigners, he added, are invariably pleased with Valencia ; the inhabitants are wealthy, and devoted to amusement ; passionately fond of singing, dancing, feasting, and promenading ; they even convert the church festivals into public recreations. The grave and reserved Spaniards of all the other provinces consider the Valencians as so light in body and mind, that there is a proverb which says of them,

“ La carne es yerva, la yerva aqua ;

Los hombres mugeres, las mugeres nada.

“Flesh here is grass;—grass, water;—men are women;—women, nothing.”

Don Pedrilla continued, that had I been travelling his way, into Arragon, he should have been very happy to offer me the best accommodation his country-house afforded. I thanked him, and said I had entered Spain with the most desultory views, but that in passing over the Pyrenees, I had been seized with so ardent a desire to explore their heights, to penetrate into the lovely valleys they sheltered, that I had formed the intention of sending on my carriage to Barcelona, in the care of my friend, who wished to examine the mineral springs of Val Ebron, and that I should retrace my steps, in order to gratify my curiosity by wandering among those picturesque wilds, while the remains of summer permitted it. Whether I should trespass on his hospitality, as yet I knew not; but it was agreed that we should commence our journey in company.

Having hired a guide and three strong mules, two of which carried the baggage, consisting of a necessary portion of wearing apparel, a small stock of ammunition, sheets, mattresses, blankets, quilts, table-cloths and napkins, knives, forks, spoons, the cooking apparatus, and a large copper stewpan with a padlock, we set forth; the hidalgo à caballo, with

his servant, and Matrillo, both mounted on asses. We were, of course, armed. The muleteer carried a knife as well as pistols in his belt, and each of the servants had a gun slung beside him.

For a considerable distance our road the first day followed the windings of a stream, which having overflowed, had formed large pools in many places ; these we were obliged to ford. Descending from a height, whence we had a view of the Bay of Rosas, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean, enclosed by gently swelling hills, almost covered by groves of the ever-green algarobbo, and dotted by little marine villas, which being white, with balconies and verandahs, have a very picturesque effect ; we crossed a large plain, diversified by a hamlet, with its church ; a convent of Capuchins standing in the midst of a large and beautiful enclosure, planted with lime trees and elms, having also fine gardens in its rear ; and by single dwellings shaded by clumps of oaks, ashes, or cherry-trees, in the midst of the little farms belonging to them. These farms, producing on the same ground, in beds of four feet wide, corn, wine, oranges and olives, are divided by a fence of the American aloe. In the centre of each is a large reservoir, surrounded by a wall with a stone cope, on which the women wash and beat their linen.

By means of a sort of chain pump, the water is diverted from this well into the channels between the narrow beds. At a short distance these farms have the appearance of gardens.

Ascending now the amphitheatre of hills that screen the plain, ever fragrant with the myrtle, arbutus, the aromatic shrubs and flowering plants, which clothe them with perpetual verdure from the base to the top of the cone, I perceived that we were scaling only the outer bulwarks of the many bands which constitute the great chain of the Pyrenees. Eminence beyond eminence, peak above peak, became visible as we advanced; between them lying a fantastic labyrinth of valleys, gorges, ravines, intersected by torrents that leap from the hills in cascades, sleep upon the plains in little lakes, or more often serpentine through them. What an exquisite variety of scenery presented itself as we progressed. It is the peculiarity of these regions to contain within the smallest space, and to offer within the shortest period, the greatest possible diversity of aspect.

We halted for the night at a solitary inn, a *venta*,—that is, in fact, only a lodging-house for wayfarers, which does not furnish provisions. I began to think—experience confirmed it—that the inns in Spain

resemble mightily and chiefly in the particular that they are bad. The cause is, that the business of an inn-keeper here is considered discreditable. It is, beside, a function which each householder is compelled in turn to discharge for the space of one year. In general, therefore, they are persons unacquainted with the business, whose own interest is not much concerned: consequently, they are inattentive to the comfort of their guests.

The *venta* in question was a building partly of wood, and partly of mud, one hundred feet in length, though it contained only a kitchen, with a pent-house for cattle adjoining. The size of the kitchen may be judged. About the door stood several peasants drinking wine in a manner peculiar to Spain: holding their heads back, and the leathern bottle far above, they pour the wine down their throats, without letting the neck of the bottle touch their lips, yet without spilling a drop. It seems that the flavour must escape the palate. Soldiers appeared at the door of the *venta*, as soon as they heard our arrival. An officer required our passports, and examined them. The master of the house was a *Gitano*. His daughter,—a nimble-footed, smiling, black-eyed girl, neatly dressed in a black boddice and chintz petticoat, which displayed

her pretty feet, buckled shoes, and stockings of dark blue raw silk,—invited us to take seats in the chimney, which was ten feet square. Here the master of the *venta* sat smoking, and all the *élite* of the company had assembled; the carriers and drovers having retired to the stables. There was a Beguin nun going to Figueras; a young student, dressed in a long loose black gown and vest, with a small linen band, returning, at the expiration of his holiday leave, to Gerona; two French tourists, a botanist, and geologist; and three men of stalwart proportions, in the garb of monks, who kept their cowls closely drawn over their faces. In a low arm-chair, in the innermost nook of the chimney, sat, or rather crouched, a strange-looking figure, clothed in black, whom I at first mistook for a monk, but afterwards discovered to be an aged female.

The good-natured Gitano girl brought me a basin of water to wash my hands, and assisted Matrillo to prepare my supper: having served it, cleared away the platters and horns lying about, put the *puchero* aside, thrown on a log, and arranged the fire, she brought her sewing, and sat near her father. The *venta* was so large, that, except where the lamp and fire threw a light, every object was in obscurity. We heard voices in the

out-house, the neighing and trampling of the cattle, and the jingling of their bells, but perceived only indistinctly the figures of the persons there.

Once our circle was intruded on by a dark-faced gipsy, who came from the stable ; as he returned with the pipe he had lighted, I made out in the gloom a group of women and children nestling together upon some straw in a stall tenanted also by two asses and their foals. They seemed to be regaling themselves with the contents of the panniers before them. From this group shortly emerged a young girl dressed in a black vest, with full hanging sleeves of blue, red, and yellow striped stuff, and black basquina, bordered and fringed gaudily, with a many-coloured woollen sash, scarlet stockings, worked with yellow clocks, brass buckles in her shoes, gilt ear-rings, and tawdry gilt ornaments in her hair. In her hand she carried a tambourine. Pausing a moment in the centre of a clear space opposite the hearth, she looked about her as if to engage attention, beat a few times deliberately on the tambourine with the back of her small, brown hand ; then raising the instrument high, on the tips of two of her slender fingers, she whirled it, tinkling, round and round, commencing at the same time a spirited and varied *passe-pied*,

to the accompaniment of a drum, resembling the volero, except that she had not a partner, which, like all those of southern origin, was full of pantomime. The young girl's figure was light and lithe. Her slow movements graceful and expressive. When the measure changed, she bounded with a wild vivacity which gave one the idea that she was dancing out of pure delight in the pastime. This was not so, however ; for, having ended, she held her tambourine to every one for contributions. Several persons threw her a few deniers ; I, not having any copper coin, a quarter pistreen. Smiling, she showed her large white teeth, and her ebon fringed eyes glistened with pleasure. " Parrac, parrac," she repeated in acknowledgment.

I noticed a telegraphic gesture that passed between the monks when the coin fell into her tambourine, but was not surprised that their reverences should disapprove the action. The girl stood awhile by the hearth, then seated herself on the ground. After looking some time attentively at the face of the maid of the inn, who was busy at work, she said, " Are you, too, a gitana ?" The question was full of meaning. There was, indeed, a great difference between these two young girls of the same race : the sort of difference one sees between

wild and domestic animals of the same species. The innkeeper's daughter was so sleek, so plump, so neat, so good-tempered, yet so sedate looking. The other girl's figure was so slight, that it was almost meagre, her tawdry dress worn and tattered, her swarthy cheek already haggard, though she was but a child in years ; but every motion was invested with the grace of freedom, and mind looked forth in each quick glance of her bold eyes.

"A gitana ! a gitana !" exclaimed a voice, but not that of the person to whom the question had been addressed, with an accent of horror, so strong that it amounted to a shriek, "No, no, St. Iago di Compostella and all the saints witness. Santa Maria," continued the strange looking old woman, pressing her beads rapidly while she muttered, "Thirty steps—the king's balcony—the scaffolds—all full. See, they come ! A hundred charcoal men, with the wood for the fire—a white cross—the Dominicans. A red standard—naked sword—crown of laurels, the arms of Spain—a green cross wrapped in black crape—the inquisition—the inquisitors ! I know them by the black and white crosses on their cloaks—fifty halberdiers in black and white."

"Peace, good mother," said the innkeeper, laying down his pipe, "you dream."

“What is the matter with her?” asked the itinerant gipsy, who had occasioned this excitement. Petronella, the maid of the venta, sighed, shook her head, but did not reply.

Matrillo afterwards told me, he had learnt that the old senora had been the daughter of a very opulent merchant, in Segovia, who lived with even more than the usual luxury of that class. But immediately after the passing of that cruel edict of the inquisition for the extirpation of the gipsies throughout the kingdom, he had been accused of having the blood of that race in his veins through descent, from a remote ancestor, thrown into prison with his daughter and her family, stripped of his possessions, and finally burnt at the stake. After a long confinement, this daughter, with her children, was released, but only to find herself forcibly separated from her husband, and degraded, for ever from her original caste. These calamities had produced a mental malady, an aberration of mind, which chiefly evinced itself in apathy, except when particular chords of memory were touched.

Soon after, the old woman rising, and leaning on her crutch-stick, looked vacantly around her. Her granddaughter rose too, and kindly lent her support. They walked to the farther end of the

rude hall, where a corner portioned off from the rest by a curtain, seemed to form a retiring chamber, and we saw no more of the old woman.

As soon as Petronilla returned, the dancing girl began again to converse with her. I amused myself by listening, both as an exercise to my Spanish, for Matrillo was at hand, and because I always felt a keen interest and much inquisitiveness respecting this singular people, who have lived many centuries among almost all the European nations, engaging from time to time the attention and speculations of the learned, who have yet been unable to penetrate the mystery that hides their origin. Nor do they know anything of themselves, how, when, why, or whence they came, for they have no history, no records, no traditions. In each of the countries inhabited by their tribes, they assimilate in some degree to the natives, and speak their language; but not to the exclusion of their own tongue, which they preserve and transmit, though they have neither teachers, scholars, books, nor letters. Without any peculiar customs or rites, for they have no religion, consequently neither altars, priests, images, gods, nor idols, they have preserved their distinctness: surviving the many edicts tending to their extinc-

tion, the continual persecution to which they have everywhere been exposed, they can still boast independence.

Many attempts have been made to extirpate, none to subjugate them: they have marvellously escaped that amalgamation with other nations, which one would think inevitable. Their numbers appear neither to increase nor diminish. The present race live as their forefathers lived, always in sight of the sky, sojourning on the green sward in the mossy dell, by the stream in the greenwood, on the heath, or the rocky mountain, constantly familiar with all that is most beautiful in nature, yet the only people on the face of the earth *without poetry* of any kind, even without the poetry of legends, of a creed. "Like the birds and squirrels, and other *feræ naturæ* around them, they are born and die unnoticed, leaving behind no trace of their existence, not even a tomb."

"*Che*," said the itinerant gipsy to the other, "*Poureedi hatchaparai yog. Nafflee? Wudrusti cheris?*" Signifying, "girl, why did the old mother rise from the fire, is she ill? or is it her bed time? How? you do not understand. Ah, you are no gitana, if you were you could not live always in this place. If we had not to sell, to get money, to

go to the *borrouco*, (shop,) and the *waggalus*, (fair,) we should never enter any dwelling but our own. How can you sit and sew so long. I love to lie in the sun out doors, and when it is cold the fire blazes so much brighter in the air. The Bohemian gitana with us says, that, except in Spain, our people live always in tents."

At this moment the young student struck a few chords on his guitar, the prelude to a song ; which might be rendered,—

As the moon's mild beams control
The wildest tides that roll,
Thy influence sways my soul,
Dear Leila, mine.

As the lake reflects the sky ;
When it smiles, shines tranquilly,
But 'neath its frowns grows gloomy.
Heed, Leila, mine.

As the flowers take their hue
From the light, so I from you
All my moods ; then, oh ! be true,
Be kind, Leila.

Meanwhile, the three monks seated at a table apart, were indulging with a somewhat scandalous joviality in their potations ; at times they confabulated in a low tone, their cowled heads clustered together. A Bohemian pedlar now appeared, dis-

playing his box of wares, which consisted chiefly of small gilt waxen images of saints and martyrs, with some religious relics.

The young gitana went the round of the company, offering to tell their fortunes. When she approached the monks with an arch look of assumed timidity, I was surprised to see one of them permit her to take his hand, and still more so, when she had examined it, to notice the gaze of suspicious scrutiny she fixed on his face. Baffled by the folds of the cowl, she turned thoughtfully away, and for a moment her levity subsided. The innkeeper's daughter shortly afterwards beckoned to her. Drawing out of a little bag a small silver coin, she gave it to the gitana, who was presently engaged in telling her fortune. Much tittering, whispering, and blushing ensued, and I heard the young impostor's reckless laugh ring loudly, again and again.

I found that I was to share the sleeping loft with the Spanish officer commanding the detachment of soldiers quartered at the venta, the young student, and the hidalgo. Matrillo arranged a bed for me there, with my own mattresses, &c. and I retired some time after the rest of the party. I lay down, and might have slept about two hours, when I was awakened by a touch. I felt a light hand on my arm,

and then a gentle grasp. Alarmed, confused, instantly seizing the loaded pistol I had placed beneath my pillow, I started up, and looked round to discover the object at which, in case of need, I should discharge it. To my surprise, by the glimmering rays of a lantern suspended from the centre of the loft, I perceived the shining, black-haired head of the dancing gipsy girl, who was crouching close beside me. Annoyed at this intrusion, I recoiled from her touch with an impatient gesture, and was about to speak. She laid her hand upon my mouth, then her finger upon her own lips ; rose, put aside the quilt which Matrillo had hung as a curtain to screen my couch, and beckoned me to follow. Not understanding her intention, I shook my head, waved her from me, and lay down again with my pistol in my hand, drawing the bed-clothes over me. In an instant she was again at my side ; grasping my arm firmly, she endeavoured to drag me up. "Come," she whispered peremptorily, in Spanish ; then repeated it with a tone of entreaty. Leaving me, she paused at the top of the ladder by which one descended from the loft.

As I had lain down half dressed, I rose and followed, with the intention of getting rid of her, by shutting the trap door as soon as she

should have gone down. On the steps of the ladder a little lamp was burning, which she had left there. She continued to beckon me on. I remained at the top irresolute how to act, because unable to divine the purpose of her conduct. Bending over, when she had descended halfway, I perceived, lying very near each other, on a pile of sacks and blankets, the three monks.

Motioning me to observe, the gitana crept down the ladder, and without shoes, and on tiptoe, stole softly to this group. Shading the lamp with her hand, she waited a few moments to ascertain if they were profoundly asleep, then, having put down the light, she, with the utmost caution, opened the cowls of one of the men. To my astonishment, instead of a tonsured head, I saw a profusion of grizzly black hair, a long thick beard only partially shaved, and the strong, dark line of a moustache that seemed to have been very recently removed. The countenance displayed was fierce and terrible. As soon as the gitana saw I had well observed his face, she let the cowl fall as before, rapidly and noiselessly remounted the ladder half way. Laying her hand caressingly on my pistol, she whispered a few words in Spanish, and repeated them with emphasis thrice, as if to impress them on my memory,

adding at last, Matrillo. I could not comprehend her meaning, but I remembered the words. She then shut the trap door, and I returned to bed.

Having on consideration convinced myself that no immediate danger threatened, I slept. In the morning, as soon as Matrillo came to me, I desired him to bring my travelling vocabulary of the Spanish language. In this book I found some of the words the gitana had used. "Beware—man—brigand—again—mountains." The signification was clear enough; I rose with the intention of informing the officer, by means of Matrillo's interpretation, of the gipsy's warning; but when I went down, the gipsy men with their wares, the asses and mules they had to swop, and the dancing gitana, were gone; so also were the three monks.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The mendicant's story.—A hidalgo's country house.—La Senhora.
—The Maragoto.—Mountain scenery.—A halt.—The Padre
Curé, and his aunt.—An Arragonese peasant's wedding.—The
Cugots, or white lepers.

AT the close of the second day the sun was sinking behind the gorgeously tinted mountains, as our weary mules slowly progressed along a broad avenue three quarters of a mile in length, perfectly straight, and planted closely with double rows of elms and poplars. Here, though the golden sun-light now partially streamed, the thickness of the foliage and the size of the trunks produced a delightful depth of shade. At intervals there were stone benches for the repose of the traveller, and in the centre of the avenue, and at the end, a large circular piece of turf enclosed with a fence, bordered with a triple row of trees, and also having seats, offered a still more attractive resting place. The warbling of a number

of birds produced so charming a harmony, that one could not resist pausing to listen. In this bower, upon a carpet of blue iris, lay a young, and half naked mendicant, who had gone to sleep while eating a handful of chestnuts. He was instantly at our sides, nor did he quit us for half a mile. Certainly he was one of the happiest looking fellows I ever saw; with his long, lank, black hair, his merry eyes, his large white teeth, and his fragment of a hat, he would have made a subject for Murillo. I was surprised at the hidalgo's patience with him. He really took great pains to explain that it would be convenient to him, if the beggar would excuse his bestowing any thing, for that he had no small change. In England, so strong, idle, and impudent a fellow would have met only with reproof. When I asked him why he did not work, he answered, that he had always lived on the charity of the pious, and so had his father before him. His grandfather, he added, had been a very rich man. Then what became of his inheritance? inquired the hidalgo. In reply, he told us a strange story.

“Near where the old man lived,” he said, “there was a certain fountain famous for changing by the power of its waters, silver into gold.” His grandfather wishing to increase his fortune, sold all his

stock, and got together all the money he had, contriving to have the whole sum in small silver pieces. He carried it in sacks to the stream, and poured it in. Very long he sat watching his heaps, in hopes of seeing the change, at length from weariness he fell asleep. When he awoke, to his great grief his treasure had disappeared; but how, he knew not, though it seemed probable that he had been robbed of it by some one who had watched him.

Not far from the termination of the avenue was the hidalgo's country house. It stood on an enclosed green, surrounded by a low stone wall. At the back was a filbert grove; about it a number of juniper and box trees, which in this country grow to a considerable height. Strange to say, in front of the building were all the domestic offices, even pig-sties. Yet the house was painted externally in fresco, and displayed a large carved coat of arms. Noticing that a boiler was quartered on it, I asked the reason for the adoption of this strange device. Senhor Pedrilla informed me that the cavaliers were termed *Ricos hombres de pendon y caldera*—rich men of the pennon and boiler—because they had formerly the right of carrying to the field in their baggage, a boiler for the use of their vassals.

We entered the dwelling through the coach-house. The ground floor was occupied by a kitchen and hall, for the use of the servants, and the reception of common guests. Not until I had ascended one flight of stairs did I perceive any order or comfort of arrangement ; here was a large room, the walls of which were covered half way with painted canvass, at one end was a brazier, the olive dust burning in it emitted an agreeable perfume ; there were several mats on the floor ; a shade outside the window as well as curtains within ; an oaken table with bare oaken benches ; a walnut wood sideboard, displaying several articles of massive and antique plate ; pictures on the wall—a portrait of the celebrated Spanish heroine, Jane of the Hatchet, whom mine host informed me was an ancestress of his wife ; another of a lady wearing a ruff and a stomacher, her dwarf in the background ; a third of a knight decorated with the ancient and extinct order of the Jar of Lilies.

The Senhora, to whom I was presented, was a middle-aged woman, swarthy, pale, and corpulent, with petillant black eyes, and teeth almost as black, who sat huddled up in a large spart rush chair very near the brazier, with an ample muslin mantela hanging from the top of her head, and numbers of

wrappers about her. She wore neither paint, patch, nor powder. Her hair, partially grey, was merely parted and twisted up in a knot behind, in the common provincial fashion. Nor was there in her appearance any evidence of pretension, except the number of rings that blazed on her little fat hands, which were almost continually occupied in conveying *dulces* from her lap to her mouth. She smoked too a little roll of tobacco in white paper, apparently with much enjoyment, continuing to absorb the vapour for a long time, and then emitting it in great volume, in a manner particularly scientific. In her lap lay always a small flint and a bit of amadori, with which she struck a light to ignite her cigarro.

During my stay, except at meals when she played a very active part, using those same little ringed fingers a great deal more than the usual implements, I mean knives and forks, the lady remained in a similar posture, amusing herself in a similar way. The hidalgo seemed very proud of his spouse, she derived her descent from blue blood. In Spain they reckon birth by three kinds of blood, blue, green, and yellow, the blue is the superlative degree. She had conveyed into her lord's family many privileges. The eldest son, I understood, was in the maes-

tranza, a sort of militia composed of young noble-men, and then at Barcelona. His father talked with much pride of him, his horses, uniform, and equipment. The younger son, (in this country they suffer more even than elsewhere from the exclusive rights of primogeniture,) came in from the fields as soon as it grew dusk, where he had been superintending the labourers. He wore short woollen hose, packthread shoes, skin breeches, a doublet thrown carelessly over his left shoulder, and two hats. His air, like his costume, was that of a peasant.

Supper was served. Though the cookery was not very delicate, I made a tolerable meal. After broth, in which floated large slices of bread, a fricasseé, or as they call it *guisado*, of game with onions, garlic, tomatoes, and love apples, was set before us; then a dish of pickled sea-bream from the bay of Biscay, which I found very good: an omelette followed. Opposite the sitting room ran a low gallery opening into bed chambers; at the end of the gallery were two alcoves. The hidalgo's son occupied one, the other was prepared for me. I climbed upon a mountain of quilts, and sunk immediately into an abyss of eider. Fortunately the night was not warm, and I slept well. Rising next morning early, that I might make some progress

before the sun was at its height, I drank a cup of chocolate and took leave of the hidalgo and his family, with many thanks for their hospitality. Matrillo did not fail to apprise me that it was customary on such occasions to give a present to each of the servants, and as they were equally numerous and ragged, I found that my entertainment cost me rather more than I should have paid at a good French inn.

Always now either ascending or descending, we progressed through a wild and beautiful region, presenting an exquisite variety of scenery, travelling thirty or forty miles each day, a distance my guide, a lean, sallow, silent Maragoto, who ran or walked by the side of the mules, performed without the least fatigue. Next sunset I found myself on a plain covered with the brightest and softest verdure, through which wound a stream supplying a number of saw-mills, that in turn took possession of its waters. Chafed and foaming it passed from the wheel of one ; scarcely had it recovered its tranquillity, when its current was appropriated by another. Around the saw-mills lay piles of timber in picturesque confusion. Detached dwellings, overshadowed by limes and chestnut trees, varied the scene. Here osiers fringed the banks, willows bent over the stream, or the slight poplar raised

its spiral head, and was reflected in its waters. There a rustic bridge of planks spanned it; farther on it wandered sluggishly, imbedded in some mead, under the thickened ombrage. Unwilling to proceed after dusk, I was disappointed at learning there was neither posada nor venta near at hand. I was advised to seek the hospitality of the *Padré Curé*, and directed to his residence.

We passed a curious old church, having a large dome rising out of an hexagonal tower, and followed the zig-zag mountain road for some distance. Dashing down a narrow and darkly wooded ravine, roared a cataract, the same torrent I had seen wandering through the plain below. Above it, at the height of ninety feet, hung a wooden bridge of a single arch. Midway, up one of the steeps, was a platform of some extent, sheltered by jutting rocks, that, at a distance, had the appearance of ruins. Here were several habitations, shaded by fine walnut and fig-trees. The most considerable, a wooden building painted white, that seemed to nestle amid the thick, bright foliage of the aroma-breathing *arbutus*, was the minister's house. The small level on which it stood had been profitably employed. There was an orchard containing at least one of almost every kind of fruit-tree: the

prickly pear, plum, cherry, filbert, chestnut, algarrobo, beside orange, lemon, olives, and vines. A large plot was devoted to flowers ; there was also a potager. Like most houses of the same class, this had at the back a large shed of turf, supported by rustic pillars, which were, in fact, trunks of trees overgrown with ivy. This shed is the retreat of the cattle during the noontide heats.

We entered a large kitchen, from which one saw in perspective a dairy of inviting aspect, both in point of coolness and the nicety of its arrangement. The *Padré Curé* was not at home. I was received by his aunt, a little hunchback, who, in spite of deformity and plainness, had nothing repulsive in her exterior. The neatness of her attire, which was black, except a white handkerchief tied on her head in such a manner that the corners fell on her shoulders ; the musical tone of her voice, the mild expression of her countenance, her pleasing smile, inspired one instantly with a good opinion of her. That evening we supped in a little chamber newly white-washed, comfortably matted and furnished with rush chairs, having a little cabinet stored with various fine specimens of fossils and minerals, also a bookcase. Glancing at the titles of the works it contained, I found, besides Spanish ser-

mons, translations of Bossuet, Flechier, and Massillon's discourses ; Mariana's History of Spain ; the Voyages of Francis Coreal ; the Arancana of Herzilla, an epic poem ; the poems of Lopez de Mendoza ; the Marquis of Santillana's sonnets ; Los Amantes de Ternel, by Lopez de Vega ; Montengone's Odes ; and two of Quevedo's romances.

From the window of this room one looked on the ravine below, with its rocks, wood, and torrent, and had a distant view of the beautiful and tranquil valley I had recently crossed. One sound only, blending with the echo that prolonged it, broke without disturbance, so soothing was its monotony, the stillness of this seclusion. It was the falling of the timber, felled in the woods above us, into the torrent that conveyed it to the valley. The *Padré Curé* had scarcely passed the meridian of life ; yet his dark hair was silvered ; he wore it short and straight, combed sleekly over his forehead. His figure was very tall, spare, and rather bent ; he was habited in a long, loose, black gown, which folded across his breast, and was fastened round the waist by a leathern strap. Out of doors, it was surmounted by an ample cloak, and a hat with two corners, one behind, the other before. His profile was aquiline, his complexion sallow ; he had

not that air of health one expects to see in all the inhabitants of the mountains. The meekness of his bearing, and the gentleness of his manners, were extremely pleasing : but one felt immediately persuaded that he was unhappy, or if not unhappy, at least rather resigned than contented with his lot in life. As he spoke French fluently, we conversed without difficulty. I perceived that he was a very amiable person, possessed of a great degree of natural refinement, liberal, and enlightened in his views, but a sincere religious enthusiast.

A supper of fowls, stewed with saffron and rice, fried eggs, and cream-cheese, was nicely served ; but the *Padré Curé* did not partake of it. His evening meal consisted only of a little goat's milk and bread, which he shared with a pet lamb, that deserved to be made a favourite for its uncommon beauty. It had the most expressive dark eyes I ever saw in an animal ; the tiniest feet ; and its long, soft, silvery fleece exactly resembled white floss silk. Then all its movements were so pretty, when it licked the hand from which it fed, or gambolled bleating by the side of the *Padré* whenever he moved ; who looked on it as lovingly as if it had been a child. His good aunt seemed no less fond of it. Her care kept it so spotless, and decked

it with its blue collar and bell. After supper, as it was still light enough, we went into the garden ; and the *Padré* showed me his bee-hives and his flowers, in the culture of which he evidently took great delight. The neatness and order of his little garden really excited my admiration. I was surprised that he had been able to rear so many fine varieties on so rocky a soil. No doubt the difficulty enhanced to him the simple pleasures of this occupation. Every flower he pointed out to my notice, I could see he had been intimately acquainted with from its bud. He had an eye for the minutest weed. When he tied up a plant, he raised its blossoming heads with the tenderest touch ; and if he cut off an overblown or cankered rose, I could see it was done with regret. While the *Padré* watered his parterres, I, at the kitchen window, continued my attempts to converse with the lively little *Senhora*, who was bruising ivy seeds to administer in a case of pleurisy. The mistakes I made in my endeavours to compliment her, occasioned us much merriment.

I now saw the *Padré* throwing grain from a bag. Flutter, flutter, flutter, came a troop of pigeons, brown, white, and grey. Two of them fought a pitched battle on his shoulder for the perch. He

took one upon his hand and stroked it so caressingly, that I could not help soliloquising—"and this man, in whose heart are such overflowing depths of kindness and tenderness, is doomed by the rules of his order to celibacy ! The spring of life without its blossom, its summer without fruit, its winter without store. What has been his existence ? He has told me in a few words."

His youth passed as page with the bishop of a remote district, divided between study and attendance on a simple and decrepid old man. His manhood, here, on these mountains, the pastor of a few hundreds of scattered peasantry, not ten of whom can read and write. Both, how blank ! without passions or events. He has never known the sweet, new life of first love ; the pleasure of its pains, the rapture of its pleasures. He has never known the charm of that intimate companionship, which even the strong mind feels in its intercourse with the weak ; if it be that of the being we love best. His hearth is solitary. The whiter his hair grows, the more will he need a circle there to cheer him. But is not this man purer, more innocent, than those who have known the joys of the affections ? Alienated from earth, unbound by its ties ; is he not fitter for his sacred function ? His heart is guileless, his

mind tranquil as a child's. His affections undivided, tend all heavenwards. The objects, which employ his attention, are the most beautiful and harmless of God's works; objects that he cannot love inordinately, which can never move him to anger, tempt him to error, or occasion him disquietude. If he lose them, it is but a regret. So pure, blameless, peaceful a life, which philanthropy only renders active, surely befits a minister of religion. This pastor of the Pyrenees seemed to me to realize the intention of the Roman church in forbidding the marriage of priests. She sought to create such men. But this was to raise the standard of human perfectibility too high, unless all could be equally removed with the worthy Curé from mundane influence.

Next morning, he asked me to accompany him to the village, whither he was going to attend the marriage feast of a young couple, whose union he had solemnized the day before. I learnt that the peasants here have a most primitive custom, pass the first night after their wedding in an arbour of flowers; of course, only if the weather permits. In the morning, they return together to breakfast at the house of the bride's father, where all their friends assemble, each bringing a present. I was much amused at

this scene: several of the girls looked very pretty in their black boddices, short petticoats, white mantillas, and hair adorned with gilt pins and coloured ribbons. After eating cakes and sweets, and drinking chocolate and wine, the company began to dance. A *sequidilla* was the first performance, which is a fandango, danced by four men and four women to the sound of the guitar and castanets, all marking time with their heels. Two curious provincial dances followed. In the first, they place on the ground a number of eggs at small intervals. They dance round and between these eggs, which one expects to see crushed every moment, performing a great variety of steps, and displaying surprising precision, celerity, and lightness. In the other, each dancer is furnished with a thin stick, about two feet and a half long, these they strike together as they advance, retire, cross, or turn round.

The love of dancing with the Spaniards is quite a passion. No sooner are the guitar and singing heard, than all present become animated, spectators exhibit as much excitement as performers, the heads, eyes, hands, and feet of all are in motion. Guided by the pastor, after leaving the crowded dwelling of these joyous peasants, we strolled some distance

along the valley. Patches of aconite and wild hyacinths variegated the rich turf in which our feet sunk, and I saw *Daphne neorum* and the little *rosa alpina* flowering in clusters a considerable way up the mountain sides. After we had rounded the base of a projecting hill, a new scene of most distinct character suddenly presented itself. Imagine a stupendous eminence covered with scanty, brown vegetation, strewed from its summit to the plain with enormous blocks of granite, from ten to a hundred toises high, fragments of an immense mountain, rent by some terrible convulsion of nature, whose fury has thus scattered them. Dark groves of pines fill the gorges on either side. Among the huge masses a rapid river, here divided into several torrents, adds to the chaotic sublimity of the scene by its tumultuous cataracts.

While we were climbing this hill, I perceived smoke curling from behind a rock, and supposed it to proceed from the tent of a gypsey. The Padre, however, told me, I should never see a gypsey's tent in Spain. I found it a less temporary habitation, a wretched mud hovel, the roof of which seemed scarcely high enough to admit of a person of ordinary stature standing upright in it. Who, I wondered, could have erected a

dwelling in this most dreary solitude, fit only for a hermit; but a hermit's cell this certainly was not. The priest even could not satisfy my curiosity. He had not before been aware of the existence of dwellers in this wilderness. A little way from the hut was a mound, that looked like a grave, for it was marked by a stone and a cross. As we were examining it, we heard plainly loud groans and sobs. This induced us to advance to the door of the hovel. It was partly blocked up by a she goat and her sucking kids, which did not seem disposed to make way for us. The interior walls were of mud like the outside, rocky ground the floor; the smoke from a few sticks kindled on a sort of hearth escaped through a hole in the roof; window there was none. Neither was there any furniture, except a pitcher of water, an earthen pan or two, a few platters, a knife, and a hatchet. The sobs proceeded from an aged female, barefooted and bareheaded, covered rather than clothed with a garment of the coarsest stuff, who, with clasped hands and tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, was kneeling beside a person extended on a heap of fern leaves, from his groans, apparently in mortal agony.

To this man, nature had been prodigal of defor-

mity. His stature was dwarfish, his head disproportionably large, his arms too long, his legs, covered only with strips of cow-skin, were lean and wasted, his throat disfigured by an enormous goître, his countenance exhibiting the worst aspect of scrofula. He was, in fact, one of those unfortunate beings, the victims of hereditary disease, called *cagots* ; the descendants of white lepers.

Regarded by the inhabitants of the Pyrenees as an infamous and accursed race, whom they shun and almost abhor, driven by this prejudice from the abodes of their fellow-men into solitude, denied participation in the culture of the soil, and even the lowest rural employments, these miserable people are found only in barren, desert places, where they drag out their hapless existence, suffering the most loathsome bodily ills, augmented by the direst evils of poverty.

“ Strange,” I said, “but beautiful is the strength of maternal affection. This object,—to us so hideous, that for earth to hide his deformity, for death to close upon his afflictions, seems a boon to be craved, a mercy to be acknowledged with thankfulness,—in the eyes of his mother, is one of hope and of interest as great as the most favoured. She weeps not that he was born, but that he dies ;

weeps as passionately as the parent who loses the most beautiful, the most gifted of offspring."

"Perhaps more so than if he *had been* beautiful and gifted," replied the priest, "for then he would not have been exclusively dependent on her love and care. Is it not right that there should be a source in the desert as well as in the valley? No doubt the power of this affection has imparted an interest even to this poor outcast woman's cheerless condition, and his sufferings have been rendered supportable by its solace. Blessed is the illusion the mother's heart lends to her eyes!"

We entered. The Curé, seeing the man in extremity, inquired of his mother why she had not sent for a doctor—for a priest. She replied, with the undistinct articulation peculiar to her race, "We are *Cagots*." How full of meaning was this answer. It signified that, for them, earth brought forth healing herbs in vain; the church withheld her rites. It expressed all the degradation, the destitution of their state. Its humility was touching.

While the Curé remained praying beside the dying man, I returned to his house with a few pencilled lines, requesting his relative immediately to despatch some restoratives, which it was hoped would prolong his existence. The good old lady kindly

carried the basket herself, but, when we reached the hovel, we found that death had released the unfortunate sufferer. So frantic was the desolate mother's grief, that there appeared little probability her age could resist the shock. Refusing to leave her hovel, or to have the body of her son removed, she lay on the ground striking herself wildly, tearing her hair, howling rather than weeping—a terrific spectacle.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The old Don and his Donna—A patriarchal family—A Romeria
—The Hospice—Banditti—Their capture—The Mayoral—The
Izard Hunter—Glaciers—The Hunter's death—His Daughter.

As I was desirous of joining some other travellers, for the sake of security, I had requested the Alcaide of the place to stop any party traversing the village, and make known my wishes. This was accordingly done, and I was obliged to take a hurried leave of my friendly host.

The company I joined consisted of an old Don, and his scarcely less antiquated spouse, just returned from a pilgrimage to some shrine, whither they had gone to offer a piece of tapestry, in fulfilment of a vow they had made, in consequence of having been blessed with the long-wished-for gift of an heir, after many years of retarded expectation. Part of their vow was to walk through every village and town in their route, soliciting alms, which they afterwards distributed to the poor. As

these stoppages were frequent, tedious, and ridiculous, and the old Don pompous, taciturn, and stupid, understanding no language but his own, I resolved to travel with him no farther than necessary.

On our road we met a family descending from one of the upper valleys, where they had been getting in the harvest, to their winter habitation on the plain. The cavalcade offered a subject for a picture. First, on a particularly handsome ass, rode the grey-headed sire. A young man, robust and handsome, carrying before him, on his horse, the salt-sack, marked with a red cross. They cover flat stones with salt, and place them in the way of the sheep at certain seasons. Then followed, on horseback, his wife, with a baby under her great red cloak, and her pretty sister knitting as she rode along.

We passed a shrine, a chapel on a pillar, dedicated to St. Vincent. It was the festival of the saint. A number of men and women, who had made a *romeria* hither, were assembled pell-mell, with cattle; some lying, some sitting on the grass, eating, drinking, laughing, singing, praying, or sleeping. These meetings are similar to those elsewhere called love-feasts.

We passed that night at a hospice ; a resting-house for travellers, erected by the civil authorities of the district, or some neighbouring grandee, at the base of almost every great ascent in the Pyrenees practicable for beasts of burden. This building was composed of large flat stones, ranged in layers, without mortar, through which the wind blew freely. In the centre of the room a hearth was surrounded by circular stone-benches, on which reclined muleteers, drovers, and other travellers, upon sacks, saddles, or whatever they may chance to have in their baggage available for the purpose. The smoke of the fire escaped from the dome of this rude hall, through an octagon turret, pierced with an aperture on each of its sides ; but not until it had rendered the atmosphere so dense, that, in spite of the chilliness of the evening, I did not complain of the open door. Around the hospice the scenery was dreary in the extreme, rendered more so by a dark and lowering sky. The low lands were pastures, covered with troops of wild looking horses, mules, and cows ; the mountains with short turf, patched with snow ; there were neither shrubs nor trees ; nothing higher than thyme, or the small crimson rhododendron : flocks grazed afar upon the hills, and goats leaped amid the crags.

The Don and his Donna established themselves on cushions near the fire. Here I found an izard hunter and a mayoral. A dirty, old, purblind woman, whose neck was strung with pictures of saints and amulets, seemed to be the intendant of the hospice. She was cooking an *olla* when we arrived, and saying her prayers at the same time. Now stirring the pot, now sliding a bead. Her rosary broke; some of the beads rolled on the floor, some fell into the mess with which the Don was soon after served. As they were black, he took them for pepper, and swallowed them without notice. In the course of the evening he complained of indigestion. The old woman then very unconcernedly accounted for it, by mentioning the accident, which the Don had not remarked at the time. He seemed rather pleased than annoyed, considering it a good omen.

The izard hunter was a man of middle stature and thin figure, but exceedingly muscular. He had remarkable eyes,—keen, piercing; they resembled an eagle's, and gave an expression of peculiar vivacity to his countenance, though his locks and beard were grey. Beside him sat a mayoral,—that is, an inspector of herdsmen. He told me the flock under his care consisted of ten thousand

sheep, forming part of the *Mesta*, or combined flocks, of certain great proprietors, which, in winter, occupy the waste lands of Estremadura, Andalusia, and Leon, and in summer migrate to browse among the Pyrenean mountains. These flocks are called Merinos, or Trashumantes. Each has fifty shepherds, with as many watch-dogs, and one or more superintendents. The mayoral had a salary of thirty pounds a year, and horses found him for his journeys. He was an intelligent, though a simple man, apparently much interested in his avocation; possessing a thorough knowledge of the breeding and treatment of sheep and cows, the different kinds of pasture, with other matters pertaining to it.

From him and the izard hunter, in spite of my deficiency in the language, I obtained a considerable addition to my information respecting both the tame and wild animals of the country. In return, I invited them to share my supper, the hunter contributing some small game, which he managed to roast very nicely upon tiles. My familiarity with persons so inferior to him in caste, sunk me immeasurably in the opinion of the Don, who henceforth shrouded himself in silence. While we were supping, four men entered the hospice; two of

them were remarkably tall and athletic ; all were dressed like caballeros, wearing long and ample cloaks, braided waistcoats, and large round hats. They began talking to Matrillo, who, with rather too much freedom, contrived to engage me in conversation with them ; and they seemed much disposed to join my supper party, but their bold, swaggering demeanour, instantly prejudiced me against them. My suspicions, however, were not aroused, until the tallest of the group drew off his glove, and passed his large coarse hand through his bushy hair. The recollection of the gypsy's warning immediately occurred to me, and I became convinced that I had seen this person before in the garb of a monk. Doubts of Matrillo's probity naturally arose at the same time, for I remembered the gitana had pronounced his name with an accent of distrust.

I perceived that the accounts I had heard of the dangers attendant on touring in Spain were not misrepresentations, as I had believed them, and that it was necessary to exercise caution in my next movement, for it seemed clear that I had been marked for plunder. The men disguised as caballeros, after inquiring which was my route, expressed satisfaction at finding it was

the same they intended to take ; and, without any encouragement on my part, offered to join me. I acquiesced slightly, wishing to prevent their perceiving my suspicions. Matrillo, in the course of the evening, evinced great anxiety to learn the precise hour at which I proposed starting next day.

This was sufficient. I now felt persuaded he was an accomplice in the designs of the brigands. In this peril, I placed confidence in the mayoral, who bore the stamp of an honest, though humble man. He proposed, as soon as all the travellers should have retired to rest, to ride as rapidly as possible to the last venta at which I had seen soldiers, and communicate the reasons for my suspicions to their officer. He added, that it was very likely he might meet a party on the road. It was agreed that I should delay my departure until his return. To give me a pretext for doing so, which might not alarm the bandits, the mayoral contrived to abstract two of my mules from the stable unobserved, which he lodged at a farm-house on his road ; so that next morning, when they urged me to start, this supposed depredation provided me with a ready excuse. My object was, not only to get rid of them at the time, for it was probable

they would continue to track me, but to place them in the hands of justice. Noon arrived next day, without the expected succour. I had even begun to despair of the mayoral's return, to calculate the chances of the bandits hazarding an attack upon us in the hospice that night. On my side, I could only reckon with probability, the old Don, his servants, my guide, the hunter, and half a dozen muleteers. Matrillo, I no longer doubted, was in the bandits' pay ; they might have besides a number of other accessaries in persons disguised or concealed. The only probability in our favour was, that they might be deterred from any attempt through fear of the arrival of soldiers. I affected to amuse myself by looking at all the horses, mules, and borricos in the stable, and pretending to bargain for two of them.

After their siesta, the men suddenly took their departure. I was glad to be relieved from their presence, yet regretted they should escape. Hardly had they disappeared, when the expected soldiers came in sight. Having borrowed a horse and armed, I quickly rode to meet them. They advanced at full speed. As soon as I was within speaking distance of the officer, I pointed to the road the four men had taken. Instantly giving

the command, he divided his detachment, dispatching one party to the hospice, while, leaving the highway, he galloped at the head of the other round the base of the hill, stationing himself at the bottom of the ascent on the other side, screened by a bridge, and intercepted the passage of the bandits. Turning back, they fled. We gave them chase. They fell into the hands of the other party, and were all taken. In the tall, dark-visaged caballero, a notorious brigand was recognized, whom the soldiers were delighted to capture. Of course I dismissed Matrillo, and rewarded the mayoral for his services.

As I did not intend to relinquish my design of ascending the Pic du Midi, which one could only do on foot, I was sorry that the mayoral, who was returning from his autumnal visit of inspection of the herdsmen, could not accompany me. By his advice, I sent all my superfluous baggage to the nearest monastery, requesting the abbot to take charge of it for me for a few days. This done, having hired another guide, who was particularly acquainted with this ascent, and taking the Maragoto with me to carry a *sac de nuit*, I set out in company with the izard hunter, whose home was in the next valley. He had been to sell skins at

some of the towns in the plains. Before sunset, I arrived at the highest village in the Pyrenees, a few habitations projecting one above another up the side of the steep, which is strewn with fantastically shaped masses of rock, thickly intersected with foliage, and overgrown with lichens. These huts stand amid gardens irrigated by channels diverted from the mountain stream, and sheltered by great blocks of stone set on edge, which enclose a few olives and vines ; sometimes a little plot of rye waving on a narrow ledge attests the industry of these mountaineers.

The izard hunter's cottage was far up the glen, almost solitary. Its little garden was less carefully tended than the rest, but roses and myrtles grew there profusely. At first I supposed that he lived alone. As we approached I observed bee-hives, and a bird-cage, which made me doubt, and then I perceived, leaning with her back against a rock, a girl spinning flax. She was very young and slender, her figure and attitude graceful. She wore a black boddice, which revealed white, though coarse linen beneath, a short brown stuff petticoat, displaying limbs and feet as well shaped as her bare arms ; shoes, but no stockings, of spart rush. Her long, thick, dark brown hair parted smoothly on her

forehead, fell behind, below her waist, the curling ends tied with ribbon. Her face was oval, her complexion of a clear olive, her eyes and brows dark. She was singing. I never heard a sweeter, richer voice.

“Fenicia!” cried her father: she started, bounded towards us, and in an instant had thrown herself into his arms. I perceived that she was very handsome; her eyes so large, so soft, so bright, so expressive, so darkly fringed; her small mouth literally scarlet, and her teeth the whitest I had seen in Spain. Her skin very delicate, her figure light, all her movements supple, free, and graceful. None of the ordinary coarseness of rusticity. I could scarcely believe her a peasant. Yet, I saw it, she ate black bread and onions. I supped frugally, but slept well in the hut, which was so filled with the trophies of the chase, that I might have fancied it Robinson Crusoe’s.

Early next morning the izard hunter took a kind farewell of his child, who seemed a most affectionate, guileless, gentle young creature; and provided with his leaping pole, cramp irons, gun, and knife, started for the chase. It was agreed that I should accompany him part of the way, with my mountain guide.

The continual ascent was extremely toilsome from

its steepness ; and the scorching heat of the sun, which quickly succeeded the dewy mist of morning, refracted from the almost bare granite, considerably increased the fatigue of climbing. We now bade adieu to olive, vine, fig, and myrtle. All human habitations were far below ; over the barren sides of these snow-capped heights, ploughshare had never passed, yoked oxen never trod. Near and afar I saw thousands of sheep, and numbers of wild goats, which fled to the crags at our approach, scattering a shower of loosened stones upon us. Here we came upon a herdsman, who was making a meal of rye bread, figs, and some wine from a rough leathern bottle. He offered us some wine, or a draught of milk. I accepted the latter. Lifting two tables of stone placed across the streamlet, near which he sat, the herdsman served me with a ladle full of milk, out of a wooden vessel that, thus covered, stood in the water. It was as deliciously cool as if iced.

While we were eating, two men of robust figure, with close, curling hair, and full black beards, clad simply in skin vests, their broad breasts open, with skin sandals about their sinewy legs, each with a gun slung by his side and a pair of pistols in his

belt, passed us and saluted me respectfully. I could not but admire the picturesque wildness of their bold looks and the agility of their movements. The hunter told me they were smugglers, of whom several hordes, amounting to fifteen hundred, infested the Pyrenees ; but, except in defrauding the revenue, he said, they were honest fellows enough, and that a great many bad deeds were perpetrated by persons assuming their costume.

Before noon we reached a singular scene. A broad lake, at this altitude, surrounded by huge rocks of the most varied and fantastic forms, covered with snow ; the surface of the lake frozen. There was something strikingly beautiful in the inanitation of this landscape. Every object seemed spell-bound. Above me pyramidal glaciers mingled with the opaque and icy clouds ; below yawned a terrific abyss, at the bottom of which, forest, fields, and meadows appeared but as winding furrows on a carpet of verdure, steeples and villages as tiny dots. I could have imagined I had reached the apex of the world, when I glanced downwards ; yet what heights towered above me ! dazzling masses of the purest, whitest snow ; Pelion heaped on Ossa ! and between these vast mounds, so soft, so transparent,

that they seemed like crystallized air, which trembled at a breath, profound ravines filled with the same light substance, but looking, from the deep shadow in which they were cast, inky black.

While I was gazing, the hunter started his prey, the izard, which is an animal resembling the chamois, but smaller, and yet more light and agile. Taking an abrupt leave of me, away bounded the hunter, following as it leaped from crag to crag, and soon he disappeared from my view.

A light, sustained snow now fell. Drifting under the wind from rock to rock, it soon buried every uncovered patch around us. My guide pointed out to me the shepherd with his flock, hurrying to take shelter beneath the mountain's brow, and advised me to abandon my intention of ascending higher that day. He added, that the livid hue of the sky betokened the coming of foul weather; and that indeed, he feared the lateness of the season would render the enterprise I had attempted, impracticable that year, without great risk. Acquiescing in his representations, I descended, but with regret at being obliged to relinquish my object when I had so nearly attained it. The shepherd had repaired to a deserted farm house of rude construction, situated upon a platform that had recently yielded the

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harvest now stored for the winter supply of the cattle. Thither we followed.

My mind was so excited by the sublime beauty of the elevated wilds I had explored, that I could not regard without curiosity even the herdsman, whose life passed amid such scenes. Surely, I thought, living here alone amid the snows, removed from the contagious vices of mankind, from the coarse sensuality, the brutality, the debasement common to his own class; from the temptation, the struggles, the strife, produced by want, envy, ambition, the love of gain common to all; constantly familiar with the ever-varying face of primitive nature, with her grandest, and her loveliest aspects,—this man's mind must be elevated, his soul pure. Hourly he beholds sights seen only in these regions. The glaciers, reflecting tints of every hue, gilded with sunshine, or glowing with rose-light. The stars, no longer brilliant specks, but appearing, as they are, globes of intense fire. The moon seeming to shed, with her white beams, the coldness of the icy skies. He hears the whistling, the howling of the blast, its subterranean muttering, the roar of the thunder prolonged by a hundred echoes. He beholds the lightning flashing upon a hundred crystal-like pinnacles, the shivered pines, the rent rocks, all the

sublimity of the tempest. Then how dread the silence that succeeds ! The fleecy snow no longer falls ; there is no need, for the newly-crested piles seem to touch the clouds, the heavy opaque clouds, whence the sun, concealed and enfeebled, looks obliquely. All is entranced by the mighty spell of frost. All mute, motionless.

Spring returns, the sun regains his power ; light, fleecy clouds float in the heavens ; soft, balmy rains descend ; below, verdure, foliage, and flowers burst forth with almost the first gleam of sunshine ; but ah ! the torrents are unbound, the masses of snow tremble, they are loosened, they fall,—the avalanche overwhelms the valley with destruction and desolation.

Surely the presence of so much sublimity and beauty must influence, must render the temperament of those who dwell in these solitudes poetical. No. The mountain shepherd is well acquainted with almost every aspect of earth and sky, every change, every combination ; but regards them only as atmospheric tokens. The shape of a cloud, its tint, sunshine or shadow, is remarked by him only as a portent of snow, wind, a stormy night, or a fine day, as it may be. He is scarcely sensible of picturesque effects. He beholds them without their

making any impression on him. In short, the contemplation of nature has not expanded his imagination. He is merely weatherwise. Always simple, often stupid, the faculty of expressing his few ideas alone seems to render him superior in point of intelligence to his watch dogs, which are at the same time his coadjutors, his play-fellows, and his protectors. They eat with him, they watch while he sleeps, they understand his meaning, they fly to do his bidding, they execute any trust reposed in them with the utmost fidelity, they defend him from the attacks of more powerful animals, unto death. He is their friend as well as their master; they are the chief, often the only objects of his regard. Both dogs and herdsmen are intimately acquainted with the members of their flocks individually, with their peculiar habits and dispositions. The herdsman, I really believe, is in general able to relate every incident in the life of each sheep.

This shepherd entertained me with a strange recital. I had remarked on his being so completely armed, which I thought strange in a man of his peaceful avocation. He told me, it was one of the regulations of the *Mesta*, in order that their herdsmen might be able to defend the right of

pasture against all intruders, adding, that a rancorous border warfare had been carried on for many generations between the shepherds on the French, and those on the Spanish frontiers.

“ I remember,” said he, “ watching sheep with my grandfather one day, when I was but a little lad, there, on yonder point, below that pinnacle : you may see two dark spots above it now, two eagles battling for a dead kid. While I was sitting on a stone, I saw a figure at a distance, as it seemed against the sky ; by the shape of the hat I knew it was a Frenchman : he had passed the line, his sheep were grazing on our lands.

My grandfather saw him quickly too, and called to warn him off. The Frenchman did not stir. My grandfather then gave signals to the dogs to turn his sheep. Upon this he advanced towards us, shouting loud and fast ; one could see by his gestures he was in a great passion. I scarcely know what followed, for our dogs had set upon both strange dogs and sheep, and I was occupied in separating them. When I looked round, I perceived that my grandfather and the stranger had thrown aside their crooks, and were wrestling. I saw that they were getting nearer and nearer that crag, projecting from the side of the mountain. Crying

out to warn them, I ran towards my grandfather, but before I could reach him, I saw them both fall, locked in each other's gripe, into the chasm beneath. They lie there buried many thousand toises deep in snow. My terror was dreadful : beside the loss of my grandfather, whom I loved well, think, señor, what it was to find myself alone on these mountains, fifty leagues from home. Crying bitterly, I called my flock together, and began to descend. The howling of our old dogs made the hills echo again. With slouching heads and drooping ears, they walked beside the sheep ; but they guided them and me by the nearest way to the plain."

The snow continued to fall so heavily that it was with difficulty I regained the hunter's cottage before sunset. He had not returned, though he had promised he would not fail to do so on my account that evening. His daughter was looking out anxiously for him. It grew late, and yet he came not. Regardless of the weather, and defended from it only by a stuff mantela wrapped around her, she placed herself on a rock far above the cottage, where she told me she should hear the first note of the bugle with which he generally announced his return. An hour elapsed, it grew very dark, she came back to the cottage for a lantern, which I

assisted her to fix on the top of a pole. Not finding this beacon sufficiently luminous to be seen at a distance, we kindled a blazing fire. I saw that she was much alarmed, growing paler and paler with anxiety. In spite of the keen breeze and blinding snow, she wandered up the mountain steep, calling to her father with an anguish in her tones pitiable in the extreme: alas! the echoes only answered her.

I endeavoured to soothe her, by representing, as well as my imperfect Spanish would allow me, the probability that he had found shelter: but unsuccessfully. Her fears had all the strength of presentiment. We watched until ten in vain. She then rushed to the village, aroused some of the peasants, and engaged several men to accompany her in search of her father with lighted torches. I heard their shouts, fainter and fainter, as they ascended; and their many flambeaux, gleaming amid the snows, at last appeared like some distant *ignis fatuus*.

The suspense that followed their departure, was terrible even to me. What shall I say of their return? They bore the hunter's poor child in their arms, exhausted, not with fatigue, but with the frenzy of her grief. Despair had succeeded. The

cold grey morning light gave the hue of death to the marble paleness of her cheek. The snow-water dripped from her dishevelled hair ; her feet were pierced, and bleeding. They laid her on a mat upon the floor of the hut. The return to her own dwelling seemed to rouse her again to the agonized consciousness of her misfortune. I never heard shrieks more piercing, more heart-rending, than those uttered by this desolate young creature. This paroxysm at length subsided into sobs, and shortly I was happy to see she slept.

There was no hope to be entertained, I heard, that the hunter lived ; for all the customary signals had been employed, which he could not possibly, they said, have failed to distinguish, had he not met with some fatal accident. Soon after the men had departed, carrying the sorrowful tidings to their homes, an old crone arrived, and began to put the cottage in order,—sprinkling the floor, closing the shutters, and lighting a number of very small slender candles, which she placed in rows wherever it was practicable. Not finding any article of mourning in the dwelling, she went and borrowed a large black stuff mantela, which she wrapped about the poor sleeping girl. These are the ceremonies that invariably succeed a decease among

the Arragonese peasantry ; and trivial as they may seem in other eyes, they attach as much importance to them as the grandest European court to the etiquette of its funeral ceremonies.

While poor Fenicia continued to slumber, many thoughts occupied me. Her beauty, grace, gentleness, simplicity, the tenderness of her character, the destitution of her orphan state, interested me deeply. What would become of her ? Those small hands,—though they might spin flax and milk goats,—were not fit for the harder offices of servitude. She had been reared, too, in independence ; accustomed to be cherished. I fell into a reverie, musing on my social isolation, on the sterility of my future prospects, on my want of an object of interest and affection. Then Fancy, with her woof of miraculous texture, wove a picture, in colours pleasing though indistinct, and placed it before me. The peasant girl had become a woman. Time had developed, care perfected and refined, her beauty ; all the accessories of luxury heightened it. Her fine hair was modishly coiffed ; a rich, though simple robe had replaced the homely stuff ; jewels encircled her classically formed throat and arms ; her small feet looked still smaller in their perfect *chaussure*. She smiled. I beheld expanded

intelligence in the gleam. She sang. Cultivation had added the charm of brilliancy and expression to the natural sweetness of her voice.

All these advantages she owed to me. She repaid me by her tenderness and devotion.

I was charmed with this grateful, fond, helpless, dependent being; so wholly mine, and whose happiness consisted in being so.

We conversed. She referred to me for confirmation of every idea, every sentiment. Her mind was of my creating. Her mind! Truth rudely broke the pleasing illusion of my reverie. I must either leave that mind blank, poison it with sophistry, or introduce into it the perpetual discord of precept opposed to conduct. No; culture would be unwise—would be cruel.

She rose again before my mind under another aspect:—beautiful, fascinating, but meretricious; habituated to luxury without refinement; removed from the necessity of useful employment without the ability to substitute others; in short, transplanted from her native region without having been rendered fit for another: indolent, dissatisfied, sensual, bold, arrogant, degraded, perhaps worthless. The temptation is past, I cried, may I be pardoned for having entertained it. Better a thousand

times to drag out life alone,—oh, how drearily alone!—than to encounter the pains and penalties which would surely attend such a crime.

I was so fortunate as to induce the worthy sister of the Padre Curé to take this young girl as an assistant in her little household duties; and also to prevail on them to receive a small stipend for her maintenance. We corresponded respecting her. In a short time they became so greatly attached to Fenicia, that they regarded her as a daughter. I need not say she found a happy home.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Entering Madrid.—The street of Alcala.—Physiognomy of the whole.—The Manzanares baths.—Buen-Retiro.—The procession.—The Siesta.—The Prado.—A bull-fight.—The theatre.—A Tertullia.—The Spanish Doña.—A Cortejo's life.—The fair.—The Basque girl.—The gitana.—An unexpected rencontre.—Final scene.

HAVING slept soundly all night in my travelling carriage, I awoke at dawn, just before we entered Madrid. We were crossing a chalky plain; on either side were brown, mouldy looking heights planted with olive trees. Immediately after, we found ourselves in Madrid itself, which, encircled by its walls, was then without suburbs, or even those detached villas and avenues that commonly mark the approach to a great city.

Having passed under a superb seven-arched gate, the long broad street of the Alcala spread before us, paved with pebbles, the houses far from

uniform ; some ancient, low, constructed of wood, decorated with fresco painting, representing dancing figures, bull fights, &c. ; having projecting eaves, irregular balconies, and narrow windows ; others modern, of granite, or stuccoed, and several stories high ; a few in a miserable state of dilapidation, or exhibiting tokens of the poverty of their inmates, all bearing crucifixes, images of the Virgin and saints ; the line interspersed with palaces, churches, and convents, and terminated by the shady *allées*, the gleaming canals, the beautiful fountains of the Prado.

The matin bells tolled. Veiled women, men in brown cloaks and *redesillas*, were hastening to early mass. With their heavy tuns just filled, the *aguadores* were leaving the fountains to call at the houses of their customers. Market women driving asses laden with panniers full of fruit and vegetables, poured in through the gates, and goat-keepers with their herds, crying, "Milk ! fresh goat's milk ! warm goat's milk !"

We drove to an inn, I believe the Cross of Malta, situated in a street immediately near the Puerta del Sol, or Sungate-square. Having ordered breakfast, I placed myself at an open window looking on it.

The doors of the balconies opened. The servants

sprinkled water before the houses. Opposite, stood two men bawling lustily, but with great gravity. On inquiry I found they were alguazils, proclaiming the thefts of the last night, and offering a reward for the apprehension of the depredator. Very gradual was the reanimation of the city. The *tabernos*, wine-sellers, were the first to open their doors; then the chocolate women displayed their array of pots.

I saw a stout young fellow with a coil of rope on his arm, betokening him to be a porter, cross an open threshold and call for wine. A smiling landlady poured him a gill of what seemed to be Valdepennas or La Mancha wine. This was his first *copa*. These Madrid porters, who ply at the corner of every street, mark the hours by their cups.

I now heard cries of "Rolls, fresh hot rolls.—Smoked sausages, Estremadura sausages!—A journal.—Madrid Gazette.—*Diario de Madrid*." Presently came by the retail aguador, with a stone pitcher on his back, and two long glasses in a glittering frame, "Water, fresh water, who will drink?" Then the baker drawing his small cart of Spanish reeds. Soon, the drivers of hackney coaches and chaises, and those who had mules for hire, dressed in short jackets gaily ornamented with ribbons, took

their places on the stand in the square. A regiment of Spanish infantry passed. The stall of a *sastre* (patching tailor) opposite me was opened ; so were several shops and warehouses.

Venders began to throng the streets, which resounded with mixed cries. “ Eggs, fresh eggs.—White cod.—Cod.—Gallicia onions.—Fine water melons.—Love apples.—Sweet citrons.—Long Malaga raisins.—Guindas.—Pomegranates.—Figs.—*Tocino*.—Biscay walnuts.”

Ten o'clock struck. It was a festival. Sundry canvass wrappers, which had excited my curiosity, were removed from the objects they had shrouded, and I beheld several temporary altars of different sizes, and more or less ornamented, before different shops, and the entrances of houses. There was one in the *puerta*, two stories high, covered with printed linen, decorated with garlands, cornucopias, allegorical figures, vases of artificial flowers, and pictures of saints.

All the church bells pealed merrily, rock roses were strewed in the streets, pieces of tapestry and of crimson damask were hung from the balconies, which were soon filled with richly dressed women ; the windows, doorways, and even the roofs of houses were also covered with spectators.

Meanwhile, several parties of performers on drums, tambourines, and dulzaynas, had taken up stations at a sufficient distance from each other. The pavement on either side became thronged with gazers and idlers, crowding, pushing, pressing, chattering, and laughing. Amongst them, the flower-women moved to and fro, importunately offering their bouquets.

The procession arrived. A string of priests; boys in violet robes bound round the waist with cords; young girls in white; children carrying baskets of flowers, banners, censers, kettle-drums, trumpets; images of saints, with fine powdered bob wigs, and robes of gold brocade; sham angels with pasteboard wings, covered with gilt paper. It was greeted by a shower of *dulces* and flowers from the balconies. Women with rickety, or otherwise afflicted children, burst from the throng, to prostrate them before the host.

The procession was succeeded by a train of carts drawn by mules profusely ornamented with ribbons, conveying stages on which persons, garbed more preposterously than can be imagined, represented a series of dramatic mysteries: namely, Adam made out of the earth. Eve coming from Adam's side. The serpent seducing Eve. Eve seducing

Adam. Both eating the apple. Adam and Eve expelled.

Le Comte summoned a mule chaise for me, and at full gallop I was drawn to the baths; the *cale-sino* running all the way beside me. The baths are situated upon the west bank of the bushy Manzanares, opposite the stalls of the *lavanderas*, within view of corn-fields. Four poles supporting laths covered with straw mats, constitute these simple erections, but the water is clear, not too deep, the bottom pebbly, and the natural thicket has been trained into bowers, which form an impervious screen, and an agreeable shelter.

Returning, I amused myself for some time in the fine picture gallery of Buen-Retiro, visited the porcelain manufactory, and then strolled into the palace gardens. They are delightful. Orchards laden with blooming and luscious fruits; thickets, treillage walks and arbours affording the coolest retreats; aromatic parterres, smooth elastic lawns, ornamented by tall shady trees, where singing birds warble and turtle doves coo; sparkling fountains; overhead a soft serene sky, and the blandest, purest air.

Here I met a number of ladies, evidently and exclusively women of rank. Many of them were

young and handsome, all wore dresses of the French mode. I noticed that every lady unveiled herself at her entrance, the gentlemen also took off their hats for a moment. This is a regulation of the Count d'Aranda.

I found the Puerta del Sol less crowded than before, though a great number of persons were moving there. Officers in handsome uniforms, squalid capuchins with long beards, young Spanish beaux with ornamented gloves, richly braided vests, their *capas* flung gracefully over the left shoulder, little, slight, elegant looking women, leaning upon them, wearing white or black gauze muslin or lace mantelas wrapped about them with charming effect, black, fringed basquinas, transparent black silk stockings, and black shoes worked with pearls or delicately embroidered, that did justice to the neatness of the foot; all carrying large fans, which they employ with the prettiest coquetry.

Here too were other passengers or saunterers, reading the placards, hand-bills, or printed lists of the current prices, which are pasted up at the corner of every street; gloomy looking ecclesiastics, cafradias and students in long black habits; a public letter writer at a table, with his customers about him; another group raffling; a third and more

numerous crowd surrounding the stall of a zingaro or broker, who is selling watches, rings, and false stones by auction; a blind female news-vender with a fan! a Valencian showman with a dancing monkey; a ballad singer bawling to a popular tune some rhymes on the latest murder; flower women; soldiers of Swiss regiments selling turnery; dealers in cigarros; a strutting *majos*; two lavenderas or washerwomen, who much resemble the *poissardes* in the strength of their lungs and political opinions, pouring forth a flood of vituperation, accompanied by animated gestures; a family of mendicants from the lanes of La Muralla, the city wall; a quarter of Madrid composed entirely of wretched and nasty hovels, swarming with half naked children, strewn with the carcasses of dead animals, especially cats and dogs, in short, presenting an aspect of the most abject misery, yet where the paupers live as merrily as the inhabitants of the best houses in Madrid, fattening on the broken victuals of the convents and the contents of the public *puchero*, expending the alms they receive each day at night in wine, after which the lame and blind dance, the deaf and dumb serenade.

About two, every one disappeared from the streets. I did not wonder, for it had become in-

tensely hot. A deadly silence reigned, all the window curtains were drawn or the shutters closed. The porters stretched themselves at full length on their mats, pillowing their heads upon the coil of ropes, in the shade of some doorway; the aguadores beside the fountains with their pitchers behind them; even I threw myself on a couch with a French journal in my hand. At four, the Doctor and I got into the carriage and drove to the Prado. The alleys had just been sprinkled with water. The owners of the chairs were busied in unpacking and placing them in rows, many were already occupied; the stone benches without the elegant iron railings of the botanical garden, whence breathe such perfumes, were already filled. There were numerous promenaders of different ranks, but the similarity of their costume would have rendered the effect of the assemblage monotonous, if it had not been varied by the fruit sellers, dealers in sweetmeats, picturesque groups of beggar boys, and now and then a soldier. Jugglers, musicians, and raree-showmen, had established themselves among the trees in the back ground. I was struck with the generally incongruous appearance of the equipages. Here I saw a great state coach, gaudy with lavish gilding, but the coachman

looked dirty, and the footmen wore soiled cloaks and tarnished lace; it contained a grandee and his confessor: presently followed a great lumbering vehicle drawn by four small ponies; through the glass panels one saw it was filled with nurses and children: a smart, new, shining English-built carriage, was spoilt by a pair of half-starved mules harnessed with ropes; one observed, too, a number of mule-chaises and hackney carriages amidst the private conveyances; these appeared to be chiefly occupied by young beauties with their duennas. The officers of the Swiss or Walloon guards in uniform, galloping up and down on their beautiful Andalusian barbs, were the greatest ornament of the scene.

At the end of the Prado, a funeral procession passed us, bearing a number of tapers; the coffin was open, the corpse habited according to the Spanish custom in a monk's frock, holding a rosary in his hands.

As we were driving, I inquired of my friend how he had disposed of himself and his time, while I was wandering among the Pyrenees? In reply to my questions he related some little adventures that had befallen him, with a simplicity that made me smile.

One day, he said, when he was exploring on his mule near Val Ebron, in passing through a poor hamlet, he saw a child lying in the road who had fallen over a stone, and was screaming violently. Dismounting, he lifted up the infant, and perceived blood welling down its face from a cut. The mother at this moment ran out. My young friend took off his hat, and applied a little of its nap to stanch the blood, which it effected instantly. The woman looked astonished, almost alarmed at first, and then poured forth a profusion of thanks. She asked the doctor's name; it was Thomas—he answered Tomaso. Upon this, turning up her eyes, and lifting her hands, she uttered a great many ejaculations; and begging him earnestly to remain, ran into a neighbour's house. Her communication, whatever it might have been, produced a great sensation. All the villagers flocked round him, bringing with them a number of diseased infants, crazy people, idiots, and the infirm; they kneeled down before him in attitudes of supplication, as if begging his blessing; they would not suffer him to depart; they dragged him off his mule, jabbering simultaneously; they kissed his hands; they kissed the mule; they touched him; they even plucked the beaver off his hat; cut locks

of his hair and pieces off his cloak, as relics : for they mistook him for a miracle-worker, famous in their district, whom they were expecting to visit them.

As soon as I had done laughing at this, he related another incident.

While at Barcelona, he had endeavoured to see all the curiosities and antiquities. Amongst other places, he had visited the convent of La Merci, which, he said, contained many remarkable things : —a portico of sixteen arcades, supported by twenty Doric columns of dark grey marble ; in the interior, a like number of pilasters, of the same kind of marble, with capitals of white marble ; the walls tiled with porcelain to a certain height, ornamented above with large paintings relative to the foundation of the order, the windows in the roof exhibiting portraits of the princes who were its patrons ; in the area of the cloisters, a fountain of singular beauty, consisting of a large white marble basin, ornamented with eight cocks, surmounted by a round shell, from which fall eight jets ; above them in the centre, another jet, higher and ampler. One day, while he was examining the chapel of this convent, mass commenced. Part of the gallery was occupied by the nuns of St. Clair. He had been

for some time gazing up at the capitals of the pillars which support the gallery, when he perceived that he had attracted the attention of some of the sisters.

My young friend's person was by no means unprepossessing ; indeed, he might be considered good-looking by those who did not dislike very sandy hair and a freckled complexion ; but he had so much modesty and simplicity, that he immediately imagined the sisters supposed he had been staring at them, and felt indignant at his want of reverence. Accordingly, he made a point of directing his attention to another part of the building.

A few days afterwards, however, the nuns passed him, on their way to the chapel, while he was in the area of the cloister inspecting the fountain, with a view to write a description of it in his journal. As they passed, a flower fell near him on the ground ; he picked it up, not because it had been worn by a nun, but because it was a kind of flower he had never seen before, and put on his spectacles to examine the form of its petals, and to count its stamens and pistils. While he was yet debating within himself as to its classification, he chanced to look up, and saw at an open window in the gallery the face of a nun, with her veil thrown up.

She seemed to be kneeling, and telling her beads ; but she was certainly staring at him with all her eyes, and they were large ones too. My friend blushed for a moment, I dare say, but was soon engrossed by surmises respecting the date of a curious inscription he had discovered on the floor of the chapel, which he visited several times.

One day, when he was gazing on the pavement in erudite abstraction, a little piece of white paper fluttered from above and fell at his feet. Startled—surprised—he looked about for a moment to discover whence it came, then picked it up. On it was written in Spanish, “ Pardon me, if I seem too forward in anticipating that which you seek. Be here to-morrow at midnight mass ; we may find an opportunity to converse.” He read these lines again and again. They puzzled him as much as the inscription. At length he decided that they must have some connection with it. This scrap of paper might have been written, he thought, by some antiquarian, some brother *dilettanti*, who was desirous of consulting with him. It was oddly worded to be sure ; but its ambiguity might be idiomatic. In fact, he thought it could have no other meaning.

Next night the sombre chapel, dimly lighted,

was filled with persons in coarse garbs bound round their waists with ropes. The music pealed ; the prayers of the *Miserere* were chaunted ; sobs and groans from the penitents mingled with them. My friend observed the fine effect of the moonlight streaming through the painted windows of the roof, and the draperied forms of the long row of nuns bending in the gallery. The moment after, glancing round in search of the venerable old virtuoso, he expected to accost him ; he perceived a large pair of dark eyes gleaming, in a peculiar manner, from behind an ancient stone image of Saint Eulalia ; then two long white fingers beckoned him. What could this mean ? A head now stealthily protruded. He gazed with amazement, and could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. It was the head of a nun. And she beckoned to him again—yes ! distinctly beckoned to him. Shocked, amazed, he gave her one look expressive of horror, and then took refuge in the midst of the throng. Suddenly the lights were extinguished ; frantic cries were uttered ; a hundred scourges rose and fell simultaneously upon the bare backs of the penitents. Nor did the doctor escape. Indeed, he fancied that he received on his person the whole aggregate of stripes.

With smarting shoulders, lacerated and bleeding arms, hands, and face, he endeavoured to make his way out; but as the religious enthusiasm of the assembly heightened, lashes fell with accelerated rapidity and redoubled sting. In vain he supplicated them to pause; he was obliged to support torments such as he supposed only the furies could inflict, until the flagellants had performed sufficient penance.

The soft air became cooler—twilight's shades descended—the vesper bell tolled. Instantly all the promenaders stood still, the carriages ceased rolling, the laugh was checked, the half finished sentence expired, all reverently bowed their heads, and murmured a short prayer, the men screening their faces with their hats, the women with their fans. Then as suddenly the throng resumed its movement, animation, and gaiety.

We drove home to dinner at a time when every one else was repairing to places of public amusement. Our repast was tolerably good, a bottle of excellent Xerez, and one of Malaga, perhaps induced us to think favourably of it. "Let us see a bull-fight," said I, as we finished our dessert. "I will accompany you with pleasure, my lord," responded the complaisant doctor. The ample theatre is situated

before the Alcala gate ; it is a large circus with rising seats, having a number of boxes on the top. These are occupied by persons of rank chiefly ; on the benches one sees a motley concourse of persons of all stations.

When we entered, the tenth bull had just been despatched ; two more only remained. The *aguadores* were there with their iced and barley-water, crying monotonously at intervals, “ Who’ll drink, who’ll drink ;” girls offered lemonade, oranges, pastry ; handkerchiefs were waved, or visits paid from one box to another ; groups of spectators stood in the area, discussing the points of the last combat. Trumpets and kettle-drums now announced the arrival of a bull, the *alcalde*, surrounded by his *alguazils*, gave the signal for all the spectators to resume their seats, the harlequins and merry-andrews ranged themselves apart, the *picadores* on horseback, dressed as ancient knights, with the *banderillos* or flag-bearers in many-coloured vests, bedecked with ribbons, placed themselves ; and the *matador* or bull-killer, with a grave, proud air, his satin cloak floating around him, his naked and gleaming sword drawn, took his station.

Now one saw the black bull in his den, looking through the latticed doors. The *corregidor* gave

the word—two alguazils ran to the stall, with trembling hands and averted faces pushed back the bolts, hiding themselves behind the doors they had just opened. Out rushed the bull, with glaring eyes, and nostrils that seemed to breathe flame. Shouts of “Toro, toro!” resounded through the amphitheatre. The spectators clapped their hands, beat the ground and benches with their sticks, waved their hats, handkerchiefs, and cloaks. The uproar was immense.

After looking for an instant wildly on the course before him, the bull rushed at the foremost picador with a determined fury, that made one expect to see both horse and rider tossed high in air. The picador pierced the bull’s neck with his pike, turned his horse swiftly and galloped away. Cheers rose from the spectators. Pursuing his antagonist, the bull was encountered by a second picador : this man was not so successful, his pike broke, the bull ripped up the horse’s chest, steed and rider fell together : the bull was about to make a thrust which must have proved fatal to the picador ; when, lo ! a man of straw, thrown flying over the enclosure that protects the circus, diverted the beast’s attention, he tossed it a dozen times in

the air, its feet being of lead it always fell on them again. Meanwhile, the picador mounted another horse, galloped impetuously close to the bull and wounded him. The bull, maddened with rage and pain, pursued him furiously : but the nimble flag-bearers came to his assistance, shaking pieces of scarlet cloth before him, or provoking him by the cry of "*Toro, toro à mi !*" They allured him to follow them, then escaped by leaping with the most surprising celerity over the screen of planks ; a negro now sprung into the area, jumped on the bull's back, grinning as the beast vainly endeavoured to toss him, then, as rapidly as he had entered, vanished.

After this, the bull was attacked by six banderilleros, who following his motions with the most skilful precaution evaded his thrusts, while they pierced him with the hooked points of some small wooden-handled darts ; attached to these are rockets, which go off whenever the dart is struck.

During this combat, a monkey leapt several times between the horns of the bull, grimacing ludicrously ; harlequins tossed large balloons to bewilder him, and men in the garb of women jumped over the enclosure, struck him with their fans, and leaped

back. These feats were greeted with much applause and laughter ; but the most powerful interest of the scene was still in reserve.

A young girl, armed *à demie*, with a short basquina below the cuirass, and her long black hair streaming to her waist, beneath a plumed *casque*, mounted on a superb steed, appeared as a picadora. The circus rang with plaudits. She bowed her head in salutation, and then, bounding over the barrier, pierced the bull in the chest at the first stroke. Roaring, he fell backwards at the conqueror's feet. Cries of "Bravo ! excellent ! the picadora for ever !" rose with tumultuous enthusiasm. The door of the circus opened, three mules decked with bells, and flying ribbons, entered at full gallop. The slaughtered bull was placed upon a sledge, and dragged slowly away.

Acclamations again resounded. The picadora leading her horse into the middle of the area, unfastened and removed her casque, and bowed in lowly and grateful acknowledgment. I recognized the dancing gitana. It was her fourth appearance only in this character.

After this, we looked in at the theatre of the Cross. It is large, but very sombre. Ladies are only admitted to one part of the house, called the

cazuela, where they sit veiled, like a choir of nuns. We saw the last act of a bombastic tragedy, which was followed by an agreeable little modern domestic piece, termed a *saynette*. I was much pleased and surprised by the natural humour of the acting.

On my return to the inn, I found in reply to a letter of introduction I had forwarded to the duke of —, an invitation to a *tertullia*. Considering it might appear discourteous not to avail myself of it, I determined on doing so. My friend, of course, accompanied me.

The duke's residence was spacious, but the entrance hall dark and dirty, without court or garden behind, the staircase narrow. After these first impressions, I was surprised to enter a saloon richly hung, the furniture of finely carved oak, ornamented with Ildefonso mirrors, and presenting to view a number of fine pictures, several antiques, and a cabinet of medals. The only difference between this room, and an old-fashioned salon in the Faubourg St. Germain, was simply its being matted.

I found here a number of gentlemen and ladies in French dress, seated in rows, on low chairs. The amusements of the evening were, drinking iced water, chocolate, eating cakes and dulces, a little music and singing, cards, and *voleros*. I was pre-

sented to the duchess, a pretty little delicate looking woman, with sparkling black eyes, an abrupt, childish simplicity of manner, and great vivacity. She seemed to be seized with a violent prepossession in favour of my friend, which flattered him extremely. Before we retired that night, he entered in his diary the following note. "In Spain, the women of the highest rank are charmingly affable, amiable, and refined." I know not if he would have prolonged his eulogy, but the tinkling of a guitar accompanying the song of a serenader, allured him to the balcony, and the balmy, cool, moonlit air detained him there until the *serenos* (watchmen) cried the second hour of morning.

My friend, the doctor, soon became an habitual visitor at the duke's house, but as I thought the society of ladies would be advantageous to his manners, I forbore rallying him.

At Madrid I spent my time in exploring the realms of Spanish literature, in frequenting picture galleries, and lounging in the public gardens. I formed few acquaintances, none that I remember with any interest; the only incidents that occurred to amuse me, were totally unconnected with myself.

At the inn where I stayed was a young Basque girl, who officiated as a sort of waiter. Like most

of the women of her province she was a smart, active servant ; very handsome, for she had regular features, a red and white complexion, and bright black hair and eyes ; moreover, a neat foot and figure. Never was there a more finished rustic coquette, yet she was modest, though very vain, and very lively. Le Comte, my valet, was soon captivated by this *folle rieuse*. One day, soon after he had presented her with a coral necklace and earrings, really a very handsome present, I saw her flirting at the door with a tall, good-looking youth, wearing a short blue jacket ornamented with a great number of small metal buttons, a parti-coloured silk waistcoat, a large scarf thrown carelessly about his body, with long silk tassels depending from it, a pair of black velvet breeches, blue and white stockings, long quartered shoes, fastened by square, glittering buckles. He gave her some ribbons, which she accepted with the same degree of alacrity with which she had just before received Le Comte's gift. I scolded her for this, saying, that girls who coquetted with so many, seldom succeeded in getting a good husband.

“ Oh ! Señor,” she replied, “ it is not to get husbands that the Basque girls come to Madrid. It is to get money. Surely all the men here are mon-

keys, compared with those of our own hills and valleys. No, Señor, I am plighted. I said the Yes, three years ago, but we were too poor to marry. I am tired enough of service now, and of this fine town. An honest servant's money, Señor, is slowly and hardly earned. So, if the young men, who like to laugh and talk with me, have a mind to make me a present, I think there is no harm in taking it, for it all adds to the store, which I hope, before long, to share with poor Pedro."

Not long after our arrival, the annual fair was held. The booths and stalls were not confined to one locality, all the squares and streets were covered with goods of every description, handsome furniture, rich brocades, fine tapestry, old shoes and clothes, worm-eaten chairs, broken looking-glasses, and all the worst lumber and rubbish of the broker or rag-dealer ; then again, elegant china, or French time-pieces, besides common earthen vessels, and second-hand wooden utensils ; valuable articles of jewellery mingled with trumpery ; old pictures, books, toys, sweetmeats ; in short, the most heterogeneous collection.

The Basque girl obtained a holiday, and Le Comte, the young man I have before mentioned, and a private of the body-guard, contended for the favour of

escorting her to the fair. She managed so well, as to retain the services of all three. I saw them return together, apparently in high good humour. Behind the group, however, a veiled woman of the lower order followed stealthily, evidently absorbed in watching their motions. She remained peeping at the corner of the street, in the attitude of a creature awaiting opportunity to pounce upon its prey.

As soon as the Basque girl had bidden adieu to her friends, the three men separated. Le Comte betook himself to a coffee-house opposite; the soldier to a wine shop. Just as the other entered the square, he was accosted by the woman in furious accents: turning on his heel, he walked back until he was again beneath my window; she pursued him.

"The gitana once more!" I exclaimed, as I listened to the torrent of reproaches she uttered, for I readily recognised her voice and figure. He answered her in a low tone, but his words were accompanied by a loud laugh, expressive of the most insolent derision.

"You do not fear me, you say?" she exclaimed. "Yet you ought to remember, that if to earn money for you I have not feared to face the bull,

I may give you reason to dread me. Remember that I, as well as you, carry a knife."

She raised her arm with an expressive gesture, and I saw a weapon gleam for an instant in her small hand. I shuddered. Beneath so serene a sky, with the day-light shining on a scene of such peaceful festivity, to be chilled by the evidence of passions so wild and so malevolent—to hear a threat of murder so resolutely, yet so lightly, pronounced by a woman—by a girl—startled one like the sting of an aspic received while plucking flowers. To pass to more pleasing subjects.

Le Comte was a perfect Frenchman:—little, high-shouldered, with a hook nose, bright dark eyes, his sallow complexion tinged with a fixed carnation hue on the high cheek bones; elaborately dressed, excessively gallant, a frugal gourmand, enthusiastically fond of amusement, a warm politician, and a great singer of *chansonnettes*—I need scarcely add consummately vain. As he was on board wages, he had chosen to establish himself *en pension* at a widow's. This widow had a pretty daughter, to whom Le Comte endeavoured to render himself acceptable, both from motives of domestic policy, and *pour passer le temps*. The widow

having mistaken Le Comte's surname for a title, imagined him a person of rank ; he, it afterwards transpired, far from undeceiving her, favoured the misconception, by representing himself as a friend of mine. In doing so he was instigated only by his ruling foible, for the indulgence of which he, in this instance, paid dearly.

Having encouraged his attentions until he had afforded her a sufficient pretext, the widow let him know she expected he would marry her daughter. Surprised, he evaded the discussion. She persisted ; he refused. She stormed, and called in the *majos*, who had been his rival with the Basque girl, to assist her. Poor Le Comte came to me, and having made a full and humble confession of his error, entreated my advice.

“By all means,” said I, “avoid litigation any where, but above all in Spain. Here, take this quarter's wages, which I let you have in advance, and give it to that *majos* ; no doubt he will go shares with the widow.”

Le Comte did as I had recommended, and heard no more of the matter. Scarcely had I arranged this affair, when my attention was attracted by the doctor, who entered in a state of great excitement,

and opening his journal, the safety-valve of his feelings, entered in it the following note, which I subsequently heard him read :—" Spanish women, even of the highest rank, astonish the stranger by the eccentricity of their caprices, and the violent impetuosity of their temper. They are indescribably wilful and tyrannical. It seems to be the aim of their existence to render all who come within the sphere of their influence servants or slaves."

" Hey day !" said I, " my dear Thomas, what is the matter ?"

" Matter, my dear lord ;" he sighed, with a ludicrously rueful expression of countenance. " I have now been three weeks the duchess of V—'s *cortejo*."

" Well, do you not esteem yourself fortunate to be patronized by the prettiest woman in Madrid ?"

" My dear lord, you jest ; but I am sure you do me the justice—you know me too well—to doubt that I could have been persuaded to accept this office, if I had not felt sure her excellency is truly and tenderly attached to her husband, and that her having a *cortejo* and a *santos*, is merely in compliance with the usages of the country, derived from the age of chivalry, when every lady had knights devoted to her service and——"

" My dear Thomas, it is too late for a disqui-

sition ; come at once to the facts of the present case.”

“ Oh ! the facts, I believe, are, that I am not suited to this sort of thing, and that I never can remember the list of my duties, though she has rehearsed them to me so often. A bouquet every morning ; let me see—a present of dulces every forenoon visit ; a ring, a fan, a necklace, or some trifle or other, every night ; to attend early mass every morning in the hope of seeing her, though I believe she does not go there once a week ; to wait in the *Buen Retiro* gardens for the chance of her coming ; to look through all the principal streets for her carriage, and in at the shop-windows for her every forenoon ; to ride by her side up and down the Prado ; to be always near her at the tertullias ; to serenade her four times a-week ; to pick up her pocket-handkerchief ;—there are a dozen things more that I cannot remember ; and I never get through the day without making some mistakes. If I buy a bouquet, I am sure to forget to present it until it is withered. Then I know but one tune—‘ Oh the roast beef,’ which I manage to scrape upon the fiddle. I often take up a book in her presence, which makes her very angry ; and as I care more for articles of virtù than *bijouterie*,

I sometimes make her a present which does not please her. The other day she threw a coin, date (Froila I.) 757, into the fire. And to-night—will your lordship believe it?—because I happened to offer her in mistake some fossil teeth,—part of the remains of an unknown antediluvian animal, — which I took out of my right pocket, instead of some sweetmeats which were in my left, her excellency broke her fan about my ears.”

“My dear doctor,” I replied in a tone of commiseration, “this service is evidently too hard for you. In fact, it is derogatory to the independence and dignity of an Englishman’s character; it is a vocation suited only to a Spaniard.”

“A very just sentiment, my lord. It deserves a place in my journal.”

So saying, he added it to the paragraph I before quoted.

Leaving this country, so richly endowed by nature with mines of gold, silver, and iron, with marbles, black, white, blue, green, vermilion, flesh-coloured, with white and variegated crystals, amethysts, topazes, agate, jasper, the glittering avanturina, the pure and the wax-hued alabaster; —where one beholds, mingled, the productions of northern and tropical climes, the most delicious

fruits of each ;—where olives, mulberries, figs, oranges and vines, maize, hemp, rice, and even sugar-canes cover the valleys and plains, though the mountains are capped with perpetual snow ;—a land overshadowed by almost every kind of green tree, the elm, ash, poplar, the beech, the hazel, the willow, the lime, the linden, the chesnut, the cork tree, the carob, the almond, the cedar, the cypress, the palm ;—a land of mighty mountains and soft peaceful vales, of sublime torrents and sunny streams, where flowers of the richest hues spring spontaneously beneath the smiles of the ever serene skies,—where the balmy air is laden with the perfume breathing from dwarf forests of aromatic shrubs, where the thrushes warble and the doves coo in bowers of roses and myrtle all the day long, and nightingales sing from twilight until morning to the moon ;—where the wandering tribe of *Mara-gotos*, who tend the silvery-fleeced flocks of the mesta preserve the pastoral life of Arcadia ;—a land that can show the classic ruins of Saguntum, Numantia, and Tarragona ; the massive aqueducts and bridges marking the dominion of the Romans in the north ; the grand and gloomy religious edifices of the Goths, in which the vast height of the vaulted roof and spacious aisles,

illuminated only by gorgeously stained windows ; the pointed arches, the numberless tall columns, casting shadows so deep upon the altars and monument, produce an aspect as sombre as bigotry itself ;—in the south, the light and elaborate architecture of the luxurious Arabs, their baths, fountains, mausoleums, mosques, seraglios, palaces, adorned with walls of porphyry, pillars of jasper and turquoise, stone wrought into tracery as fine as any carved ivory, all like the realization of some fairy tale ;—leaving, I must add, this country of dirt, sloth, ignorance, bigotry, pride, indigence, in possession of its three ruling powers, women, monks, and beggars, and execrating up to the last moment its bad cooks, bad inns, bad roads, marvelling that where nature had done so much, time had done so little, I re-entered France, fancying I still smelt garlic everywhere, and heard incessantly the twanging of a guitar. I quitted Spain, for I had seen Madrid, Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Granada, La Granja, St. Ildefonso, the Escorial, the Alhambra, the intermitting fountains, and the mountain of salt. My task was accomplished, and when it was over I felt still more dispirited, more *ennuyé* than before. Ah ! what is existence without an aim ? the world without ties ? It is true, I had deter-

mined, to return to England, to fix myself in my allotted position, to endeavour to fulfil its duties, if possible to render myself useful. Yet, though dissipation was now odious to me, and I was weary of wandering, my lonely home offered me little attraction.

We stopped at Forges. The second day we were there, the arrival of an English travelling carriage threw the establishment into some commotion, for there was no room in the house for their reception. A lady, notwithstanding, was lifted from the carriage, her attendants assured the host she was too ill to proceed. They sent immediately to the second inn, but though a miserable place, it was quite full. On learning this difficulty, I readily offered my rooms to the invalid, and as the services of a physician were required, my friend was introduced. Having visited her, he told me that his patient was still young, and had been very handsome; she was in an extreme state of attenuation, the result, as he had been informed by an elderly lady of the party, of a most distressing mental malady, which had been produced by some great shock. Her name did not transpire, nor had I any curiosity respecting it. I thought it unlikely that these travellers were any of my ac-

quaintance. If I had formed any wish on the subject, it would have been that it might be otherwise.

Thomas continued to attend the lady with success. He told me, that the immediate crisis had passed. She had been ordered to the south of France,—to die ; that he knew not how long she might linger. I had ordered my carriage for departure, as my quarters were no longer comfortable; the doctor was to follow me, as soon as his patient was able to progress ; when, going into the coffee-room, I was struck with surprise at perceiving amongst the letters lying on the table, in readiness for the post, one directed to me, to the care of my bankers at Paris. After hesitating a moment, examining it, and ascertaining by the precision of the superscription, that it was really intended for me, I opened it. The hand-writing was so faint and illegible that I did not recognise it, but the signature was my wife's. Then she was actually in the same house with me ! Astonishment occasioned me so much perturbation, that some moments passed before I could give attention to the perusal of the letter, nor did I in the slightest degree anticipate its purport : ere I ended it, however, my eyes were suffused with tears. Never should I have supposed that any lapse of time, any

events would have power thus to soften so stony a heart, to subdue so imperious a spirit, in fact entirely to revolutionize a character; for that all this had been effected was attested by the tone of her address to me. A prolonged malady had resulted from the shock she had experienced the memorable night we parted. When reason returned to her, it dawned with a light, milder and clearer than heretofore. Her first feeling was thankfulness at having escaped the abyss of error and ruin, towards which she had been blindly wandering. In the retirement of a sick chamber, reflection could not be banished. Its influence wrought a gradual but complete change in her mind and heart. The desire of imparting to me these new sentiments, in the hope that I might be induced to sympathise with them and of making me some reparation for past wrongs, by admitting her many faults and expressing the deepest regret for them, had been the motives that impelled her to write to me. So ample was the *amende*, proffered by this humbly couched epistle, so apparent, so touching were the evidences of a chastened and sorrowing spirit, that I could not hesitate to respond favourably to her overtures for reconciliation; but whether or not I should allow reconciliation to

extend to re-union, was a question to be considered deliberately. As a necessary precaution to lessen the shock of so great a surprise, I wrote to inform her, that through an accident her letter had anticipated its destination, and fallen into my hands, and that I should soon entreat her to grant me an interview. I at last let her know we were in the same house. She directly expressed a wish to see me. By appointment, two hours afterwards I was conducted to her room. During that time my mind had been occupied by innumerable conflicting thoughts and emotions; the remains of wounded pride and resentment were at war with more Christian feelings that dictated forgiveness and reconciliation.

I approached the room in which I was to find her, with an agitation I could not subdue. On my entrance, her relative and attendants having retired, Lady Sarah rose from a couch, tottered towards me, extending her hand. We pronounced each other's names, and some disjointed words; the tears that had trembled in her eyes at the first sight of me, flowed freely, giving relief to her emotion. I led her to the couch, seated myself by her side, and endeavoured to calm her.

Thus we met, no longer as at first, in the prime

of life, animated by an exuberance of health and spirits, fortune's spoiled favourites, mad, riotous votaries of pleasure ; the influence of the events of the last six years had completely changed us both. Lady Sarah had lost all the attraction she owed to the bloom and brilliancy of beauty ; but weakened by illness, subdued by sorrow, she excited in me a new kind of interest, that of pity. Striving to overcome her emotion, in a feeble voice, her frame still convulsed by sobs, Lady Sarah endeavoured to depict her regret, her contrition for the past, exaggerating rather than extenuating her faults ; she entreated only one boon,—pardon. In my breast *love* had been blighted, never to revive ; but she was my wife, and I knew her to be an erring, not a guilty woman. Could I hesitate ? I did not. As she wept again I clasped her to my heart, with a sincere renewal of affection, proffered forgiveness, promised forgetfulness. I have kept my word.

Many years have now passed since our reconciliation ; a reproach has never escaped my lips, nor a momentary difference arisen between us ; the charm of friendship and the truest sympathy, at least, embellish our intercourse. We reside almost always at Mount Manor, tranquilly, contentedly, I trust usefully. Sometimes, I must confess, I

remember with pain, that had my youth been wiser, how far happier might have been my age. And as my span of life dwindles, as time gradually diminishes the little store of years on which I may reasonably count, I regret more and more poignantly the many I have wasted.

* * * * *

Little remains for me to relate. Bosworth was long ago killed in a duel. Basil Lambert has acquired a liberal competency by his professional talents and industry, and has purchased the estate formerly belonging to the Dorntons, near Mount Manor. He has three fine promising sons, and a sweet daughter, who often reminds me of Cicely in her youth. Last spring at Bath, I recognized in an old pair of French *émigrés*, one of whom keeps a small milliner's shop there, my *ci-devant* tutor, Mr. Desbrowe, and Madame Gabrielle. By the by, also, I heard lately from a French gentleman, one of my earliest and most intimate acquaintances in Paris, during my first visit there, that little Mathilde married the son of a *fabricant des gants*: become a member of the national assembly, he was one of the persons who profited most by the iniquitous violation of the rights of property, characterising that era of social chaos. Citizeness

Péthier, soon established in a magnificent hotel, that had belonged to an unfortunate noble family, whose members had perished during the reign of terror, was notorious for the ostentation of her entertainments, and subsequently attained the height of her ambition by being presented at the court of the first Consul.

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